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Joseph Earl and
Genevieve Thornton
Arrington

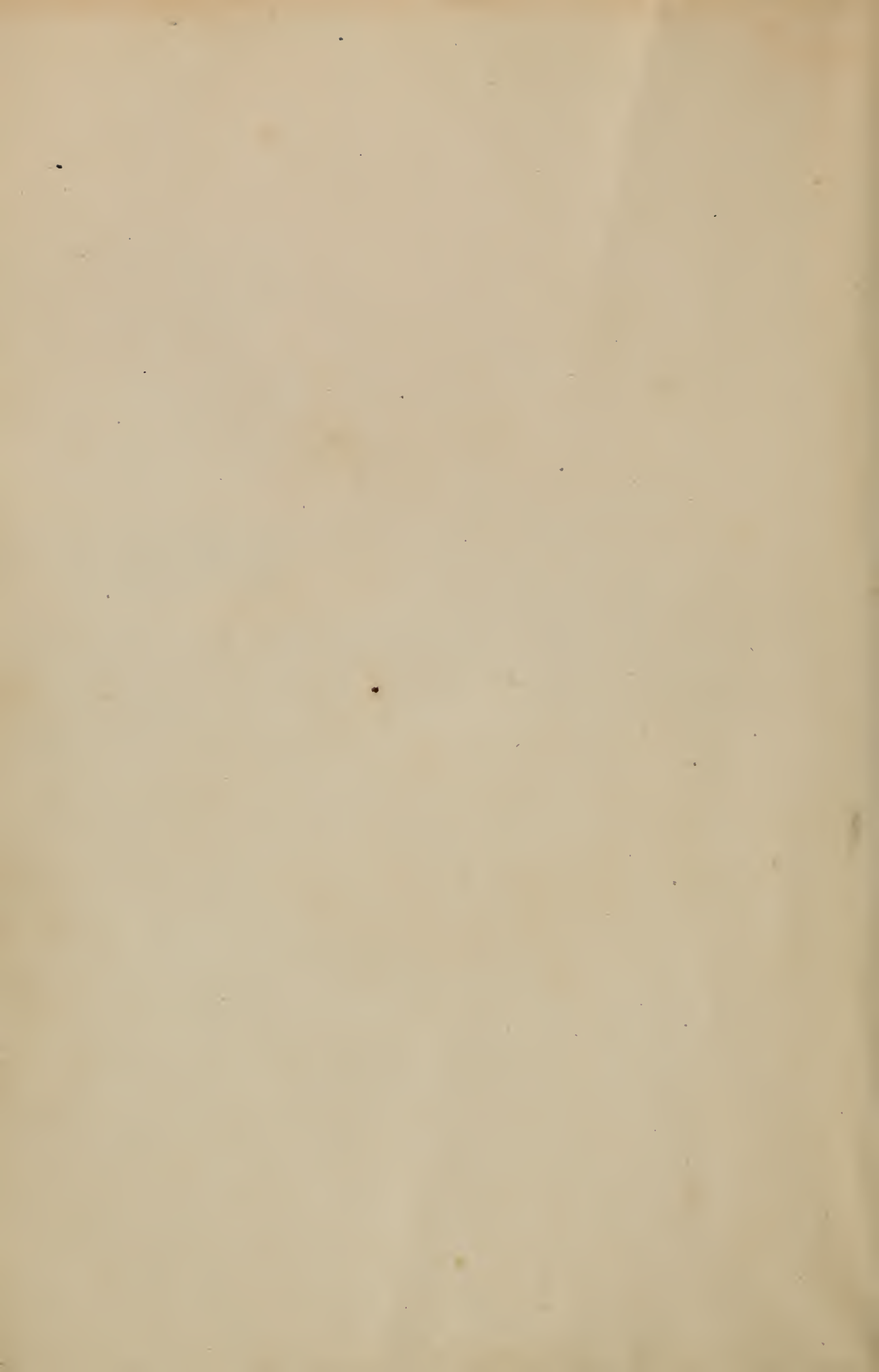
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W. H. P. 1840

AN

ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY

OF THE

COUNTY OF LANCASTER.

TIME HONOURED LANCASTER.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

HOW AND PARSONS, FLEET STREET.





ELVERSTON FANES,

LANCASHIRE.

LANCASHIRE.

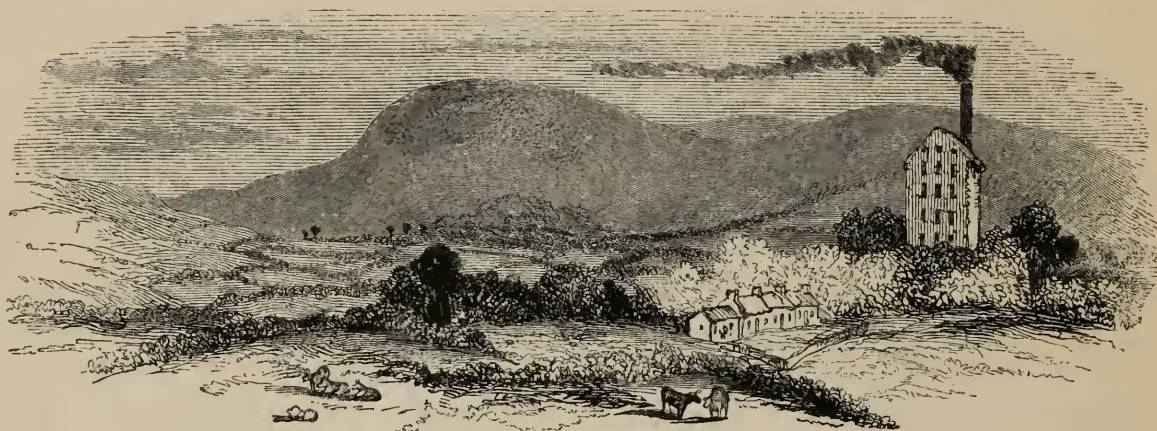
LANCASHIRE,* one of the most important territorial divisions of England, extending over a large superficies, takes rank among the counties the first in population and the fifth in extent of surface. Cheshire and Derbyshire limit this county southward, Cumberland and Westmoreland northward, and Yorkshire upon the east. On the western side, bordering upon the Irish Channel, the boundary line is extremely irregular, from the indentations of the coast.

We were struck with the remarkable difference the county exhibits in the northern and southern districts, and the same may be observed of the eastern and western, as well as in its peculiar adaptation to the development of the wonderful manufacturing energies it has called into action. In an agricultural sense, the indifferent nature of the soil over a large part of the surface effectually prevents its holding more than secondary rank. The waste lands are still very considerable, notwithstanding the consumption of a population which has been augmented with a rapidity unexampled in any other district of the same extent in the world. The returns of 1831 shewed that the increase had been eight-fold† since the first year of the eighteenth century, and that in the last ten years of that term it had augmented twenty-seven per cent. The returns of 1841, shew an increase of 24·7 per cent. The cause of this phenomenon is found in the astonishing magnitude of its manufactures and the wonderful activity of its commercial relations. Possessing a fine port and exhaustless coal mines, the additions to the population and wealth of Lancashire arise, as in almost all similar cases, from the use of those of its natural resources which are most accessible, and are to be procured with the smallest outlay of capital.

* Or county of Lancaster,—the name is said to be derived from the Saxon *Lancasterscyre*, after the county town. Antiquaries say that the name of the county town itself came from *Alauna*, Lancaster being situated upon the river *Lan*. The latitude of Manchester, near the southern extremity of the county, is 53° 29' N.; the longitude 2° 42' W.; the northern end lies in about 54° 24' N. and 5° 7' W. The superficies cover 1765 square miles, or about 1,129,600 acres. It is divided into the hundreds of Amounderness, containing 145,110 acres; Blackburn, 175,590; Leyland, 79,990; Lonsdale, 267,970; Salford, 214,870; and West Derby, 234,730.

† From 166,200 to 1,336,854; and in 1841, 1,667,064.

One portion of Lancashire—Lonsdale, north of the Sands—presents a superficies so different from the rest, that it belongs, from its natural constitution, to Cumberland and Westmoreland. It is marked by very elevated mountain summits, by deep glens and narrow lakes, by savage wilds, and by much of the most beautiful scenery in the island. South of the sands, the banks of the Lune are fine, yet their extent is small, and the higher and more extended landscapes in the eastern part of the county are indebted to Yorkshire for their noble distances. Yet there is some bold scenery upon this border, as we see exemplified in Pendle Hill.



In the hundreds of Blackburn and Rochdale, still keeping upon the eastern border, there are scenes which are very beautiful, particularly on the banks of the Ribble; but these are confined to a few particular spots, and are not sufficiently extensive to impart their own character to the county generally. The western part of Lancashire, from Lancaster to the banks of the Mersey, is flat and uninteresting, and near the sea exhibits more than ordinary want of the finer sea-shore character. No bold rocks and towering cliffs mark the ocean boundary; but in their place are treeless wastes, bleak moors, and unprofitable and wearisome sands. It will thus be seen that the elevated land is confined to the eastern side, south of Furness,—that the western is level; and that though here and there detached portions of the surface are interesting and even beautiful, they are not numerous enough to class the surface south of the sands very high in picturesque beauty any more than in fertility of production.

The climate of Lancashire is mild, and may be styled wet rather than moist. The Roman name of the Segantii, signifying, according to Whittaker, “the country of water,”—though that writer presumes this was in reference to the sea—is by no means inappropriate in reference to the climate. The temperature of the summer is rarely otherwise than low. The mean has been taken on the average of eight years at fifty-one and half degrees of Fahrenheit. During west and south-west winds, a considerable degree of damp cold is

experienced, and in the northern and eastern districts the spring season comes in very late.*

The geological aspect of Lancashire displays little variety of formation compared with many counties of much less extent. Sandstone, of the red species, was the most conspicuous formation which we encountered; underneath which lies the vast bed of rock salt so well known a little more to the south in that part of England. This sandstone spreads along the shores of the Mersey towards Manchester, and may be detected upon the western side of the county as far north as Lancaster and the vale of the Lune. Over this bed of stone in many parts, particularly westward, peat-mosses are spread, clay and marle likewise cover it to a considerable thickness. The general appearance of the surface over this sandstone stratum is level, or the elevations encountered are but trivial. North of Preston the covering of peat-moss is less marked than to the westward of a line drawn from Liverpool to Preston by Ormskirk. These depositions of peat, called "mosses" in this county, have been brought into cultivation, except in a few places, where they still retain their natural appearance. Large timber trees, black as ebony, are discovered in these peat-beds, the remnants of the primeval forests of the island; they will be more particularly noticed hereafter under their local names. Under the sandstone formation repose the treasures of Lancashire, in the great coal measures upon which are laid the foundations of the wonderful superstructure of manufactures that renders the county so renowned. The principal coal-field is of irregular extent, and lies between the Mersey and Ribble, extending itself by Colne and Burnley, south-westwards to Blackburn, Chorley, Upholland, Wigan, northerly to Ormskirk, and afterwards by Prescott to Warrington. It describes a very irregular line of boundary, by Newton to Worsley and Manchester, extending round the last-named place for a distance of five miles, and going afterwards to the boundary of the county, but not traversing it into Yorkshire. The high land upon the Yorkshire limit consists of what is locally termed "millstone grit," and is found to come out from under the coal measures. This grit is discovered also in the basins of the Mersey and Ribble, and even in the valley of the Irwell. Carboniferous limestone occurs north of the Lune, while near Kirkby Lonsdale the red sandstone shews itself. The lofty hills of Furness, rising in the "Old Man" mountain and others, to the height of between two and three thousand feet above the sea, are composed of schistose, or mountain and carboniferous slate. Sand and sand-beaches are common to the whole of the extreme west of the county, and cover a large tract in the bays of Morecombe and of the Leven. Traces of the metals are discoverable in several places in Furness. Dalton possesses

* The mean annual temperature for Manchester, as observed by Dr. Dalton for fourteen years, is 49° 52'. This is low for a maritime county not situated further northwards. From observations made in the same town for seven years, the mean annual quantity of rain is 36·14 inches, which is perhaps a fair average for the entire county south of the sands, beyond which it is probable that 53·944 inches, being that of Kendal, bordering on Furness, may approximate to the correct average.

rich mines of iron, the ore from which is exported. There are workings of copper and lead, but they return only a small profit. The Cannel coal raised in Lancashire is remarkable for bearing to be turned in a lathe, and trinkets of it are thus made; its peculiarities in burning are well known. The quantity raised is not great.

Having thus briefly touched upon two or three subjects connected with the county generally, which cannot well be attached to the description of any particular locality, we have only to add that the Duchy and Palatinate of Lancaster include estates and property out of that county. This Duchy was given at the Conquest to Roger de Poitou, and by subsequent forfeiture came into the possession of the crown. Henry III. appointed his youngest son Earl of Lancaster. Passing afterwards through several hands, the Duchy and estates were ultimately vested in Edward IV. as Duke of Lancaster, being settled by act of parliament upon the prince and his heirs for ever. Considerable additions were made to the possessions of the Duchy by Henry VIII. out of the estates he seized at the dissolution of the monasteries; but this situation of things did not long continue, since succeeding monarchs greatly deteriorated the property by granting leases. The larger part consists at present of what are called the forests of Myerscough, Fullwood, Blaesdale, Wyersdale, and Quernmore, all in the northern part of the county, containing respectively 2200, 907, 9000, 20,000, and 3000 acres.

The Duchy of Lancaster being a County Palatine, or, in other words, possessing royal privileges, contains a Court of Chancery founded by Edward III., having an equity jurisdiction within the palatinate. The appointments of all officers, and even of the sheriffs, emanate from the Duchy.

We shall now, after this succinct notice of what is connected more immediately with the county at large, postpone every other topic to enter upon a description of the Cotton Manufacture—that object of primary importance in this district of gigantic industry.

A tourist in Lancashire has to search for objects of interest, different from those which excited his attention in other lands: he has to contemplate stupendous triumphs of science and art, instead of the wondrous works of nature; he has to deal with the present and the future, scarcely finding time to bestow inquiry or reflection on the past. Whatever it may have been, Lancashire is now the home of a system of manufactures which has revolutionized the trade of the entire world, baffled the calculations of the wisest, falsified the predictions of the most far-sighted, and both in its good and in its evil consequences evolved results which contradict almost every principle received as an aphorism in a past generation. He who visits a manufacturing district for the first time, must prepare himself to meet a social system absolutely new—not merely in its phases, but its elements—to which his past experience furnishes no guide, and history offers no analogy.

The steam-engine had no precedent; locomotives are equally destitute of

a parentage and an infancy; the rude machines which are doubtfully exhibited as parents of the power-loom and the mule-spinner, are at best but dwarfs that became the parents of giants. A commander in William's army at the battle of Hastings, would be as well qualified to manœuvre the household brigade of Queen Victoria, or superintend the arrangement of a park of artillery, as an agriculturist or even a merchant to understand at the first glance the economy of mills and manufactories. "The Factory System," as it is generally called, is not only new in itself, but it is the prolific parent of many other novelties which have not yet received their full development; no person can contemplate the vast interval which separates the rising generation of operatives from that beginning to disappear from the stage, without perceiving that the factory population is in a state of transition, and that there is a steady progress towards further changes, the nature of which will probably be undiscovered until they have attained their maturity.

It will be well for the traveller, as he is hurried onwards by the railroad to those districts where brass and iron are apparently opposed to the thews and sinews of man, but where in reality they work together in increasing harmony, to prepare himself by reflection for the novelties he is about to encounter. Let him remember that he is about to see a new state of society establishing itself in an old nation. The factory system suddenly developed itself in a land already crowded to excess with forms and institutions: its rapidity was incalculable, its energies resistless—pushing aside every thing which was likely to impede its securing for itself a place in social existence, and it did not always exhibit delicacy or tenderness in thrusting out and removing its opponents. From the very beginning it did not, nor does it yet wholly, harmonize with all the ancient and hereditary institutions of the land; it has therefore incommoded and inconvenienced many whose positions were fixed by that system, and has received annoyances from them in turn; it resembles "the big man forcing his way through a crowd," elbowing, jostling, and thrusting aside his weaker neighbours, and receiving many a sly pinch in revenge.

The factory system is established, but not yet accommodated; its existence is recognised, but its relations to all that was previously existing have not been settled: they are indeed in the process of arrangement, but such weighty interests are involved in the terms of agreement, that the negotiations are not likely to be terminated by legislation or diplomacy, but will wait the resistless current of events.

From these considerations, the traveller will see that the factory system is in a greater or less degree intertwined with every political question which engages public attention in the present day; and if he be weary of the contests and struggles of parties, he will act wisely if he adopts a firm resolution to confine his attention entirely to facts, and to leave the opinions which will be offered to him by thousands in the quiet possession of their natural owners.

He is about to investigate a subject of the deepest and yet of increasing importance, not merely to England but to the civilized world; there can be no doubt that the system of society about to be offered to his view, will be the agent most potent in modifying the course and progress of the next and many succeeding generations, and guiding their destinies, whether for good or evil.

It is not to be expected that any traveller can give a complete account of all the circumstances connected with the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, and all their influences on public polity and domestic life; for such a task no human powers of observation would be adequate. Some influences are too extensive, others too minute, and all are in such constant action, that it is scarcely possible to find the moment of repose when an examination of their constituent parts might be attempted. Even those who have resided in the manufacturing districts all their lives, and who have been neither incurious nor uninterested spectators of the changes which machinery has wrought, are ready to confess that there is much in the system which either escapes their ken or baffles their comprehension; that there are agencies at work, viewless as the wind—"they hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth;" and this must necessarily be the case; for, until machinery has worked out all its results, the condition of society which it produces must be regarded as in a state of transition.

Transition is necessarily associated with doubt—we know what we are, but know not what we may be,—there are those who hope for change, and there are those who fear it. These feelings are not always the dictates of self-interest: hope from change often arises from nobler causes than dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, and fear of change must not always be attributed to the dread of seeing advantages afforded to the many, which are now monopolized by the few; men on all sides are actuated by better motives than those for which their opponents give them credit: the errors most commonly attributed to principles will in the great majority of instances be found to arise from false or imperfect perceptions of facts.

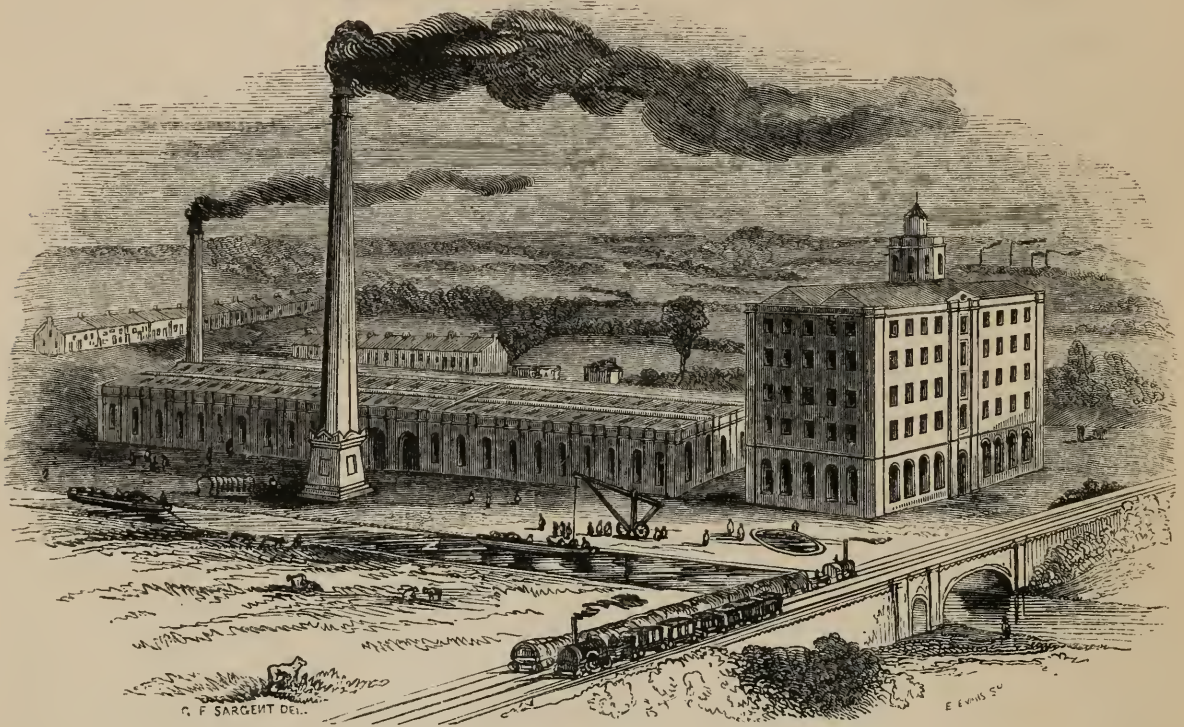
In these preliminary observations, we have embodied the reflections which passed through our minds while the train carried us from Birmingham towards Manchester. We reflected how various and how contradictory were the accounts given of a manufacturing population. The pictures which we had seen were drawn either entirely with chalk or entirely with charcoal; they were either all light or all dark, without a single neutral tint. But we made these reflections without at all impugning the honesty of those who had given these opposite delineations; we could not but remember that our own views had been greatly modified by every successive visit to Manchester, and that we were most positive at the time when we knew least about the matter. There needed not the errors of others to give us a lesson of warning; we had errors of our own in abundance for so useful a purpose.

As Manchester is the capital of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, it will be the first place to engage the attention of a traveller. It is the centre of a system of railroads, which will soon connect it with all the great marts of England. There are already five of these great channels of communication radiating from the town, and measures are in preparation for connecting them together by a junction line, which will give Manchester greater facilities of communication than London itself possesses. The Grand Junction Railway, the route most usually traversed by visitors from the south, enters the county by a bridge over the river Mersey, not far from the town of Warrington. A cotton mill close to the Warrington station announces the limits of the spinning districts on that side more forcibly than any other landmark that could be erected; at no great distance, a new manufactory for the construction of locomotive engines similarly bears evidence that this is the native land of steam-carriages; while the lofty chimney of Muspratt's chemical works in the distance, explains at the very outset the reason why church spires and monumental columns are scarcely to be found within the precincts of Lancashire.

About four miles from Warrington the Grand Junction joins the Liverpool and Manchester Railway at the Parkside station. Here also the North Union (Preston and Lancaster) Railway comes upon the same line, so that Parkside would seem likely to flourish as a railway village; but from some cause or other its capabilities are neglected, and those who are compelled to stop at it when changing from one line of railway to another, will find it like "the Baron of Bucklivie's town," which had neither "horse's meat nor man's meat, nor a place to sit down."

Few railroads have any charms for the lovers of the picturesque, and that between Parkside and Manchester may compete in dullness with any in the kingdom. A great part of it passes over Chat Moss, which, until the formation of the railroad, was one of the most dangerous and treacherous bogs in the three kingdoms. Indeed, when the railroad was first proposed to be made between Liverpool and Manchester, the notion of carrying it over Chat Moss was scouted by several of the most eminent surveyors and engineers, who spoke of the attempt as little short of insanity. Just where the railroad crosses the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, a foundry has been erected by Messrs. Nasmyth and Gaskell, which is perhaps the most favourably situated of any such establishment in Europe. It has a frontage both to the railway and the canal; it is built on a level that admits of minor railway communication between its several workshops, and thus averts the danger of accidents which arise from the removal of heavy engines from one part of an establishment to another, according to the several processes required for their completion; and it is surrounded by green fields, which from their situation are not likely to attract speculators in brick and mortar. Neat cottages for the workmen are erected in the vicinity, and slight as is the glance which the

traveller catches of the establishment as the train sweeps past, it is sufficient to impress him with a belief that in such a locality manufacturing horrors must be greatly abated in their intensity.



A visit to the establishment at Patricroft, or the Bridgewater Foundry, as it is called from its vicinity to the canal, may easily be effected, as the second-class trains from Manchester stop at a station in the immediate neighbourhood. The proprietors liberally afford access to every respectable stranger, and the overseers willingly explain those processes which are most perplexing to the uninitiated.

From Patricroft into Manchester there is scarcely anything to attract notice. The train stops on an eminence, just above the junction of the Irwell and the Medlock, whence there is a pretty extensive view over the townships of Hulme and Chorlton. The prospect is anything but cheering. Forests of chimneys, clouds of smoke and volumes of vapour, like the seething of some stupendous cauldron, occupy the entire landscape; there is no sky, but a dark gray haze, variegated by masses of smoke more dense than the rest, which look like fleeces of black wool, or clouds of sublimated ink. It would seem as if fire and water, proverbially the best servants and the worst masters, were here the recognised despots of humanity, and that smoke and steam were the visible signs of the tyranny they exercised over suffering victims. There is little in the Liverpool-road to dissipate these gloomy illusions; it is not until the traveller reaches Mosley-street, that he begins to think that Manchester is a place which may possibly be inhabited from choice.

The Exchange is the first great object of curiosity to a visitor of Manchester. It stands at the lower end of Market-street, which is the best street in the town, and not unworthy of ranking as a provincial Regent-street: the front is a semicircle of ample dimensions, erected in a bold but chaste style, and surrounded by an open space, which enables the visitor to appreciate the noble proportions of the building.



The lower part of the building is almost exclusively occupied by the room in which the merchants meet; its area is more than four thousand square feet, and it is lighted principally by a semicircular dome. The Exchange may be regarded as the parliament house of the lords of cotton; it is their legislative assembly: the affairs of the executive are entrusted to a smaller body, which meets in the Chamber of Commerce, located in a different part of the town. This parliament assembles every Tuesday, and the attendance is greatest about one o'clock, being the hour of "high change." There is perhaps no part of the world in which so much is done and so little said in the same space of time. A stranger sees nothing at first but a collection of gentlemen with thoughtful intelligent faces, who converse with each other in laconic whispers, supply the defects of words by nods and signs, move noiselessly from one part of the room to another, guided as if by some hidden instinct to the precise person in the crowd with whom they have business to transact. A phrenologist will nowhere meet such a collection of decidedly clever heads; and the physiognomist who declared that he could find traces of stupidity in the faces of the wisest philosophers, would be at a loss to find any indication of its presence in the countenances assembled on the Exchange at Manchester. Genius appears to be not less rare than folly; the characteristic features of the meeting collectively and individually, are those of talent in high working order. Whether trade be brisk or dull, "high change" is equally crowded, and the difference of its aspect at the two periods is sufficiently striking. In stirring times, every man on change seems as if he belonged to the community of dancing dervishes, being utterly incapable of remaining for a single second in one place: it is the principle of a Manchester man, that "nought is done while aught remains to do;" let him but have the

opportunity, and he will undertake to supply all the markets between China and Peru, and will be exceedingly vexed if he has lost an opportunity of selling some yarn at Japan on his way. When trade is dull, the merchants and factors stand motionless as statues, or move about as slowly as if they followed a funeral; the look of eagerness is exchanged for that of dogged obstinacy; it seems to say, "my mind is made up to lose so much, but I am resolved to lose no more." An increase of sternness and inflexibility accompanies the decline of the Manchester trade, and foreigners declare that the worst time to expect a bargain is a season of distress. "High change" lasts little more than an hour; after the clock has struck two the meeting gradually melts away, and before three the building is as silent and deserted as one of the catacombs of Egypt.

Suppose, gentle reader, what is not very far from the fact, that we have made an appointment with a mill-owner to see his factory this evening. We are to spend some days in Manchester together, and as the entire social economy of the town depends on its cotton manufactures, we must endeavour to form some adequate notion of their nature, in order to prepare ourselves for rightly comprehending their effects.

More than one visit to a cotton mill is necessary to overcome the confusion created by its novelty and its complication, so as to obtain any notion of the several processes to which the material is subjected before it assumes the shape of yarn. The din of the machinery, which, if there be any power-looms at work, beats the Falls of Niagara all to nothing;—the rapid motions of the several wheels and shafts—the variety and complication of the several processes which pass under view, distract the mind, and at first produce a sense of weariness which it is not easy for a visitor to overcome. On the present occasion it will be better not to distract ourselves by entering into an examination of the Steam-Engine; its only connexion with cotton spinning is as a moving power, and its place is often beneficially supplied by the water-wheel. We need only remember that steam, or water, turns the horizontal shafts which we shall see revolving close to the ceiling of every room, and that the straps which play over these shafts communicate motion to the several machines we shall inspect.

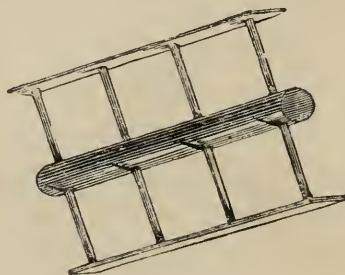
Silk, flax, wool, and cotton, may be regarded as the basis of all textile or woven fabrics: the process of weaving is in principle the same for all, but there is a great variety in the spinning of these several substances, occasioned by the great difference of their staple. Silk indeed, of which the substance is already one of continuous thread, is more properly said to be thrown than spun; cotton has the shortest staple of any material used in spinning, and consequently there is most difficulty in procuring from it a perfectly smooth yarn. Mechanical ingenuity is therefore taxed, not merely to increase the amount, but also to secure uniformity of production, and the contrivances for the latter purpose are far more minute and curious than those for increasing the quantity.

Cotton is a vegetable wool, which adheres to the seeds of certain plants, shrubs, and trees: the cotton produced from annual vegetables is far the most valuable, on account of the length and fineness of its staple, but shrubs yield the most abundant produce. The plants may, with very little attention, be grown in this country, and the yellow flower of the cotton is no despicable ornament to the greenhouse. It is indeed frequently cultivated by horticulturists, and need not therefore be further described. The seeds round which the wool grows are very oily, and were they packed with the wool they would render it mouldy and dirty. It is therefore necessary that the seeds should be removed before the cotton is packed for exportation; and the inferiority of the Hindoos in this process is one of the reasons why Indian cotton bears so low a price when compared with American.

Those immense wagons, that are met incessantly traversing the streets of Manchester, drawn by horses which can alone be matched by the drays of London, are for the most part laden with bales of cotton in the raw or manufactured state. Our present concern is with the former; and as some of the loose particles constantly fall from the bags into the street, it may be advisable to cast a brief glance at the raw material.

The relative value of raw cotton depends on the length of its staple, the delicacy of its fibre, and its freedom from dirt and seeds. An unpractised eye does not easily detect the differences which a manufacturer perceives at a single glance, and one is apt to conclude that in the sale of cotton there is great scope for fraud, by mixing the inferior kinds with those of superior quality. On inquiry, we were informed that there were many opportunities for such deception, but that it was rarely if ever practised. Raw cotton is sold by sample, and so high is the sense of commercial honour among the cotton dealers that a contract is rarely voided by supplying an article inferior to the sample. Previous to the opening of the railroad the cotton dealers formed an important part of the merchants of Manchester, but since that period many manufacturers prefer making their purchases in Liverpool.

However careful the Americans may be, cotton never comes to England in a state fit for immediate use; some seeds remain after the most careful cleaning, and the pressure to which it is subjected in packing, forms hard matted lumps, and some of the coarser and heavier wool is unavoidably mixed with that of superior quality. The first operation in the process of manufacture is consequently the cleaning of the cotton. It is put into the blowing machine, where the cotton is torn open by revolving spikes, and subjected to the action of a very powerful blast, produced by the rapid turnings of a fan; the light wool is thus blown to some distance from the heavier portions, the dirt, seeds, etc. This process is continued in the scutching machine, where the cotton is beaten by metallic blades making from 3000 to 5000

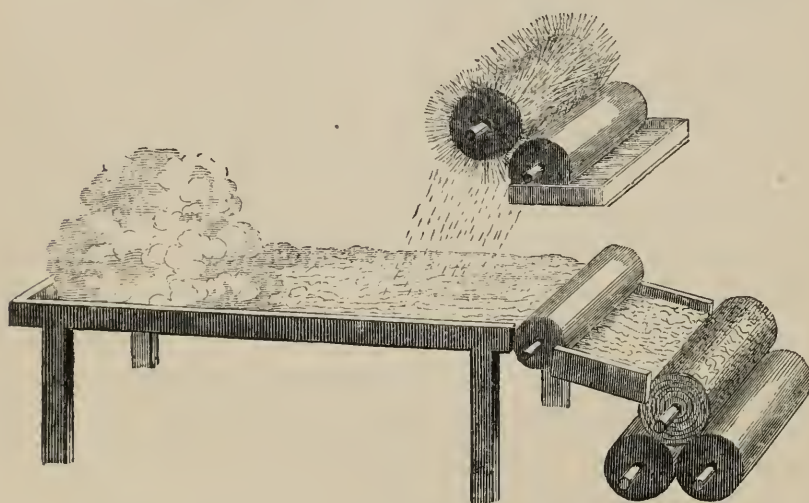


revolutions in the minute; these completely open the fibre, and separate the fine wool from the waste, which falls to the ground through a frame of wire work.

The cleaning process is generally called "willowing," which is either a corruption of *winnowing*, or perhaps derived from the willow frames on which the cotton was cleaned by beating, before blowing machines were invented. Previous to this improvement the cotton was placed upon willow hurdles, or upon cords stretched over a wooden frame, and then beaten with smooth switches. This operation, technically called *batting*, though very fatiguing, and we believe unwholesome, from the dust, etc. which was scattered about, was usually performed by women: it is now very rarely practised, except when some remarkably fine cotton is required for the manufacture of lace, when it is of importance to preserve the length of the staple, which might be injured by machinery.

The Hindoos open the fibres of their cotton by a bow similar to that which hatters use in raising wool; the same contrivance appears to have been employed in America, for we find the term "bowed cotton" still employed in the language of commerce. Judging from its effects on wool and fur, we should think that the bow is an effective machine for cleaning and opening the fibres, but it would be far slower and less productive than the willow.

When cleaned the cotton is brought to the lapping or spreading machine,



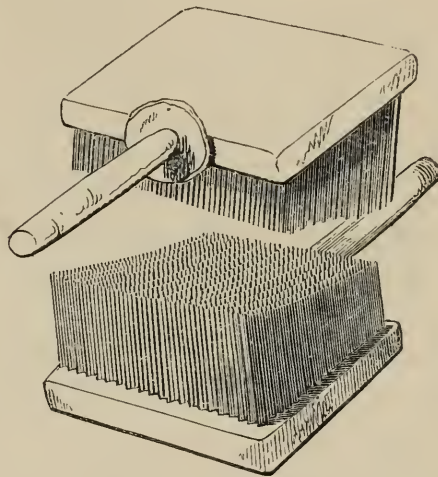
where a given weight of the wool is spread over a determinate surface of cloth, and being then slightly compressed by a cylinder, it is lapped round a cylindrical roller so as to be in a fit state for feeding the carding machine. It is a singular fact, illustrating the accu-

racy with which machinery works, that the weight of the cotton spread on the cloth in this process regulates the fineness of the thread ultimately produced, and that there is rarely any great amount of error in the calculation.

The next process, that of carding, is one of the most beautiful in the whole of the cotton manufacture. An explanation of the object to be attained, is necessary for those who have not paid some attention to the subject. In order that any material should be spun, that is, should have its fibres twisted together, it is essential that these fibres should be straight and parallel with each other. After having been subjected to the action of the willow, the

fibres of the cotton are blown about in every direction, and if compressed would be entangled with each other. This, which is the object to be gained for the process of felting, is precisely that which must be carefully avoided for spinning. In order to straighten the fibre, the cotton is made to pass between cards or brushes of wire, one of which is stationary and the other in motion, the wire teeth catch the fibres, and by their continued action pull them into nearly parallel directions.

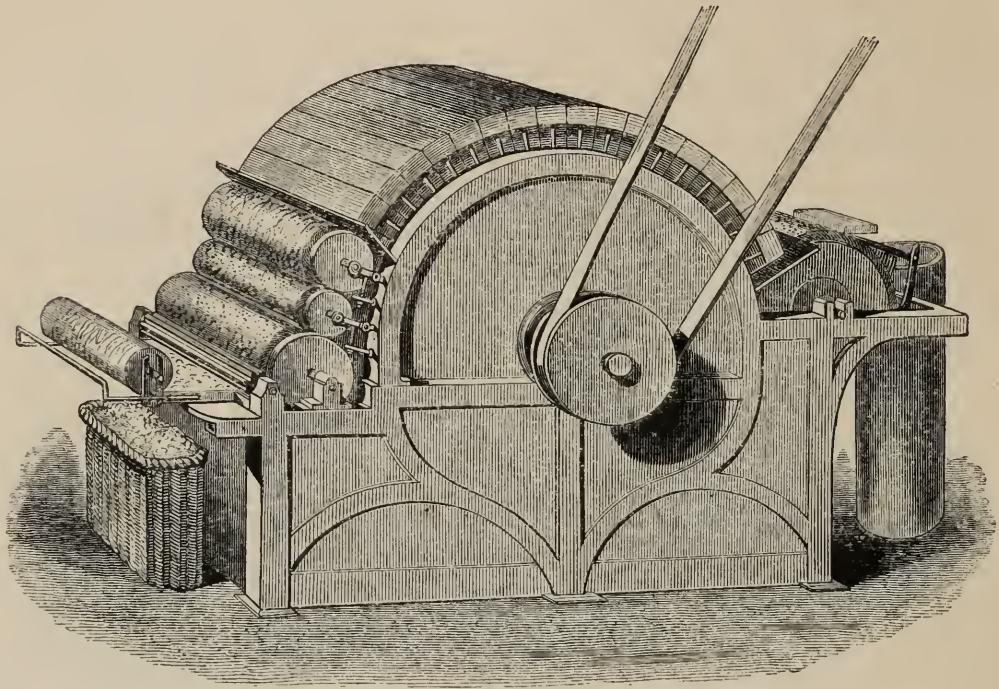
This process was anciently, and in some rural districts both of England and Ireland is still, effected by hand-cards, which might be described as two brushes with handles, having short wires instead of hairs. The labour was usually performed by women, who placed one of the cards on the knee, holding it firm with the left hand; and then spreading the cotton or wool in small quantities over the wire, drew the other card repeatedly over it with the right hand until the fibres were deemed sufficiently straight. When thus prepared, the cardings were taken off in a roll by the hand, and laid so as to be united into a continuous roving by the spinning wheel.



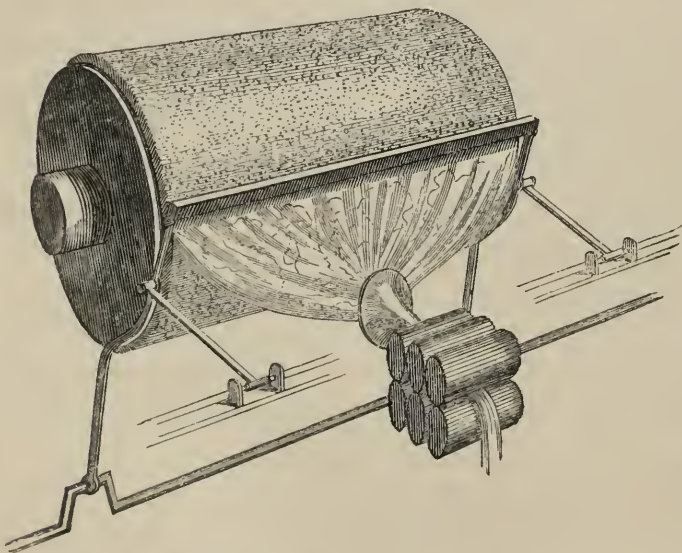
The first great improvement in this process was to fix one of the cards to a table and suspend the other from the ceiling, so that the workman could move it without having to sustain its weight. Such a contrivance allowed "stock-cards," as they were called, to be made of double the size of hand-cards, and consequently to double the quantity of work produced. We have seen stock-cards in some rural districts, where there is still a domestic manufacture of woollens, but they are daily becoming of more rare occurrence. In nearly all manufactures, they have been superseded by the cylindrical cards, which Mr. Baines has shewn to be the invention of Mr. Lewis Paul of Birmingham, about the year 1748. About 1760, the process, which seems to have been either neglected or disused, was revived by Mr. Morris of Wigan, and applied to the carding of cotton. The perfecting of the machine has been claimed for Sir Richard Arkwright, but the originality of his invention has been very fiercely contested. Without entering into the controversy, we shall proceed to describe briefly the machine in its present state.

The carding machine has the appearance of a cylindrical box, into which cotton is given by the roller, round which it was wrapped in the spreading operation. Its wooden covering is a series of narrow pannels; and if one of these be lifted, it will be seen that each of them is a card, and that a cylinder covered with cards occupies the interior of the box, between which and the

panel-cards the cotton is rapidly passed. At the opposite side of the box is a second cylinder, the cards on which, instead of being placed horizontally,





are wound spirally round the cylinder, which is called a *doffer*, so as to remove the carded cotton in a continuous fleece. The cotton is slipped from the doffer by the action of a slip of metal, finely toothed like a comb, which being worked against the cylinder by means of a crank, beats or brushes off the cotton in a fine filmy fleece. The cloud-like appearance of the carded cotton,



as it is brushed from the doffer or finishing cylinder by the crank and comb, is singularly beautiful—a breath seems to disturb the delicacy of its texture, and to the touch it is all but impalpable. The filmy fleece is gradually contracted as it passes through a funnel, by which it is forced to assume the shape of a roll or sliver. It then passes between two rollers, by which it is compressed into the shape of a ribband of considerable tenacity, in which state it coils itself up in a deep tin can.

Looking at the various parts of this interesting machine, the attention is first engaged by the feeding cylinder, which supplies the cotton to the cards

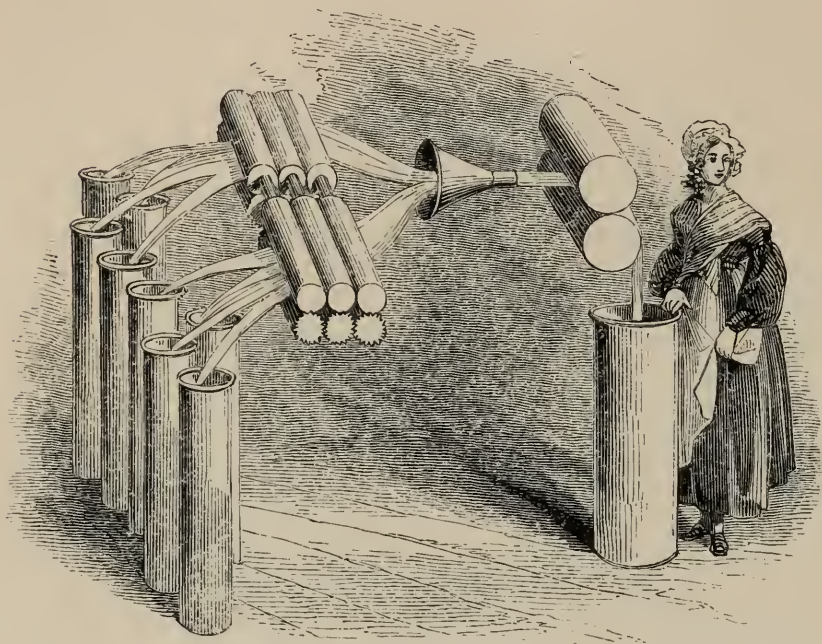
more regularly and continuously than could be effected by hands. The successive cards on the concave and convex cylinder are seen to subject the wool to several successive cardings at each revolution of the wheel; and to prevent the necessity of stopping the machine to remove the carded cotton, it is stripped off by the doffer, which removes the cotton, not in successive portions, but in one continuous fleece. Again, the removal of this fleece from the doffer, which would be both tedious and imperfect if attempted by hand-cards, is completely accomplished by the simple agency of the crank and comb.

The construction of the cards well deserves the attention of the visitor. Each card consists of a band of leather, pierced with teeth of iron wire, each bit of wire bearing two teeth . The teeth must be perfectly alike in size and shape, and they must be equally distributed over the surface of the leather. It may be deemed easy to bend the wire at right angles, so as to make it penetrate the leather, but a second and more difficult operation remains; each tooth must be bent to a given obtuse angle , which must not have the slightest variation in the whole of the same system of cards. Were any one tooth to vary from the angle formed by the rest, it would lay hold of more or less cotton, and thus render the carding irregular. Again, the leather must be of uniform thickness, for any inequalities would be equivalent to a variation in the length of the teeth; the holes with which it is pierced to receive the double tooth must also have the same inclination to the plane of the leather; and finally, the cross part of the wire at the back must be held fast, so as to prevent the teeth from easily shifting their position.

A card-making machine, invented by Mr. Dyer of Manchester, was exhibited at the meeting of the British Association in Birmingham in 1839; it split the leather, pierced it, cut the wire, formed the teeth, gave them the requisite inclination, and fixed them in the leather, with a precision and rapidity which excited the admiration of all the mechanists who saw it. The cards which it produces, are not however so highly valued as those in which machinery is more partially employed, but its inventor does not despair of bringing it to complete perfection.

Carding is not the only operation employed to straighten the fibre of the cotton. It may easily be conceived that the teeth of the cards will frequently lay hold of a fibre by the middle, and thus double it together, in which state it is unfit for spinning. This evil is corrected in the drawing frame—an important part of the spinning machinery, for it executes work which could scarcely have been effected by human hands. The essential parts of the drawing frame may be easily understood from description. Each drawing head consists of three pairs of rollers; the upper one of each pair being smooth and covered with leather, the lower being fluted longitudinally. They are placed at a distance from each other, which is regulated by the staple of the cotton; that is to say, the distance between each pair of wheels is generally a very little more than the length of the fibres subjected to their action. The

loose riband formed by the carding machine is pulled through these rollers, and as they revolve with different velocities the fibres pull out each other, and reciprocally extend each other to their full length.



But a not less important object of the drawing frame is to equalize the consistency of the cardings. One carding, notwithstanding all the precautions that have been taken, will be found to have more or less of substance than another, and it is necessary to counteract this inequality by combining several of the carded ribands, technically called

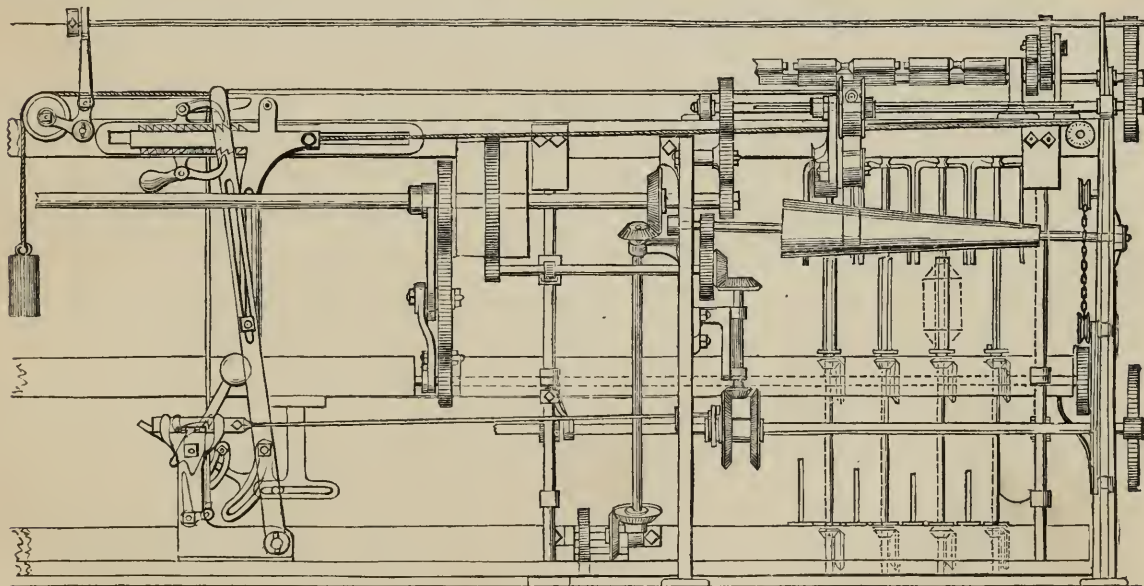
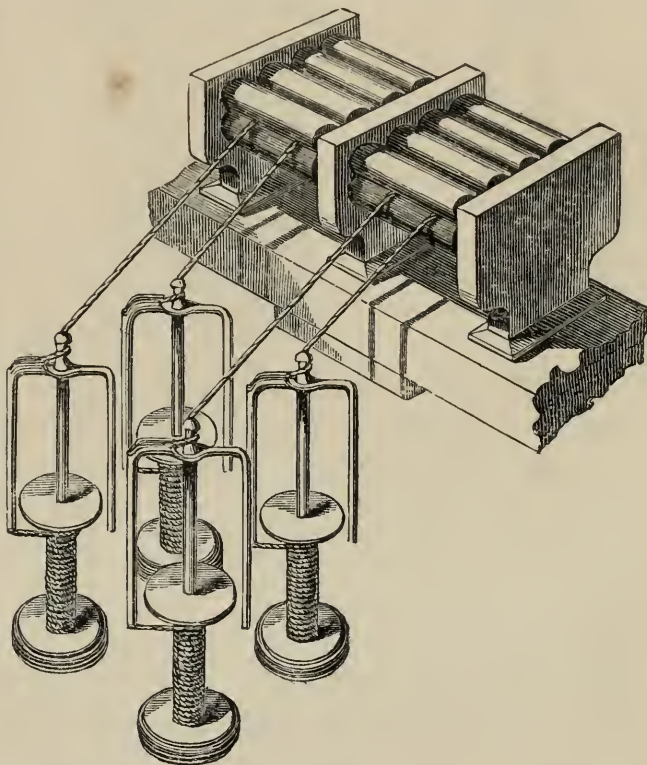
“card-ends,” into one sliver. Eight card-ends are usually brought to the first drawing head, and after passing through the rollers they combine to form one sliver of the same density as each of them separately, thus increasing eight-fold the chances of uniformity in the sliver. Four of these slivers are again subjected to the same process, and thus the chances of uniformity are thirty-two-fold those of the original card-ends; and this is continued until the last sliver may be regarded as containing parts of 300 card-ends: but for very fine spinning, the doubling of the fibres, as the process is called, is multiplied more than 60,000 times.

The drawing frames are fed from the tin cans containing the card-ends, and the chief duty of those who attend them is to mend or piece the feeding slivers when one of them is broken, or when one of the cylindrical cans is exhausted. A contrivance has been recently introduced to abbreviate this labour; a cylindrical weight is made to fall at intervals into the receiving can, and by pressing down the sliver, to force it to hold more than double the quantity which it would contain if the sliver were left to coil itself loosely. In the mills for fine spinning, great attention is paid to this process, because any defects left by the drawing frame cannot be cured in subsequent operations. The labour of attending to the machines is the lightest in the cotton mill, but there are few parts which require more vigilance and care.

As a casual visitor is very likely to pass by a drawing frame without perceiving its construction, it may be well to mention that there is a mahogany bar faced with flannel over every drawing head, and a similar bar pressed

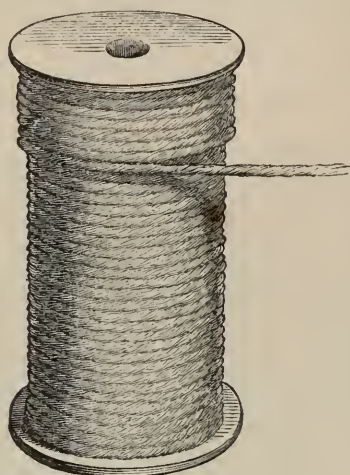
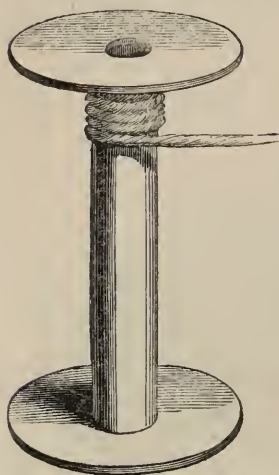
gently by a weight against the lower tier of rollers; these remove all loose fibres, and it is necessary to displace the upper bar in order to see the action of the machinery.

The next operation is the making of a roving or thin sliver, about the thickness of candlewick, and giving it only so much of a twist as will enable it to hold together. The attenuation of the sliver is accomplished by rollers acting in the same way as in the drawing process, but various contrivances have been devised to give the roving just so much tension as is necessary and no more. Arkwright invented the can-roving frame, in which a slight twist was given to the roving by making the receiving can revolve upon a pivot. It was necessary that the rovings after this operation should be wound off upon bobbins, a process injurious to their delicate texture; to obviate this evil, the jack-frame, or jack in the box was contrived, which wound the roving on a bobbin as it received its twist instead of leaving it to coil in the can. At present



the process of roving is generally performed by the bobbin and fly frame, an ingenious but complex piece of mechanism, though its principles admit of easy explanation.

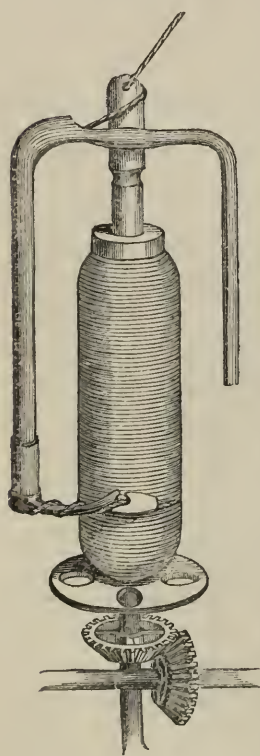
Two objects are to be effected: first, the roving is to receive a slight twist,



and, secondly, it is to be then wound on the bobbin. For the first purpose the motion of the spindle is sufficient, the chief difficulty lies in effecting the second. The sliver passes from the roller to the bobbin through the hollow arm of a flyer attached to the spindle, the other arm of the spindle is solid, and serves only to balance the machinery. In the most perfect

spindles there is a brass ring attached to the end of the hollow arm of the flyer, acted upon by a spring, for the purpose of compressing the roving; there is also a delivering finger, round which the roving takes a turn which prevents its being improperly stretched by the centrifugal force produced by the rotation of the flyer. The amount of twist given to the roving depends upon the ratio between the speed of the roller by which it is delivered and that of the spindle, and this ratio, of course, is invariable during the process.

The winding-up however presents many difficulties: the delivering finger of the flyer must glide up and down under regulated pressure, so as to lay the roving evenly over the entire surface of the bobbin; and as each coil of roving increases the periphery or thickness of the bobbin, there is a necessity for a corresponding change of motion to accommodate the receiving powers of the bobbin to the quantity of roving given out by the delivering arm of the flyer.



Were the bobbin at rest, every revolution of the spindle would wind round it a length of roving equal to its circumference; but as the revolutions of the spindle are determined by the degree of twist necessary to be given to the roving, and not by the amount which the bobbin can take up at each revolution, it becomes necessary to make the bobbin revolve in the same direction with the flyer, but at a speed so much less as will enable it to take up the exact amount of roving given out by the feeding rollers. Suppose that quantity to be six inches, and that the circumference of the bobbin is at the same time six inches, if the spindle makes nine revolutions while the bobbin makes only

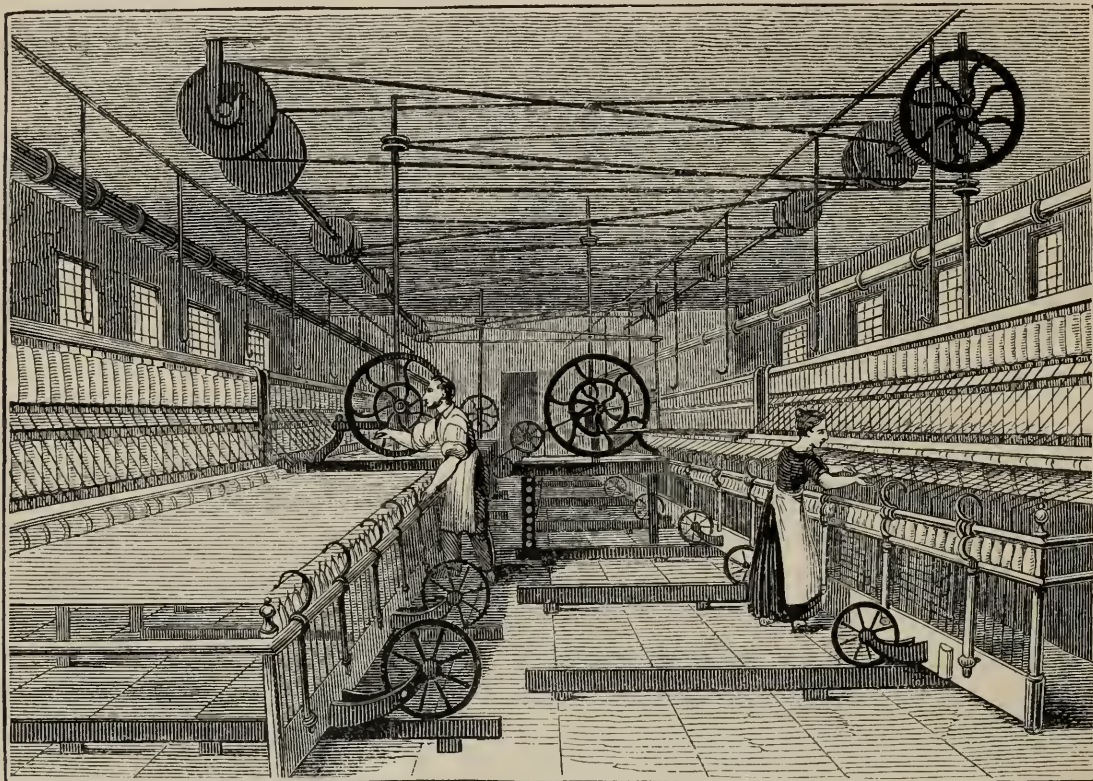
eight, it will have gained one revolution, and by that means will have wound round the bobbin the exact quantity of roving issued by the delivering rollers; now as the circumference of the bobbins is constantly increased by the roving

wound upon it, there is a perpetually recurring necessity for a series of adjustments, which were found in practice to be beyond the capacity of the persons employed to superintend the working of these frames. The thicker that the bobbin becomes in consequence of the roving wound upon it, the more must its motion be increased in order to diminish the difference of velocity between it and the spindle: this is effected by causing the driving strap to act on a conical, instead of a cylindrical drum, thus giving to the movement a variable instead of an equable velocity. It is not necessary to enter into any examination of the many ingenious contrivances which have been devised to render the roving machines more perfect and automatic; the reader will best appreciate the difficulty of the operation, by bearing in mind that the process of twisting by the spindle, and winding on the bobbin, though connected in fact, are quite independent in principle, and that there is therefore a necessity for the nicest adjustment, in order that the one should be accommodated to the other.

It may be noticed that two slivers from the drawing frame are combined in a roving, and consequently that we are, after this, to double the amount of the combinations from the original cardings. We may add that the compressing apparatus attached to the delivering arm of the flyer is not yet universally used, but is chiefly found in new mills. The roving process is repeated for the finer kinds, or as they are technically called, the higher numbers, of yarn. When it is completed, the rovings are taken to be spun either by the throstle or the mule; but the rovings for the higher numbers are previously worked on the stretching frame, which in all its essential parts is the same as the mule, and may therefore be included in the description of that machine.

Twist of low numbers, called water-twist, because it was originally worked in Arkwright's water-frame, is spun by the throstle, a machine probably deriving its name from its singing noise. It is in principle nearly the same as the drawing frame which has been just described; it extends the rovings by the action of rollers into slender threads, and twists them by the rotation of spindles and flyers. The machinery however is far more simple, because the hard-twisted throstle thread does not require such tender manipulation as the delicate roving. The chief interruption which takes place in throstle spinning is caused by the necessity of removing the full bobbins and supplying empty bobbins in their place. The person employed in this duty is called a "doffer;" and if he is very dexterous the delay will not average more than half an hour per day. The Danforth throstle, for which a patent was obtained some years ago, has been rejected by many eminent spinners, because the bobbins of yarn it affords being smaller than those turned off by the common throstle, there is a greater delay in the doffing. It is also objectionable for another reason; the yarn it produces is softly wound, and is liable to considerable waste when reeled upon the bobbins in the warping mill. The yarn, however, is said to possess a greater degree of elasticity, and is therefore preferred for the weaving of certain kinds of calico.

Mule-spinning is both more common and more interesting than throstle-spinning. Let the reader imagine himself in the room, a part of which is represented in the accompanying cut, and it is probable that the circumstances



worthy of his notice will present themselves in nearly the following order. He will see a carriage about a yard in height, and of very considerable length, varying in different mills, bearing a row of spindles between its upper rails: it has generally three wheels, which traverse on the same number of iron guiding bars, so as to allow of its drawing out to a distance of more than four feet from the stationary frame; as it recedes from the frame, it draws with it, and elongates the threads or rather rovings delivered to it through rollers, by a series of bobbins in the creels or stationary rails. The threads as they are elongated are twisted by the spindles; and should any of them break, it is the duty of a boy or girl, called a piecer, to join the disunited ends as the carriage moves from the upright frame. A girl in the act of piecing the yarn is represented in the cut. When the carriage has receded to its full extent, the spindles continue to revolve until the requisite quantity of twist is communicated to the yarn. The spinner then causes the spindles to revolve backwards until he has unwound the portion of thread which has coiled spirally round it from the point to the nose of the cop, and at the same time he lowers a faller wire, supported by hooks, as seen in the cut, so as to regulate the winding of the yarn on the cop in a proper spiral. There is great nicety required in regulating the pushing back of the carriage, for it is necessary that its rate of travelling should be commensurate with the revolution of the

spindles. Three simultaneous and delicate movements have thus to be effected by the spinner as the carriage returns: he must guide the faller wire so as to ensure the regular winding of the yarn on the cop; he must regulate the rotation of the spindles, of which there are often a thousand to one mule; and he must push the carriage at such a rate as to supply precisely the exact amount of yarn that the spindles can take up.

The little piecers can only take up the ends when the carriage is within a foot or two of the delivering roller, and they have therefore an interval of rest while the carriages traverse backwards and forwards. The spinner too has a brief respite while the carriage is moving outwards from the frame. The time taken to make a stretch, that is to draw out a thread equal in length to the range of the carriage, increases with the fineness of the yarn, and varies also according to the completeness of the machinery and the skill of the operative. The breaking of the threads depends not merely on the machinery, but to a very great extent on the atmosphere and temperature. We were in a mill during the prevalence of a sharp drying east wind, and found that it produced such an effect on the fibres of the cotton that the threads broke faster than the piecers could mend them, and that the spinning of very high numbers at such a time was all but impossible. The rooms in which fine yarn is spun are kept at a temperature of from 70° to 80°, which is not so high as to produce much inconvenience.

It is obvious that the spinner is a very important workman when such mules as that we have described are employed: on him depend not merely the machinery and its work, but the employment of the young piecers and the "scavengers" or "cleaners," who are constantly employed in removing the waste cotton or "fly" as is shewn in the cut. The spinners knew their strength, and though they received very large remuneration, frequently turned out for higher wages, by which they not only threw their assistants, the piecers and cleaners, out of employment, but also the operatives engaged in the several processes for preparing the cotton previously to its being spun. To remedy this evil, many attempts were made to construct self-acting mules, that is, mules which would not require the attention of a spinner, but could be wholly managed by his subordinates. Mr. Roberts, of the firm of Sharp, Roberts and Co., was the first, and is still the only inventor that can be said to have succeeded in this desirable object; his self-acting mules are very generally used in the mills where low-numbers are spun, but I believe that they have not been found applicable to the spinning of the finer yarns. After being spun, the yarn, if not destined for weft or doubling, is wound off on a hexagon reel, one yard and a half in circumference; the reel strikes a check after every eighty revolutions, which form what is called a *ley*, that is 120 yards of yarn; seven leys form a *hank* of 840 yards of yarn, and the fineness of the thread is known by the number of these hanks that weigh a pound.

The finest yarn ever yet produced was spun in the mill of T. Houldsworth,

Esq.: there were 450 hanks in the pound, which at 840 yards to the hank gives a length of 378,000 yards, or about 215 miles. This is, however, a very unusual degree of fineness: it is very rare that higher numbers than 300 are used in any manufacture.

The hanks of yarn are ranged according to their numbers, and are packed in cubical bundles of from five to ten pounds weight. These packages are closely compressed by a simple machine called the bundling-press, and being neatly wrapped in paper are ready to be sent to market.

The yarn designed for making bobbin-net lace and the finer species of hosiery, is subjected to another process called gassing, which is in fact the singeing off the loose fibres, or any other unevenness of the thread, by a flame of gas. The machine consists of a series of jet flames of gas, through each of which the thread passes several times with a velocity proportioned to the number of the yarn. The machinery is set in motion by the winding and unwinding of bobbins, each of which revolves from 2000 to 3500 times per minute. Each thread passes through a cleaner, slit in a lever; and when a knot or rough point occurs too large to pass through the slit, the whole mechanism for singeing and winding that thread is thrown out of gear by the jerk given to the lever. The attention of the gasser or tenter of the machine, who is generally a female, being thus directed to the defect, an instant remedy is applied without stopping the action of the rest of the machinery.

The ashes of the fibres singed off form a red and almost impalpable powder like Spanish snuff, which it would be perilous to inhale; the operation is therefore conducted in a room protected from the effects of sudden drafts by double doors and a long entrance passage secured by an additional door. The gassing process is usually carried on in a detached building, partly to prevent the danger of fire, and partly to guard against any disturbance by the opening or shutting of doors.

Yarn is formed into thread by the doubling process: two or more mule-spindle cops, or throstle bobbins, deliver their yarn through a pair of rollers to a spindle and fly, similar to that of the common throstle, which twists the double yarn in a direction opposite to the twist which the yarn received in spinning. The operation is usually facilitated by previously passing the yarn through a weak solution of starch, which renders it more tenacious and compact. Doubling, until within the last few years, was a business distinct from spinning, but it is now common in the mills where high numbers are spun. The process is most delicate when applied to the very fine yarns used in the manufacture of lace, varying from number 140 to number 350, the extreme delicacy of which requires the most tender manipulation.

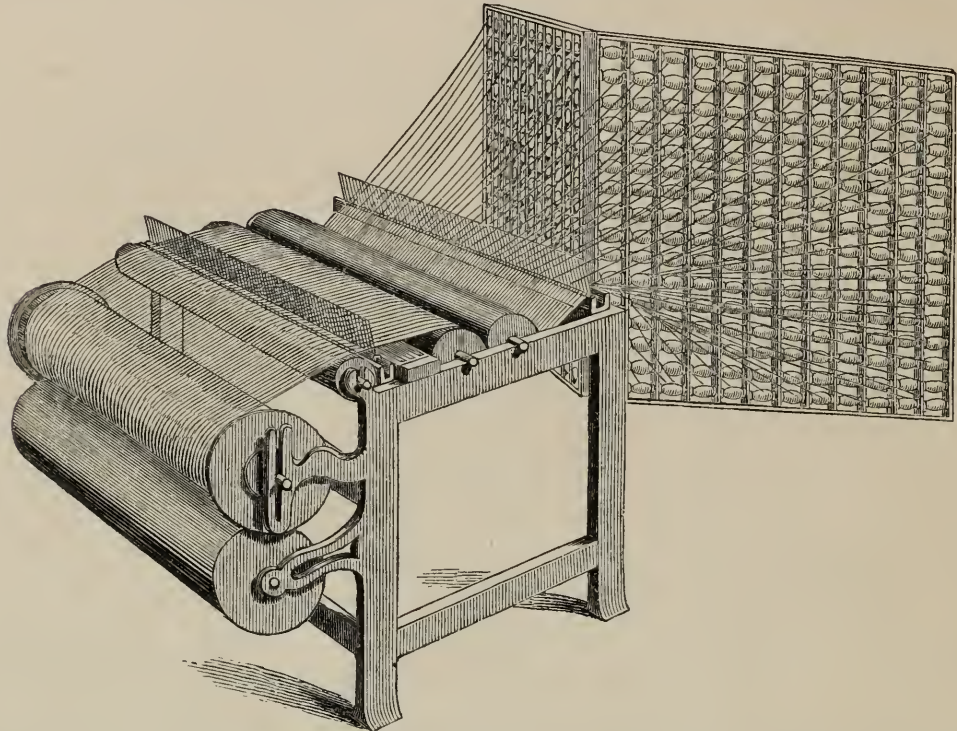
Having now reached the conclusion of the spinning processes, it will be convenient to recapitulate them briefly, and point out the general principle that pervades the whole. In all the machines, from the carding frame to the mule, it will be seen that the cotton is continually attenuated by being passed

through rollers, until a roving is made perfectly even and continuous, after which it receives the torsion or twist that makes it into yarn. The card end is like a thick rope, which is reduced more and more as it passes through each successive system of rollers, until it becomes as fine or even finer than a human hair. It is precisely on the same principle that plates of metal are made smooth and thin, by being passed successively through several systems of cylinders. Before the invention of spinning by rollers, this process of attenuation, now so complex, was effected by the finger and thumb of the spinner. Hence arose the great superiority of the Hindoos, especially in the finer fabrics, such as muslins; they possess a delicacy of touch, which apparently compensates for their want of muscular strength, beyond any other nation on the face of the earth. We possess a piece of Dacca muslin woven of hand-spun yarn, and it requires the assistance of the microscope to discover that the sensitive fingers of the Hindoo spinner have failed to produce a thread equal in evenness and regularity to that wrought by the multitudinous rollers of a Manchester factory.

A power-loom shed, or room, is very commonly attached to spinning mills, so that the visitor may see the two processes of spinning and weaving in one establishment. We should, however, recommend the examination of the processes on different days, because the multitude and variety of their several details are likely to fatigue the mind and perplex the memory. The first step in the process of weaving is the formation of the *warp*, that is, the longitudinal threads of the web which lie parallel to each other through the breadth of the cloth. Warp yarn, or twist, is more firmly twisted and harder than the *weft*, which is shot through it horizontally by the shuttle; and hence we find in the economy of Indian manufactures that the warp yarn was usually prepared by the Mohammedans and weft by the Hindoos. The warp yarn is wound from off the cops of the mule, or the bobbins of the throstle, on very large bobbins, by means of the winding frame. The threads pass through glass hooks fixed on the guiding frame, which traverses laterally to the right and left, so as to distribute the yarn evenly over the surface of the bobbin. In this operation the yarn is passed through water to increase its tenacity.

The bobbins are then transferred to the warping mill, and their yarns are wound off on a wooden cylinder. The working of the warping machine requires very little explanation. As the yarns are unrolled from the system of bobbins, they pass over and under a set of cylinders which bring all the threads into one horizontal plane; they are then conducted through guide wires, fixed like the teeth of a comb to the receiving cylinder, which, in addition to its rotatory motion is capable of being raised or depressed as the diameter of its barrel is increased or diminished by the winding on or off of the yarn. Great care is requisite in this process to take up and join any threads which may be accidentally broken; hence the machinery is painted black, so that the warper, usually a female, can at once perceive the

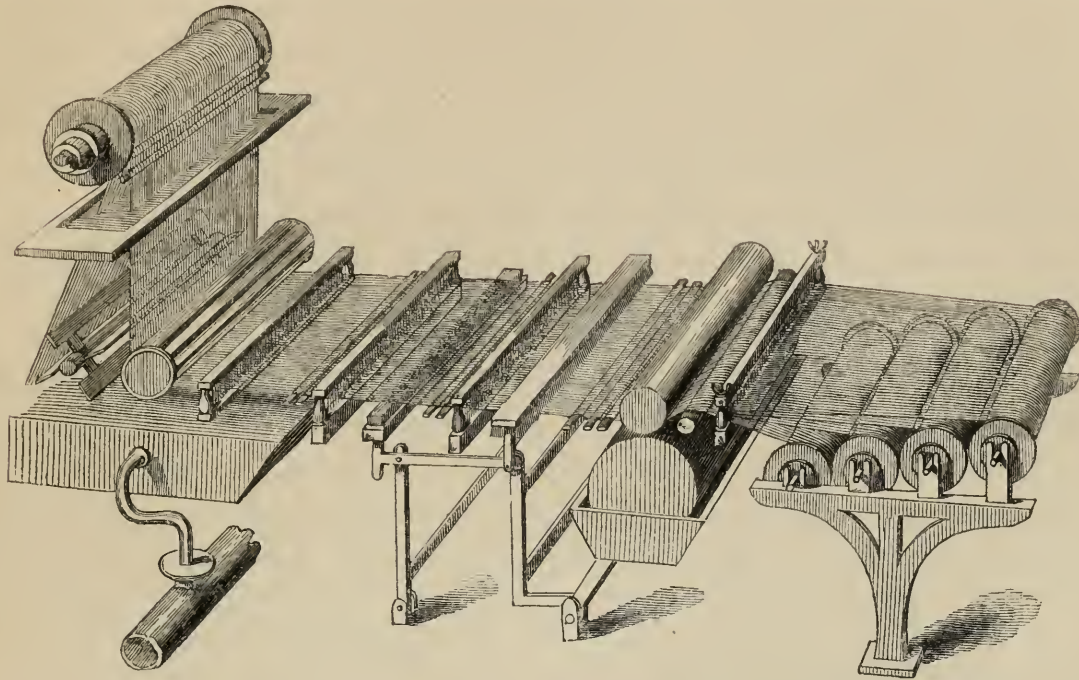
deficiency of any of the white threads on the dark ground. If she allows a broken thread to escape, she must unwind the warp again until she discovers it; and though machinery is provided to facilitate this process, and prevent any of the other threads receiving injury while she is searching for the broken thread, yet there is much delay if the unwinding has to go far back,—and as the warper is paid by the piece, neglect or delay sadly impairs her wages.



Though this is really a very simple process, yet it is one which always attracts the notice of strangers, because the number of bobbins giving out yarn from the bobbin frame produces a very pleasing pictorial effect. The simplicity of the mechanism does not, however, diminish the interest of the operation. A visitor who is anxious to witness skill and training in the attendant, as well as power and ingenuity in the machine, will be struck with the extraordinary vigilance and quickness of sight displayed by the warper. Though perhaps a thousand threads are winding before her, if one, whether near or remote, should happen to break, she at once throws the machinery out of gear, and proceeds to piece the ends together. In the warping machine, the entire warp is distributed on eight cylinders, and from them it is rolled upon a single cylinder in the dressing frame.

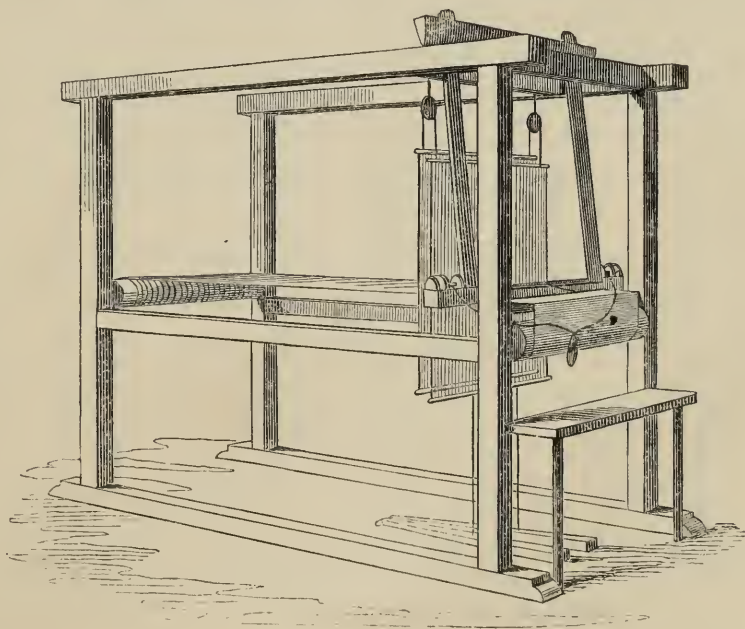
In the dressing frame, the warp is wound from the eight cylinders on to the weaving beam. In its progress it passes through a warp reed of brass wires, and by means of a small roller is spread into a horizontal plane. Sizing, that is, paste or starch, is then applied to it by a cylinder turning in a wooden trough filled with cold paste, the superfluous moisture is squeezed out by the action of a second cylinder, and the moisture which it had imbibed with the sizing is squeezed out; as the warp advances it passes between flat brushes, so

constructed that they only touch the yarn in one direction of their movement. It is then dried by being passed over a series of tin cylinders heated by steam,

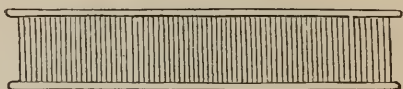


and the process is accelerated by a fan of three wings, which directs a powerful stream of hot air against the warp. When dry, the threads pass through a system of looped twines, called heddles, and through a reed to the weaving beam. The dressing machine is double, four warping cylinders giving out the yarn at one end and four at the other, but the threads from both pass through the same heddles and reed to the weaving beam. The general outline of the operation of weaving is familiar to most persons; but it will perhaps be best to explain it by reference to a common loom.

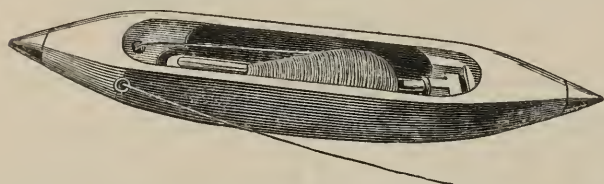
The warp is wound round a weaving beam placed at the extremity of the loom, remote from the operative. The alternate threads of the warp are kept separate by rods, and each alternate set of warp yarns passes through a heddle. In very complicated work, several heddles are employed, but only two sets are used for the weaving of common cloth. Heddles are thin slips of



wood from which twines looped in the middle are suspended, through which the warp-yarns are alternately drawn, half through the front and half through the back heddle. They are so suspended from the framework of the loom as to be alternately raised or depressed by treddles, or levers, connected with the heddles, which the weaver moves by the pressure of the foot. In front of the heddles is a light wooden frame suspended from the top of the loom so as to swing freely; this is called the batten or lay. The lower bar of this frame is the reed, an oblong frame divided



into numerous compartments by brass or iron wires fixed at equal intervals. These divisions were formerly made of split reeds, and hence the instrument takes its name. One thread of the warp passes through each interval or dent of the reed. In front of the weaver is the cylinder round which the cloth is wound as fast as it is woven. The weaver is provided with a shuttle, which is shaped like a canoe, and holds within it a cop or bobbin of weft yarn, which revolves and gives out thread as it is wanted through a hole in the side. This is placed between the alternate yarns of the warp, and a string being fastened



to each end, in the middle of which is a kind of handle called the picking-peg, it can be shot backward and forward by a jerk.* The weaver sitting down at the front of the

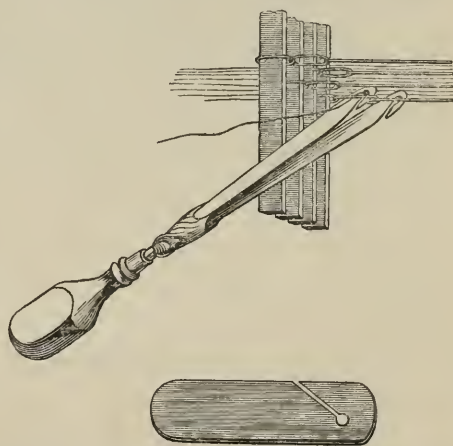
loom presses with one of his feet on the treddle, which brings down the corresponding heddle with its share of warp and raises the other. He then, by a smart jerk, drives the shuttle between the warp yarns from one side of the loom to the other, and the cop of yarn within the shuttle gives out a shoot of weft in its passage. He then depresses the other treddle, which of course reverses the position of the heddles, and then yarns and jerks the shuttle back again, throwing out in its passage a second shoot of yarn. After every cast of the shuttle, he pulls toward him the batten, or lay, with its reed, which drives home to the rest of the web the weft yarn given out by the preceding casts of the shuttle. As the web is woven it is wound off on the cylinder.

The fineness or coarseness of the web is obviously measurable by the number of dents in the reed; and it is equally obvious that any irregularity in the intervals between the dents would produce an unsightly inequality in the cloth. Hence the reedmaker is a very important mechanist in furnishing the implements for weaving, particularly for very fine and close textures. A

* The shuttle was formerly thrown by the hand, as it still is in the finer processes of weaving. The picking-peg was invented by Mr. John Kay of Bury, in 1738, and simple as the contrivance may appear, it more than doubled the productiveness of the loom. Instead of being rewarded for his invention, Kay was persecuted as a dangerous innovator; he was driven from his native land by those who thought that his invention would diminish the demand for labour, and he died in Paris a heart-broken exile.

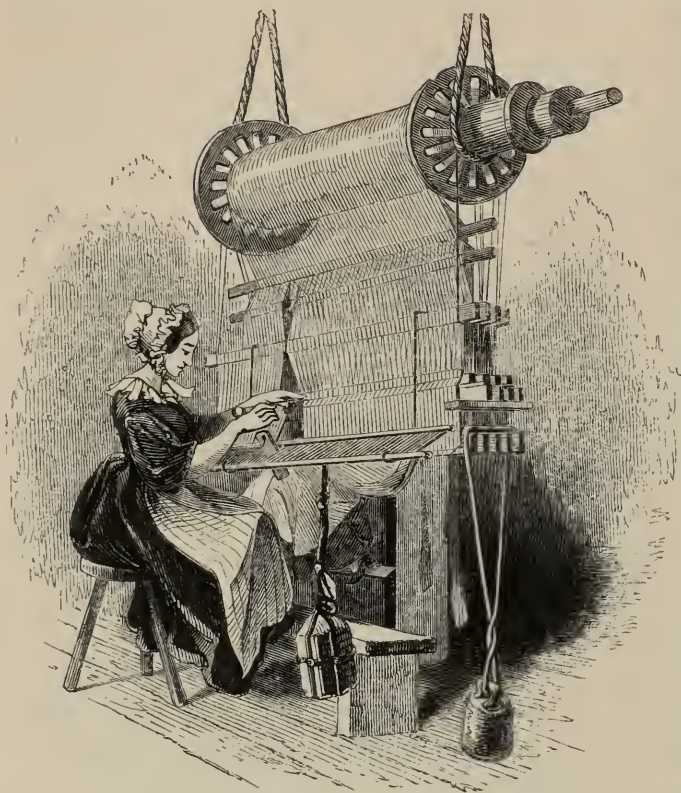
very ingenious machine for the construction of reeds has been recently made by Mr. Chapman of Manchester. It supplies the wire, cuts it to the requisite length, fixes and binds it at the required intervals with the most perfect accuracy, and performs all this with a rapidity and precision which can scarcely be surpassed by any other machinery. As it is necessary that the wires for the dents should be of equal thickness throughout, the machine draws and flattens the wire through cylindrical rollers; and there is a contrivance for throwing the machinery out of gear when any imperfection or inequality occurs in the wire. The mode of counting the dents in a reed varies in different localities; Mr. Chapman distinguishes his by the number of hundred dents in a yard. He shewed us one reed which contained the amazing number of 4800 dents in the yard, that is to say, 133 in an inch—so that his machine had actually made 266 divisions of a single inch, mathematically exact, both in parallelism and equality.

In order that the weaving should be perfect, great care is necessary in all the preliminary arrangements of the warp yarn, which must be extended on the loom in parallel lines, and with an equal degree of tension. The rods which separate the alternate threads, technically called lease-rods, are to be set so as to keep the threads which are to go through one heddle quite distinct from those belonging to the other. Having received his yarn in a bundle, the weaver first rolls it regularly on the yarn cylinder, keeping the threads distinct by an instrument called a ravel, which is in fact a coarse kind of reed. After the warp is wound on the cylinder, the operation of “drawing-in” commences; that is, the alternate threads are to be drawn through their respective healds or heddles, and all the threads through the dents of the reed. The instrument used in this process is called a sley, or reed-hook, and is so constructed as to take two threads through every dent or interval of the reed. In reeds of very high number, for weaving the finest muslins, the “drawing-in” is an operation of great nicety, requiring both sharpness of sight and delicacy of manipulation; and the reed-hooks employed are made of the finest and best tempered steel; but in ordinary cloth the process is simple, and is usually performed by women.



The lease, or separation of the alternate threads in the warp yarn, is made by the pins in the warping mill, and is preserved by the lease rods. These rods being tied together at the ends, secure the permanency of the lease and guide the operative in drawing the alternate yarns through the heddles. To facilitate the process, the beam on which the warp yarn has been wound is suspended a little above the heddles, so as to allow the yarn to hang down perpendicularly. The operative then opens the loop in each of the twines of

the heddles successively, and through each draws a warp thread. This is there-



fore an operation not very unlike threading a needle, having its eye in the middle instead of the end. After the threads have been passed singly through the loops or eyes of the heddles, they are drawn in pairs through the dents of the reed. The heddles are then mounted with the cords by which they are moved, and the reed being placed in the batten, every thing is ready for the weaver to commence his operations.

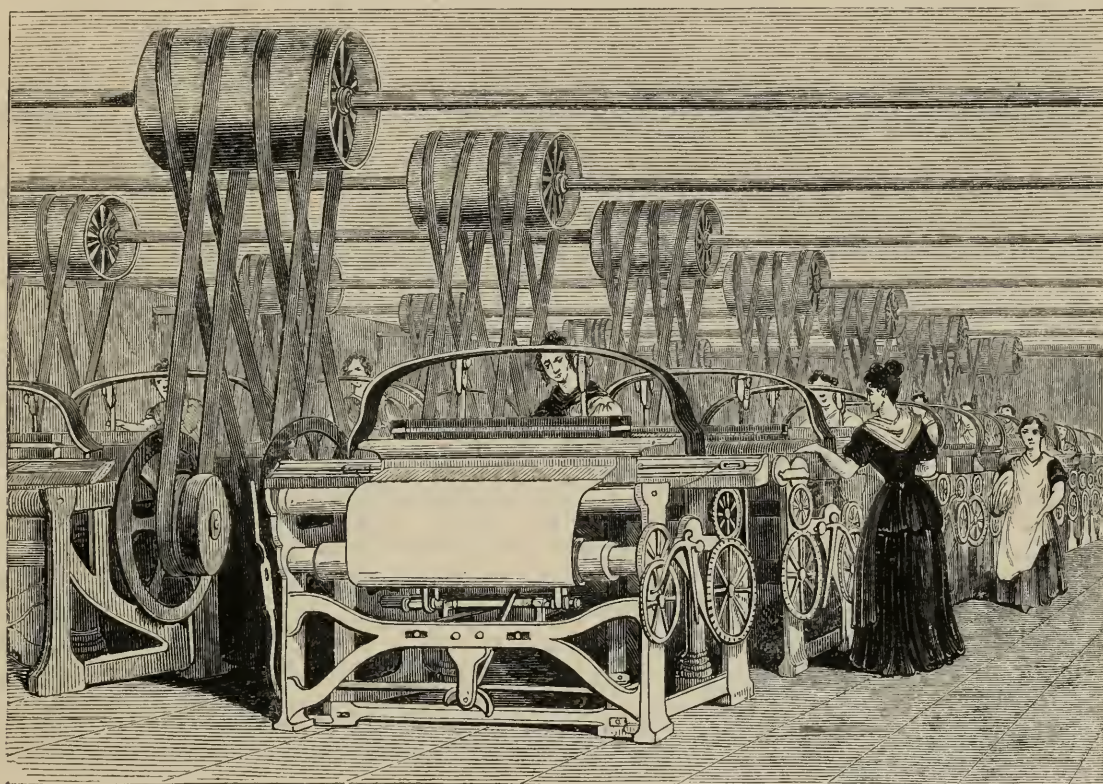
The power-loom is now generally used for the weaving of plain cloth, and for various kinds of twilled and figured goods. Mr. Roberts is the patentee of the power-

loom most commonly used; but many other mechanists have produced various contrivances for weaving by machinery, and there can be no doubt that manual labour, at least for the coarser kinds of goods, must rapidly fall into disuse. In one respect the power-loom has a very obvious advantage over the hand-loom: the batten, lay or lathe, to which the reed is attached, drives home the weft to the rest of the web after it has been shot from the spindle; now a weaker or stronger blow of this lathe alters the thickness of the cloth, and after any interruption, the most experienced weaver finds it difficult to commence with a blow of precisely the same force as that with which he left off. In the power-loom the lathe is easily adjusted to give a steady certain blow, and when once regulated by the engineer, it moves with unvarying precision from the beginning to the end of the piece. Hence power-loom cloth is always of a more equable and regular texture than that woven by hand.

Power-looms are generally placed in sheds, and lighted from the top by a single range of windows to every row of looms. The weavers, or rather the tenters, have very little to do besides watching the machinery and correcting any defects in the materials to be woven. As the labour is light, it is usually performed by women or young persons; and we were informed that the business is so simple as to be easily learned in a month or six weeks.

The cloth when woven is either made up for sale in an unbleached state, or sent to the bleach-works, where, as we shall hereafter see, it goes through a

series of processes not less ingenious, and scarcely less complicated than those which have been just described. Having noticed the several processes displayed in a cotton mill, it remains to examine the structure of the edifice in which all this various and complicated machinery is contained. This is a subject of much greater importance than is generally supposed, for the architectural arrangements of the mill exercise very great influence, not only on the perfection of the manufacture, but also on the health and morals of the operatives. Mr. Fairbairn of Manchester, in addition to his great eminence as an engineer, is the most distinguished authority in factory architecture, and the mills erected under his superintendence may fairly be taken as models.

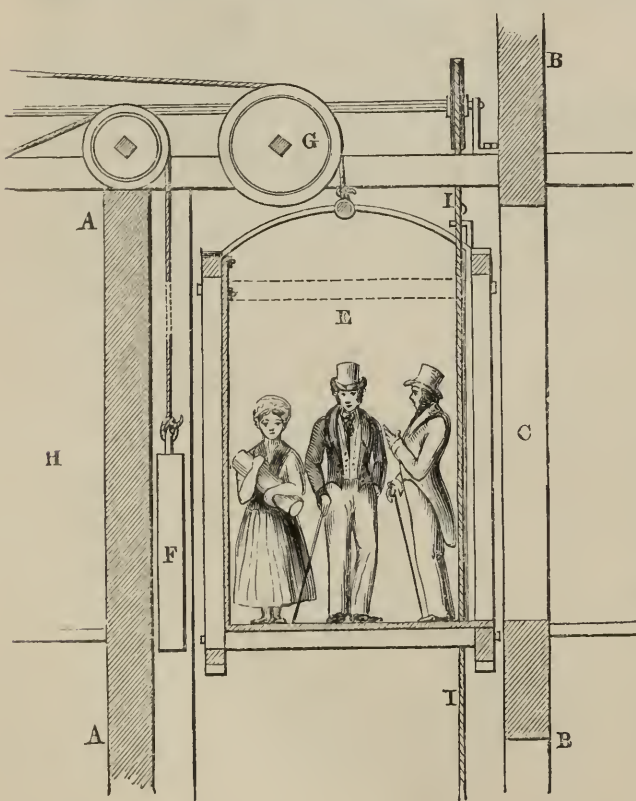


The moving power may either be the steam-engine or the water-wheel, or a combination of both. There are few opportunities for the erection of water-wheels in the immediate vicinity of Manchester, and I believe that all the town mills are set in motion by steam. But in the romantic valleys and dales, north and east of the town, at a distance of from ten to thirty miles, waterfalls are brought to aid steam and save the consumption of coals. Formerly, the steam-engine was imbedded in the structure of the building in which it was placed, so that when it was necessary to be removed, a great part of the masonry had to be taken down; modern engines are usually constructed more like those used in steam-packets, they are secured by bolts to the floor and walls, and can be taken away without any displacement of the structure. The boilers which supply steam are usually placed in an external shed. The engine or engines, for two are sometimes combined, work by cranks and cogs,

so as to set in motion the horizontal shaft to which the fly-wheel belongs. From this shaft, motion is communicated to the main upright shaft, which extends from the foundation to the upper story of the mill. This again sets in motion horizontal shafts extending along the ceiling of each story in the building. The advantage of having two engines arises from the working of them in such a way that the one exerts its greatest force when the other has the least, so that the joint operation of both gives an equable motion to the shafts, which being smooth, highly polished, and fixed in firm bearings of brass work, silently and evenly, without producing any of those vibrations which those who only know the working of steam-engines from the experience of a steam-packet might expect, and which I am informed was frequently felt in the older factories.

Though water may not be wanting to drive a wheel, the vicinity of a river or canal is almost essential to a mill, in order to facilitate the conveyance of fuel, to supply the boilers, and to afford good drainage. Hence, most of the mills in Manchester are close either to the Irwell or the Medlock; and the noble Mersey is studded with factories for miles upon miles of its course.

Compactness is a very important consideration in the construction of a mill. It is desirable that as little time as possible should be lost in removing the cotton from the scene of one set of operations to the stage of its next process. Hence, mills are erected of seven or eight stories in height, even in those localities where the saving of ground need not be taken into consideration.



The stairs are now, almost without exception, of stone; the staircase is of the kind usually called a well, that is, it winds spirally round a hollow shaft in the centre. As communication by the stairs would in many cases be tedious and fatiguing, the centre of the well is occupied by a contrivance called the hoist, which may be briefly described as a movable closet that can ascend or descend at pleasure through the shaft of the well, and land the persons in it on any of the floors of the mill, through doors which open from the shaft on the lobbies: A A and B B are the walls of the well shaft, C is part of a door in the wall B, leading to the floor or some lobby

of the mill; E is the hoist, which is raised by the rope G. This rope passes

over a system of wheels and pulleys, being worked by the counterbalancing weight F, which ascends as the hoist descends, and *vice versâ*. H is a passage leading to apartments in the mill; I I is the double rope pulley, by pressing on which the persons in the hoist can either ascend or descend as they please. This very economic and benevolent contrivance for saving the fatigue of ascending and descending stairs, was the joint invention of Messrs. W. Strutt and Frost, of Derby.

The most scrupulous attention is paid to cleanliness in almost every mill; those which were exceptions are fast disappearing. But cleanliness is found in Manchester where it would be least expected, among the firemen and attendants on the boilers. The coals are raised from their bins in a yard by a series of buckets, similar to those of the dredging machines used for deepening the beds of rivers, thence they are emptied into a wagon with a drop-bottom, which moves on a railway over the feeding-hoppers attached to each furnace, and are supplied to the fires in the exact proportion required to generate steam necessary for the work.

Not only are the floors and walls kept free from the slightest impurity, but the overseers take care that the children should keep themselves neat. They go round every morning and reprove those who have failed to wash themselves after breakfast; the delinquents are without excuse, as soap, water and towels are provided gratuitously for their use. In many mills, boxes and nests of drawers are provided, in which the female operatives deposit their street dresses, and put on their working clothes before they begin their labours. There is also a separate washing and dressing room for the women, from which as well as from their other places of retirement, the male operatives are carefully excluded. We have been much interested by observing the difference of appearance between the females when at work, and when they are going home to dinner; they do not exhibit any trace of their occupation when they appear in the street; many of them indeed display in the arrangement of their dress and person a neatness and taste not unbecoming a higher walk of life.

The proper ventilation of the rooms is now regarded as an object of primary importance in the construction of mills. Taylor's mill, near Preston, is in this respect a perfect model; it has in every room a double system of ventilators: the series at the top of each room removing the foul air, while fresh air is supplied by those near the floor.

The mills are warmed by steam-pipes, from which some portion of the steam is permitted to escape and mix with the surrounding atmosphere. We have already noticed that a moist warm temperature is essential to the perfection of cotton-manufactures, and especially to the spinning of the finer yarns; but the influence of such an atmosphere on the health of the operatives appearing questionable, we sought information from various medical gentlemen who had enjoyed long opportunities for observing the vital statistics of factories. They unanimously condemned the system of warming apartments by stoves or

hot-air pipes ; they declared that a dry, heated atmosphere is pernicious, and referred to the experience of the calico-printers, and of those who are in the habit of using Arnott's stoves. We subsequently found that bleachers and calico-printers have generally adopted the system of heating by steam, in consequence of the ill effects produced by dry hot air on the health of the operatives.

Regularity and precision are required in all the operations of a cotton mill, and these are enforced by the accurate working of the machinery. Accidents from the machinery are of very rare occurrence ; the most dangerous parts of the turning shafts, which almost alone are perilous to the incautious, are either protected by wooden boxes or placed where there is rarely occasion to pass them. The driving-straps are dangerous only to those who voluntarily encounter peril. Were the proprietors to leave the dangerous parts of their machinery so exposed as to produce great liability to accident, they would not only be needlessly cruel, but stupidly blind to their own interests. Any accident would produce a derangement of machinery, the repairing of which would cost infinitely more than the cases or boxes necessary to prevent its occurrence. In one mill, we are told that slight cuts and bruises were frequently occasioned by the tricks which young operatives played upon each other when employed to oil the machinery, but in most of the instances in our inquiry from the operatives respecting the frequency of accidents, they laughingly asked if we thought workpeople were such fools as to hurt themselves designedly.

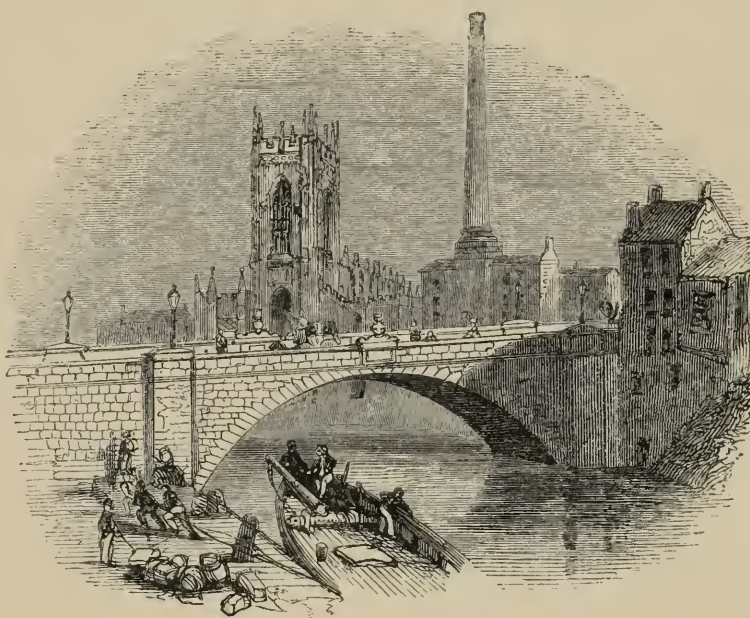
Most modern mills are built fire-proof ; those which are not so, have generally a fire-engine of their own, in the use of which the operatives are occasionally exercised. It is now also the favourite plan to have the cotton raised by a crane in its raw state to the upper story ; it then descends from floor to floor in the successive stages of its manufacture, until on the ground-floor it is woven into cloth by the power-loom.

The amount of capital invested in a spinning mill is usually calculated by the number of spindles required, which not unfrequently amounts to one hundred thousand. Some years ago the cost of a mill was estimated at a pound per spindle ; but in consequence of the progress of mechanical improvement, the cost is not now rated higher than 13s. 4d. per spindle. The rapidity with which the great engineering houses can stock a mill with all its engines and machinery is scarcely credible ; they are enabled to do so by having accurate wooden models of all the several parts, from which castings are easily taken, and the framework is thus got ready with the greatest expedition.

Having gone through a cotton mill, let us now breathe a little fresh air, or at least the atmosphere that bears the name in the manufacturing districts. Manchester is watered by the Irwell and its tributaries, the Medlock and the Irk, and no three streams in the universe are forced to do such an amount of work and scavengering in proportion to their size. The Irwell separates Manchester from the borough of Salford, as the Thames divides Southwark from

London; but the connexion between Manchester and Salford almost amounts to identity; the same occupations are pursued in both; many who have places of business in one, reside in the other, and the boundary between them is so narrow that it is crossed in a moment. This facility did not always exist: the old bridge over the Irwell, which was steep, narrow, and inconvenient, was continued from the fourteenth century until the September of 1837, when it was stopped by order of the authorities, and a temporary wooden bridge erected preparatory to the taking down of the ancient structure, and the building of a new bridge more suited to the exigencies of the locality. This was chiefly owing to the exertions of the Manchester Improvement Committee: at their instigation the venerable bridge was indicted at the Quarter Sessions of Salford, October 1836, for insufficiency of footway, roadway, and waterway; not a single legal antiquarian appeared to plead for the antique pile; it was taken down, and the new bridge was opened on the 20th of March 1839, the anniversary of her Majesty's accession, in whose honour the bridge received the name of Victoria.

The view of and from the Victoria Bridge offers many objects of interest to the spectator. On the Manchester side we catch a glance of the old Collegiate Church and Cheet-ham College, both of which we shall subsequently visit; while in the direction of Salford we see the best constructed and tallest chimneys of factories that are to be found in the district. Indeed some of them have a good architectural effect, and were they built of stone instead of brick, when they cease to vomit forth smoke they might pass for triumphal columns.



The river is really unsightly. Gas drainings, the refuse of factories, unite with countless other abominations to contaminate the stream, and render it equally fatal to animal and vegetable life. The barges which pass up and down add to the sombre effect of its dark colour; they are clumsy, heavily constructed vessels, and are generally propelled by poles or shafts. The eye accustomed to the dashing steamers and trim-built wherries of the Thames, can receive little pleasure from contemplating the navigation of the Irwell. The aspect of the Medlock is still worse,—as seen from the bridge leading into Chorlton, it is like nothing but an overgrown puddle. It is, however, unfair to judge of these rivers in their artificial state. The upper vale of the Med-

lock offers a most tempting excursion to geologists. If we cross the bridge and visit the crescent of Salford, we shall have a delightful landscape view, exhibiting what the Irwell might have been had not its waters been enslaved to cotton.

Manufactures haunt us even here; but the immense pile of building seen to the right is not a cotton mill, it is a bleach-work, erected there on account of the valuable supply of water afforded by the river. In spite of our tolerance, or rather our liking for manufactures, we could wish that the Adelphi Bleach-works were erected in any other place. The entire plain formed by the winding of the Irwell at this spot, would have formed a noble park for the recreation of the wearied operatives of Manchester and Salford; they would have been enabled to compare their condition with that of rural life—for a considerable farm and many detached cottages are within the field of view—while their love of picturesque landscape, which strange as it may seem is stronger in no class than the operatives of Manchester, would have been gratified by the rising grounds of Kersall and Broughton, studded as they are with mansions and villas of varied architecture.

There are a number of book-stalls in Manchester. One of great celebrity stood near the entrance into Salford, which is now chiefly remembered on account of its connexion with an interesting personal history we shall take the liberty to narrate, suppressing, for obvious reasons, the name of the hero.

Some thirty or forty years ago a young carpenter, in a Welch county, was drawn for the militia; he had no taste for a soldier's life, with its great dangers and small pay. In addition to the ordinary mysteries of his own trade, he had acquired great skill in turning, was a tolerable wheelwright, and when no more experienced workman could be had, was found able to mend the machinery of a mill, and even to suggest some mechanical improvements which his neighbours were too obstinate to adopt. After a very brief period of service he deserted and came to London, where he obtained employment in a lathe manufactory. Here he soon became conspicuous for his mechanical skill, and the ingenuity of his contrivances to diminish labour and perfect the machines he constructed. While he was rapidly advancing in the confidence of his employer and the estimation of his comrades, he happened to meet in the street a sergeant belonging to his former regiment, by whom he was recognised. It was necessary for him to quit London in order to escape the consequences of his desertion; he sought shelter and employment in several provincial towns, and at length came to Manchester. He had no acquaintances in the town, and was for some time unable to procure work; during this interval of reluctant leisure, his attention was attracted by the sight of some mathematical books on the old stall in Salford; he stopped to look at them, entered into conversation with the proprietor, who was an intelligent humourist, and soon inspired him with an interest in his fortunes.

One morning as the adventurer went to consult his friend at the book-stall

on his chances of obtaining employment, a gentleman came up to purchase some work on practical mechanics. As he turned over the plates, which appeared very complex, he got a little puzzled, and said to himself in a half-whisper, "I cannot understand this!" His perplexity and anxiety were so evident that the young stranger was induced to come to his assistance; he explained the diagrams in such lucid and simple language, that the gentleman was prompted to inquire into his history. The tale was soon told; and the keeper of the book-stall added to it, that since the young man had come to Manchester he had been very anxious to procure work, and that he had employed the interval in the study of mathematics.

"Do you understand anything of the management of lathes, young man?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, for lathe-making was the business in which I was engaged."

"Well; come to my house to-morrow. I have got down a lathe from one of the first makers in London, but owing to some peculiarities in its construction, I fear that I cannot easily find a person qualified to set it up."

On the morrow the young man went at the appointed time to the house of his new employer. The lathe was unpacked, and he at once recognised it as one of his own construction. He mentioned the fact to the gentleman, and identified his work by specifying some private marks on the machinery. When his task was accomplished, the young man solicited and obtained leave to try some experiments on turning spindles. He produced some specimens so obviously superior to the spindles then in use, that his patron was induced to advance him a sum sufficient to set him up in the turnery business. The new spindles were soon eagerly sought; their maker at the same time gained opportunities of becoming acquainted with the several processes of a cotton mill, and as he studied them, improvement after improvement was opened to his mind. His fame as a mechanist rapidly increased; men of wealth sought a partnership with the man of talent; capital was supplied to carry out the suggestions of ingenuity; and at the present moment the hero of this history is at the head of an establishment, the fame of which extends through both hemispheres. After having heard this history, it was impossible to avoid feeling some regret for the disappearance of the old book-stall in Salford.

In rambling through the old streets round the Collegiate Church, the traveller will be amused to find that one of them bears the ominous name of "Hanging Ditch." Local tradition declares that it derived this name from having been the scene of the execution of several Romish clergy and recusants in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is now chiefly remarkable for the Corn Exchange, one of the most chaste and elegant of the many structures for which Manchester is indebted to the taste of Mr. Lane. It is an Ionic structure, adapted from the Temple of Ceres in Attica; unfortunately, its situation, in a narrow obscure street, prevents it receiving all the admiration which it merits.

At the dining hour in Manchester—one o'clock—mills are closed, warehouses deserted, shops turned into solitudes, and business of every kind suspended. Many writers have attempted to delineate the impetuous rush which at the stroke of the single hour takes place in the streets; to us it appeared a living picture of the French in the Russian campaign flying before the *hourras* of the Cossacks, or speeding in their half-famished state to plunder the magazines of Smolensko. The rush is fierce while it lasts, but in a few minutes it is over, and Manchester for half-an-hour is the City of the Silent. As two o'clock approaches the diners are seen returning, individually or in groups, with slow and measured steps, to their respective duties; but it is full three o'clock before the full career of business is resumed, and thus the two best hours of the day are all but wholly wasted in Manchester.

Some efforts have been made and are making to conquer this tyrant custom, but it appears inveterate, for it is regularly observed by many of those who condemn it most loudly. It cannot be ascribed to indolent or luxurious habits: in no part of the world do men of business allow themselves such little recreation as in Manchester; they commence their toil at an early hour in the morning, they continue it to a late hour of the night: the dining hour is their only interval of relaxation, and though it is productive of many inconveniences, it will, we think, be found unalterable.

Entering Piccadilly from Market-street, attention is directed to the immense warehouses just behind the Infirmary, in George-street and Mosley-street: the largest, and most appropriate in its style of architecture, being a plain substantial building of brick, belongs to Sir T. Potter and Co.

Oldham-road is nearly a continuous street the whole way to Oldham, a distance of about seven miles, but since the opening of the Leeds and Manchester railway, its importance as a thoroughfare has been greatly diminished. The road or street passes through the district of Ancoats, which is the chief abode of the operative population, and is therefore worthy of a visit, which shall be paid at a future opportunity. Continuing along the London-road, we reach the new terminus of the Manchester and Birmingham railway, which is now in process of erection. No railroad on which we have travelled possesses a terminus so favourably circumstanced; it is almost in the centre of the business part of the town, and yet it has facilities of ingress and egress, equal if not superior to those which are located in the outskirts. This railway is a singular monument of enterprise and speculation: Manchester has already a railway communication with Birmingham by the Grand Junction line, and the saving of time by the new line will not at most exceed an hour.

In the centre of Ardwick Green, there is a pretty miniature lake; the houses round the green are plain substantial dwellings, but those on the south side are detached buildings, each surrounded with a little ornamental plantation, which with the lake produces a very pleasing effect.

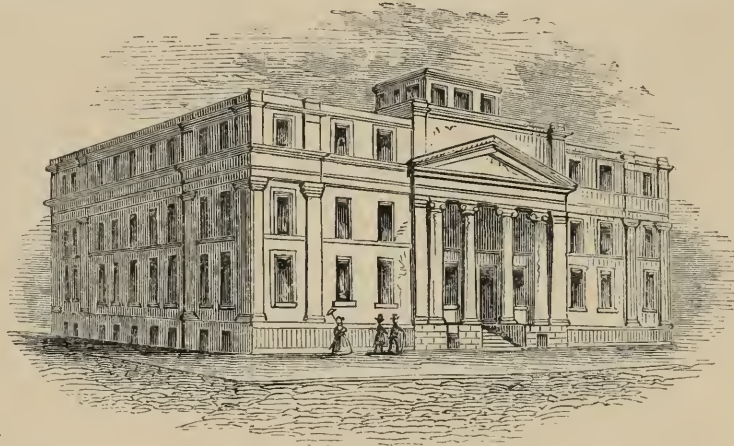
At Victoria Park, an attempt has been made to combine domestic comfort

with architectural taste. The rapid conversion of the private residences in Mosley-street and many other parts of Manchester into warehouses, induced a company of gentlemen to purchase this park, which contains about 140 acres of land, in order to stud it with villas, which would unite the advantage of vicinity to the town with a freedom from the smoke of factories and with the privacy of a country residence. The plan was well arranged; the park has been laid out so as to make the most of the space, for it contains five miles of walks, and the villas already erected are for the most part in good taste.

The Oxford-road, adjoining Victoria Park, is adorned on each side with villas and private residences, superior on the whole to those on any other outlet from the town. At some short distance from it, is the suburb of Green Heys, occupied for the most part by a colony of Germans.

Oxford-street deteriorates as we get back towards Manchester, and near its upper end reveals a nest of filthy hovels, called Little Ireland. A large brick building near All-Souls Church is used as a college, principally for the education of Unitarian ministers.

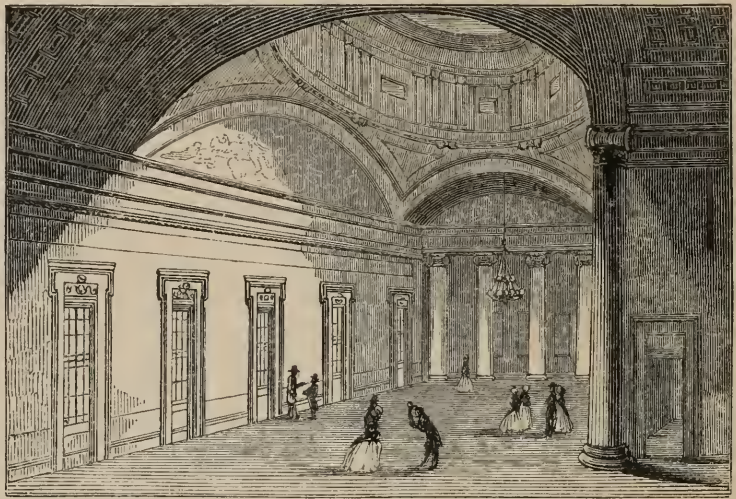
Oxford-road leads us into Mosley-street, near St. Peter's Church and the Scottish Kirk, which are so placed as to destroy their architectural effect. The Hall of the Natural History Society, in Peter-street, contains the finest zoological collection of any provincial museum in the empire, and probably in Europe. It is particularly rich in ornithology: the birds are well preserved, and arranged with great taste and skill.



The field of Peterloo, now covered with buildings, is in the immediate vicinity of the Museum: it was the scene of a collision between the yeomanry cavalry and a multitude assembled to hear Mr. Henry Hunt in the year 1817. Though many years have since elapsed, the angry feelings to which the sad event gave rise have not yet wholly subsided, and the stranger who makes inquiries on the subject will be pained to find that any reference to it awakes a bitterness of tone and sentiment which he could not have anticipated.

The Town-hall of Manchester is a very handsome stone building, from a design of the late Mr. Goodwin. The interior arrangements have been sacrificed to obtain one large room for public meetings. This hall is 130 feet long by 38 feet wide. Its central dome is copied from the Athenian Temple of the Winds, and is a truly classical structure. The walls and dome are covered with fresco paintings, executed by Mr. Aglio. The first view of the frescoes is very striking, but they will not bear a close examination; the drawing

is generally incorrect, and the designs verge on the very consummation of absurdity. Some are allegorical, some mythological, and some historical, while in others, the three styles are incongruously blended. For instance, the dome represents Britannia commanding Peace to descend on Europe and restore the reign of Art and Virtue. We have a young urchin with a little ship in his hand, such as a boy might take to float in a pond—and this is the allegorical representation



of the commercial enterprise of Manchester! A female bearing the fasces overthrows two figures; and this is not, as we should have supposed, a village maid terrifying impudent assailants with a fagot, but represents constitutional liberty defeating tyranny and hypocrisy! It will be sufficient to enumerate the subjects of some of the other paintings: we have Lord Macartney and the Emperor of China; the Argonautic Expedition; the supposed discovery of America by Sebastian Cabot; the British Empire protected by Strength, Wisdom, and Justice, really embodies Mrs. Malaprop's "allegory on the banks of the Nile," that river appearing in the group under the significant symbol of an African mounted on a sphynx; Nadir-Shah giving audience to an English Embassy; the Deities of Olympus in council; the four Cardinal Virtues; and the formation of Man by Prometheus! These frescoes are not the only nor even the worst defect of the hall: it has been built with such a disregard to acoustics, that in whatever position a speaker may be placed, his voice can only be heard at a short distance.

Our attention was directed more than once to the number of wholesale houses for the sale of "small wares." On inquiry we found that by this phrase was meant tapes, bobbins, etc.; for the manufacture of which, several mills exist in Manchester. The machinery used does not differ materially from that employed in other cotton factories; but the quantities produced are truly surprising. We have been assured that one mill alone weaves more than 1,000,000 yards of tape every week, which in the course of a year would give a length of above 30,000 miles, considerably more than the equatorial circumference of the earth.

The Old Bailey Prison, in Salford, covers several acres of ground, and is one of the best conducted prisons in England; visitors are not very readily admitted, but a good view of its extent and the general arrangement of the buildings can be obtained from the Bolton railway.

In Salford we see evidences in every direction that it is a place of very recent growth, and one in which population has increased with greater rapidity than the means of accommodation. The number of low lodging houses in several districts is truly calamitous, and the anecdotes related of the amount of individuals found living in one crowded apartment are frightful. We shall again have occasion to refer to this pregnant source of social evils,—at present we must content ourselves with noting the evidence that both the wealth and the misery of Manchester have been of recent and of rapid growth. Hence there exist abundant materials for the history of its staple trade, and it will be interesting to glance at the particulars of its rise and progress before investigating the few remnants of a more remote antiquity preserved in the neighbourhood.

It has been already observed that certain woollen goods called cottons (a corruption of “coatings”) and fustians were manufactured in Manchester and its neighbourhood before the reign of Elizabeth. Indeed so celebrated even in that age were the Lancashire weavers, that linen yarn was imported from Ireland and sent back after it had been woven into cloth. Cotton wool was probably introduced as a substitute for animal wool by the Flemings who sought shelter in England from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva, many of whom settled in and round Manchester. During a long period linen warps were used for all the goods in which cotton was employed, and in consequence great quantities of linen yarn were imported from Ireland, Scotland, and Northern Germany. The cotton weft was however usually spun in Lancashire, generally by the family and neighbours of the weaver. About the year 1760, though nothing but the coarse kinds of cotton, such as fustians and dimities, were produced, yet the demand for these goods began to exceed the supply, and the weaver became dependent on the spinner.

We have conversed with very old persons who remember when the weavers or their factors travelled about from cottage to cottage with their packhorses to collect yarn from the spinsters, often paying a most exorbitant price for it, which absorbed the profits of weaving. This was the commencement of the system of infant labour, which was at its worst and greatest height before anybody thought of a factory. Spinning was so profitable that every child in the cottage was forced to help in the process—picking the cotton, winding the yarn, and arranging the card-ends. When the father was a weaver, and the mother a spinner, which was very commonly the case, the tasks imposed upon the children were most onerous: one of my informants, a man over eighty years of age, declared that he never thought of his infancy without shuddering.

The invention of the fly-shuttle by Mr. John Kay of Bury, already mentioned, gave a great impulse to weaving, which was increased in 1760, when his son, Mr. Robert Kay, added to it the invention of “the drop box,” by means of which a weaver could at pleasure use any one of three shuttles, each containing a different coloured weft. The one-thread wheel, where each

spinner could only make one roving or one thread, was inadequate to supply the rapidly increasing demand for yarn, and the improvements in weaving directed the inventive faculties of English mechanists to search for the means of obtaining similar facilities in spinning.

The elongation of metal bars and plates by passing them between cylinders appears to have first suggested the idea that carded rolls of wool and cotton might be lengthened into rovings by the same means. This application of the principle was first made by Mr. John Wyatt of Birmingham, who took out a patent for the invention, in the name of his partner Mr. Paul, in 1738. The machines constructed by Wyatt, however excellent in principle, were so imperfect in their details, that they could not be profitably worked ; Wyatt had not the capital necessary to carry out his plans, nor the steady application to conduct the varied experiments by which a mechanical principle can alone be brought into complete operation. Moreover, Wyatt was quite unacquainted with the cotton business, and was therefore very likely to follow the analogy of laminating metals too far, without sufficiently allowing for the great difference of materials.

We do not pretend to such a knowledge of mechanism as would enable us to pronounce positively on this subject; but so far as we can judge, Wyatt does not seem to have taken into account the modifications of his principle required by the peculiar staple of cotton. The machine as first constructed had but one pair of rollers, and could not therefore remedy any defect in the arrangement of the fibres which remained after carding; even when two pairs of rollers were used, they appear to have been employed merely to elongate the roving without any reference to improving the regularity of the fibres. The arranging of the spindles and bobbins in a frame, and the turning of the bobbins and spindles by distinct wheels, was an invention of the Italian silk-throwsters, which Sir T. Lombe had introduced into his great mill at Derby; but in silk spinning, rollers are not necessary, because the filament spun by the worm is a continuous thread, incapable of being further attenuated.

It may be right to repeat what has been before stated, that the difficulty to be overcome in mechanical cotton-spinning is not the twisting of the yarn, for this process, or at least one very analogous to it, had been long familiar to the silk-throwsters; the real difficulty was to get a roving evenly attenuated, ready to receive the twist by which it was converted into yarn. Wyatt's principle of employing rollers to effect this object, no doubt excited the attention of many mechanists, who tried to apply it in various forms. Thomas Highs, a reed-maker of Leigh, appears to have made a machine in which rollers were employed for spinning cotton in the year 1767, and he communicated his invention to John Kay, a clockmaker, whom he employed to make a model of the machine, with brass wheels and less clumsy contrivances than those he had himself devised. Kay is said to have communicated this invention to Arkwright, who saw its value, and devoted all his energies to perfect its application.

There is no question more disputed in the history of invention than the relative claims of Higs and Arkwright, yet to a cool inquirer it does not appear of very difficult solution. There is a wide distinction between the discovery of a principle, and the practical application of that principle: it is the latter that gives any principle its marketable value. The polarity of the magnet appears to have been known long before anybody dreamed of applying it to the purposes of navigation, and countless experiments were tried before some fortunate inventor produced the mariner's compass. In like manner, the principle of spinning cotton by rollers unquestionably was first brought forward by Wyatt: it only remains then to determine whether Higs or Arkwright had the better claim to the practical application of the principle after it had remained dormant for more than thirty years.

Taking Arkwright's case exclusively on the hostile evidence given by Higs and Kay when Arkwright's patent was contested, in 1785, the matter resolves itself into the very simple question, whether had Higs or Arkwright the clearer perception of the value of Wyatt's principle? It is admitted on all hands that Higs never completed a spinning machine, that he never exhibited the model said to have been made by Kay, and that he did not communicate his invention to any manufacturer who would have advanced the capital necessary to give it a fair trial. At most then, Higs can only lay claim to a project, which most probably would have perished in his hands; for had he known its value or utility, he had more available means than Arkwright for obtaining aid to bring it to perfection.

Higs had some reputation as a mechanist; he was a reed-maker, and therefore known to many cotton-manufacturers; indeed in 1772 his mechanical ingenuity was rewarded by a present of two hundred guineas from the manufacturers of Manchester, for his invention of a spinning machine which was exhibited at the Exchange. Had such a man been convinced of the practicability of his project, he would easily have found means for bringing it into actual work. A loose notion floating through the mind, followed by two or three imperfect, and confessedly imperfect, attempts for its realization, may give a man a title to ingenuity, but are far from establishing a claim to invention.

Arkwright was a barber at Bolton: he possessed the secret of some chemical process for dyeing the hair, which was of some value at a time when wigs were universally worn; but he was so fond of making mechanical experiments, that he neglected his trade and injured his circumstances. It is said that he was engaged in an attempt to produce perpetual motion: this, however, is no imputation against his intelligence, for he shared the folly with the greatest mechanists of his day. It is very probable that he first heard of the principle of spinning by rollers from Kay; but the conception of the entire process for giving effect to that principle was indisputably Arkwright's own. He shewed his knowledge of its value by abandoning his former business, by perseverance

in obtaining means to set up his first spinning machine as an experimental model in the parlour of the Free Grammar School of Preston, and by his abandoning Lancashire, where a marked hostility to machinery was at this time evinced, in order to establish his cotton spinning at Nottingham.

Arkwright first applied to Messrs. Wright the bankers, for some pecuniary aid, which was granted on the condition of a share in the profits. The perfecting of the machine, however, required more time and a greater outlay of capital than the bankers had anticipated; they therefore advised the adventurer to obtain other assistance, and introduced him to Mr. Need, the partner of Mr. Jedediah Strutt, who had some time before obtained a patent for a most ingenious improvement of the stocking frame.

Mr. Strutt was one of the most remarkable and estimable men of his day; originally educated as a farmer, he had directed his attention to mechanical improvements, and had discovered the means of weaving ribbed stockings in the stocking frame. He saw at a glance the merits of Arkwright's invention, and the defects in the adjustment of the parts which impeded its working. A partnership was proposed and accepted; the capital of Messrs. Need and Strutt relieved Arkwright from pecuniary difficulties; he soon made his machine practicable, and in 1769 he secured his invention by a patent. There is reason to believe that Arkwright was more deeply indebted to the mechanical genius of Mr. Jedediah Strutt than his friends have been willing to acknowledge; but Mr. Strutt was already too rich in unquestioned fame to envy a small share to others.

Arkwright's machine was the origin of the modern Throstle: it was first set in motion by horse power, but it was subsequently driven by a water-wheel, whence it received the name of the "water-frame." Some of Arkwright's original water-frames are, it is said, still in use at Crompton in Derbyshire, the first extensive mill erected by him and his partners; but the jealousy with which strangers are excluded from the establishment, renders it difficult to obtain any positive knowledge on the subject.

The specification annexed to Arkwright's patent shews that his water frame, in its principles, includes both the modern drawing frame and throstle. The original purpose of the machine was to convert the rovings into yarn; but it was so obviously applicable to the formation of the rovings themselves, that the drawing frame can scarcely be considered a separate invention. Arkwright applied his mind to every process used in the preparation of cotton, and introduced improvements into them all. He may indeed be regarded as the founder of the Factory system, for he established such a continuous union between all the processes, and so multiplied the processes themselves, that it was requisite to have the whole conducted in a single building.

It is now necessary to go back and examine a very different invention for spinning, having no connexion in principle with that which has been just described, though it has been united to it in the happiest combination. The

old principle of wool spinning was to draw out a definite length of roving during the revolution of the spindle to which the end of the roving had been previously attached, and this was effected by the hand-wheel, which the spinner turned with one hand, while she drew out the roving and afterwards wound it on the horizontal spindle with the other. About the year 1764, James Hargreaves, a weaver, near Blackburn, having a wife and seven young children to support from his earnings, felt very acutely the difficulty of obtaining weft, the labours of his family being far from sufficient to procure him an adequate supply. It happened that he observed a one-thread wheel overturned upon the floor, when the wheel and spindle continued to revolve. This led him to consider what would be the effect of placing the spindles perpendicularly instead of horizontally, and he rightly concluded that it would be possible to make several spindles thus placed in a row, revolve by the turning of a single wheel. In other words, he conceived the possibility of spinning several threads at once. The machine which he invented was called the "Spinning Jenny," probably because "Jenny" was a cant name for the old hand-wheel which it superseded. A brief description of it may be interesting, for though it has been long since superseded by the mule in the cotton manufacture, it is still sometimes used in the spinning of coarse wool.

On the left side of the wooden frame is a system of spindles, set nearly upright in horizontal bars, and secured by brass steps and rings. Each spindle has at the lower end a whorl or whirl, round which a band passes to set it in motion. This band also passes over a drum or cylinder placed just in front of the lower extremity of the spindles, and the drum by a driving-band receives motion from the large wheel which the spinner turns. Over the spindles is a guiding wire, directed by a small wheel, round which a cord passes to the farther end of the machine; by this cord the spinner moves the guiding wire so as to regulate the winding of the yarn on the cops.

To the right of the drum or cylinder is a slanting frame, containing the bobbins of rovings which are to be spun. On the frame is a carriage which traverses backwards and forwards in grooves, aided by friction-wheels, and this carriage supports two notched cross rails, the upper of which is moveable, so as to form a clasp. Through the notches of these rails the rovings pass to the spindles.

The carriage being placed close to the spindles, and the rovings having been drawn through the notches of the clasp, the spinner pulls the carriage backwards until a sufficient length of rovings has been unrolled from the bobbins; he then fastens the clasp, and turning the wheel sets all the spindles in motion by the driving band which goes over the drum. The drawing out of the thread by pulling back the carriage and the spinning go on simultaneously, and the proportion between the two operations depends on the relative action of the right and left hand of the spinner. When the threads are spun, the clasp carriage is again pushed forward, and the spindles set in motion to

take up the yarn under the guidance of the faller wire. The clasp is then raised, a new series of rovings given out, and the former process repeated.

The spinning jenny is merely a multiple of the hand-wheel: it did not, like the machines of Wyatt and Arkwright, establish any new principle, and it was only applicable to the last stage of the process, the conversion of the roving into yarn. It was besides a domestic implement, and was soon introduced into the houses and cottages of the Lancashire weavers: by its aid a woman was enabled to spin as much yarn as sixteen or even twenty persons could produce with the common wheel, and the deficiency of weft which had hitherto impeded the progress of the loom was supplied.

Hargreaves for some time kept his invention secret, using the jenny only to obtain weft for his own loom. The vanity of his wife induced her to betray the secret, the neighbouring spinners were alarmed—they feared that such an invention would deprive them of employment—a mob assembled, forced Hargreaves' house, broke his machinery to pieces, and menaced his life. He removed to Nottingham, where he entered into partnership with Mr. John James, and took out a patent for his invention. But having sold some jennies before leaving Lancashire, to obtain clothing for his children, the patent could not be sustained, and he lost all the fruits of his discovery. It has been erroneously asserted, that he died in great distress; but though he did not acquire a great fortune, his industry and activity enabled him to earn a moderate competence, and bequeath a decent provision to his widow and children.

Several circumstances contributed to retard the growth of the cotton manufacture, particularly the laws made to protect the silk and woollen trades, the hostility of the operatives to machinery, and the league which the Lancashire manufacturers formed against Arkwright.

For the protection of the silk and woollen manufactures, an act was passed in the reign of George I. prohibiting the use of printed or dyed calicoes, which were then imported from India, under very heavy penalties: in the following reign this was so far relaxed as to allow the printing of mixed goods having a warp entirely of linen yarn; the prohibition however against goods made wholly of cotton was rigorously renewed.

It was not until yarn was spun by Arkwright's water-frame, that cotton thread proper for warping could be obtained in England; the act which had been directed against Indian goods, was now, contrary to the intention of its framers, made to operate against English manufactures. The officers of excise refused to let Arkwright's plain calicoes pass, unless they paid the same rate of duty as Indian goods, and his printed calicoes were altogether prohibited. Application was made to Parliament for relief; but strange to relate, the proposal to put English-made calicoes on a legislative equality with other domestic manufactures was opposed by all the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire! This opposition was so utterly without an object, that it has been

justly stigmatized as “one of the most signal instances on record of the blinding effects of commercial jealousy.”

Hostility to machinery was not confined to the working classes: many persons in the middle and higher ranks shared in the delusion, that machinery would lessen the demand for labour, and throw multitudes out of employment. They forgot that no combination of brass and iron, of wheels and screws, can possibly *think*, and therefore that machines can only work under human superintendence. In 1799, at a period when wages were high and work plenty, a furious mob scoured the country round Blackburn, destroyed every jenny which worked more than twenty spindles, and demolished carding engines, water frames, and every machine worked by horses, or by water power. Mr. Peel, among other individuals, was a severe sufferer on this occasion; his works for cotton spinning and calico printing at Altham were destroyed, the machinery thrown into the river, and his personal safety endangered. A mill which Arkwright had erected near Chorley, was pulled down in the presence of a large body of the police and military without any of the authorities interfering for its protection. It was useless for the injured parties to seek legal redress, for several powerful persons had combined to screen the rioters from punishment. Their motive appears to have been a dread that machinery, by superseding manual labour, would throw a heavy burthen on the poor-rates, and deteriorate the value of land in Lancashire. Experience has since shewn the fallacy of such an idea and that machinery has increased the amount of employment more than twenty-fold, and it would not be easy to calculate how much the demand for building ground has added to the rental of the landowners.

Blackburn long suffered from the pernicious effects of these outrages; the cotton manufacturers migrated to other districts; and Blackburn, which bid fair to be the metropolis of the new trade, ceded its honours and advantages to Manchester. It is gratifying to add, that few traces of this hostility to machinery can now be found among the operatives of Lancashire; we have conversed with many operatives in the factories, both male and female, old and young; all were equally convinced that machinery ensured them steady employment and high wages. They reasoned thus:—when a large capital is invested, the proprietor cannot afford to let it remain idle; and he will pay high wages, both on account of the great amount of property he entrusts to those he employs, and because in a very large business wages bear but a small proportion to the amount of other expenses.

In 1785, Arkwright's patents were set aside, after one of the most interesting trials recorded in commercial history; all the machines which he had perfected, if not invented, were thrown open to the public; and the cotton trade advanced with a rapidity far beyond what has ever been known in any other branch of industry. Capital and labour rushed to it in torrents; mills were erected and filled with machinery; workmen were engaged at extravagant

wages, which it was impossible to sustain, but which it was necessary to offer in the first instance, to induce them to abandon other employments. "Wages were high in those days," said an old operative to me, "because two masters were looking for one man; they were lowered since, because two men began to look for one master." We quote his words, because they contain the whole theory of wages in a single sentence.

The invention of the Mule, which combined the processes of Arkwright and Hargreaves, as has been already mentioned, gave fresh vigour to the cotton trade. This machine was invented by Samuel Crompton, a weaver of respectable character and moderate circumstances, who lived at a cottage called Hall in the Wood, near Bolton, not far from the extensive cotton works of the Messrs. Ashworth. Crompton completed a machine in the year 1779, and set it to work in his garret, content to earn by his manual labour the reward of his perseverance and ingenuity. The excellence of his yarn drew persons from all quarters to ascertain the means by which it was produced; they would not take a refusal; some even procured ladders, and climbed to the windows to see him at his work. Among his visitors were master manufacturers, to whom the poor man, for a trifling reward, explained the principle of his machine, and shewed the nature of its operations. They knew the value of the discovery better than he did himself; they made immense fortunes by its immediate and extensive adoption; he continued his humble course, and never secured his invention by patent.

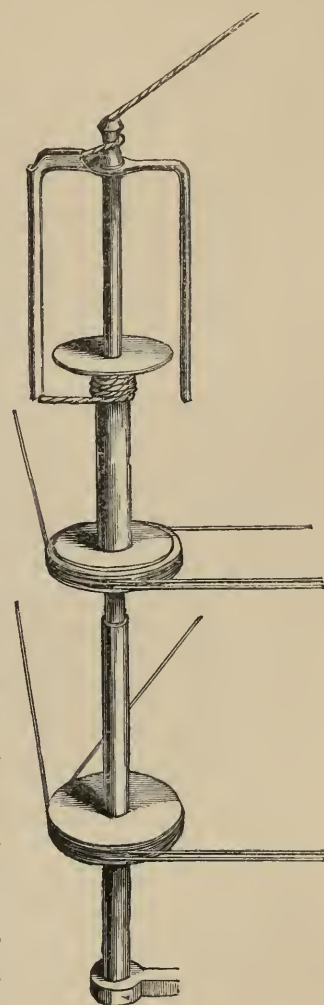
About the year 1802, Mr. Kennedy, a gentleman of Manchester equally distinguished by intelligence, philanthropy, and love of justice, in conjunction with Mr. Lee, commenced raising a subscription for Crompton, which produced about 500*l.*, and enabled him to enlarge his little establishment for spinning and weaving, at Bolton. In 1812, he made a circuit through the cotton districts, and collected evidence to prove that the number of spindles worked on his principle amounted to four or five millions—a number which has since been doubled. He submitted the result to his kind friends, Messrs. Lee and Kennedy; by their advice a memorial to Parliament was prepared, which was signed by the principal manufacturers of the kingdom. The miserable sum of five thousand pounds was granted to a man who had added millions to the wealth of the empire! With this sum Crompton established his sons in the bleaching business; but a series of misfortunes blighted his hopes, the establishment failed, his sons dispersed, leaving him with his daughter reduced to poverty. Messrs. Hicks and Rothwell, of Bolton, the indefatigable Mr. Kennedy, and some others, raised a second subscription, and purchased for Crompton a life annuity producing 63*l.* per annum. He only enjoyed it two years: he died January 26, 1827, leaving his daughter in circumstances of great distress.

Far different was the fate of Arkwright. He was the first to organize a factory on a complete system, and he was long regarded as the most skilful

manager of such an extensive concern. The mill at Cromford became his own when his partnership with the Messrs. Strutt terminated; but he had besides large shares in extensive mills in Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Scotland. He received knighthood from George III.; he accumulated one of the largest fortunes ever acquired by an individual in England; and what probably gratified him still more, he compelled the Lancashire spinners to confess his superiority, and submit to his dictation. For several years he fixed the price of cotton twist, no one venturing to vary from his prices.

Among the more recent improvements in spinning machinery, the bobbin and fly frame is one of the most interesting, if not one of the most important. When first introduced, the construction of these frames was very complicated, and required the employment of three or four conical cylinders to produce the several variable motions which have been previously described. The construction has been much simplified, chiefly by the mechanical ingenuity of Mr. Henry Houldsworth, who introduced a very simple system of adjustments for the relative speed of the bobbin and the fly. He shewed that motion could be communicated, as in the annexed engraving, by simple rotatory means; and obtained a patent for his admirable invention in January 1826. Since that time many additional improvements have been made in the construction of the machinery; and to the man of science it affords the most perfect example of an equating principle, thoroughly accomplished, which is to be found in the whole range of the mechanical arts.

Spinning machinery was at first set in motion by horses or by water-power. We have even heard of an apparatus which was turned by a donky. Water-power was however the principal means employed, and it is still used to a considerable extent. Its disadvantages, however, are obvious: the mill must be built where there is an available waterfall, without reference to any other circumstances of convenience; the number of such falls is limited, and the supply in Lancashire must soon have been exhausted; streams are exposed to drougths and floods—opposite evils, but equally injurious to regular work. Improvements in agriculture also are destructive to mill property; they deprive the soil of its sponginess, and prevent it from retaining the water, thus increasing the alternation of drougth and flood. Hence the millowners who use water-power in the neighbourhood of Bolton have been obliged to unite in constructing immense reservoirs, to receive the superabundance of one season and supply the deficiency of another. The application of the steam-



engine to spinning machinery gave the manufacturers inexhaustible power and uniform motion. From the moment of its adoption the apparatus for manufacturing cotton became susceptible of almost any extension. Mills could now be erected wherever fuel was abundant; and coal overthrew the supremacy of water. The first steam-engine erected in Manchester was put up by Messrs. Arkwright and Simpson, for their mill on Shude-hill, in 1783; but it was an atmospheric engine, and not so successful as to encourage imitation. Far different was the effect produced by the steam-engine which Messrs. Boulton and Watt erected for Mr. Drinkwater, in 1783; its work excited universal admiration, and led to the application of power to many processes which had hitherto been wrought by hand. Mr. Kelly of Lanark was the first to apply power to the working of mules, and the success of his experiment gave a final blow to the system of domestic labour. The mules, which had hitherto been chiefly worked in houses, were removed to the mill; and thus the factory system was completed.

Weaving had given the first impulse to spinning, and it soon began to participate in the advantages of machinery. The first rough outline of the power-loom was devised by the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, in the year 1787; his ingenuity was rewarded by a parliamentary grant of 10,000*l.* in 1809. But the invention was in too rude a state to be worked with profit until it was perfected by the successive improvements of Messrs. Radcliffe, Ross, Horrocks, and Marsland. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Radcliffe was the most eminent inventor; he devised the dressing frame, without which the power-loom must have been nearly useless; but his unremitting attention to the perfecting of his invention seriously injured his circumstances. Horrocks also failed to reap the reward of his ingenuity, though both appear to have had as strong a claim on the gratitude of the country as the Rev. Dr. Cartwright.

Some of the results of the series of inventions just described may be briefly enumerated. The labour of one man, aided by power and machinery, can produce as much yarn as 250 men could spin without such assistance.

Every spindle in a mill—and some contain one hundred thousand—can produce from two to three hanks of yarn, each of 840 yards, in a day. Taking the average at two hanks and a half, all the spindles would, in the course of a day, spin about 120,000 miles of yarn, which would very nearly go five times round the equatorial circumference of the earth.

Before machinery was employed, there were not more than 30,000 persons engaged in the cotton manufacture; the mills now afford employment to more than eight times that number—a sufficiently striking proof that the progress of machinery has not diminished the demand for labour. But if we add to those the persons engaged in all the trades connected with spinning and weaving; in the carriage, export, and sale of the goods produced, and in the import of the raw materials, the amount of persons dependent on the cotton trade for their support will be found at the lowest estimate considerably above a million.

There are about 100,000 power-loom and dressing-frames in the three kingdoms: each of the latter consumes on an average five pounds' weight of flour weekly, so that the total amount of flour consumed in power-loom weaving annually is 26,600,000lbs. or 92,860 loads. The agricultural labourers employed in the production of this flour must be added to the amount of the population dependent for support on the cotton manufacture.

An attentive consideration of all the available documents, and of the estimates made by various statisticians, shews that the value of cottons annually manufactured in this country exceeds thirty-six millions sterling; and that more than a million and a half of persons are directly or indirectly dependent on this branch of industry for their subsistence.

Having fixed these important facts in the mind, and considered their connexion with the national prosperity, the visitor of Manchester will renew his inspection of its streets with more anxious feelings than those which first directed his inquiries. The factories will be the chief objects of his curiosity; he will be anxious to learn their influence on the health, morals, and well-being of the population. But before entering upon this inquiry, he has to learn that the factory system is not confined to the spinning and weaving of cotton: it extends to bleaching and dyeing; to the manufactures of wool, flax, and silk; and is rapidly extending its influence to other branches of industry.

Bleaching, almost within the memory of man, could only be effected during the summer months, and required several weeks for its completion. It was common in the last century to send cottons and linens in the spring to be bleached on the level plains of Holland, and to receive them back late in the autumn. When cloth was bleached at home, the quantity of ground it occupied for such a length of time was very considerable; its exposed state attracted the cupidity of thieves, and the means taken for its protection multiplied capital punishments, led to a dangerous extension of mantraps and spring guns and placed deadly weapons in the hands of unskilful and imprudent persons. The horror excited by the execution of a lad for robbing a bleach-ground, on what is said to have been rather insufficient evidence, is not yet forgotten in Manchester; tradition tells of the general sympathy excited by his condemnation, of the efforts made to procure a pardon, of its refusal on the ground that the robbery of bleach-grounds had become a very common crime, of the lad's agonizing protestations of innocence on the scaffold, and of the multitudinous groan of the spectators when the law fulfilled its vengeance on its victim.

Another and if possible a darker story is told of the ancient system. The son of an extensive bleacher went to sea at an early age; he voyaged into distant lands, and for many weary years had not set his foot on British ground. His ship at length arrived in Liverpool; he took his place on the coach, which then quitted Liverpool in the morning and reached Manchester in the evening. His father's place was a few miles from the latter town, but he was too impatient

to wait for the coming of another morning; he set out on foot, and when he came near home took a short cut to his paternal house through the bleach-field. There had been a robbery in the neighbourhood some time before; the lad's father was himself on the watch; he saw the supposed robber going directly to the cloth, levelled his rifle, fired, and his own son fell mortally wounded. The shot collected a crowd; the dying youth was recognised by his family—the veil must cover the rest of the picture. We give this story as we heard it, from the mouth of an old man who said that he remembered the circumstance; it certainly is a possible occurrence, for our own memory supplies us with a parallel catastrophe in another part of the empire.

An accident led the Swedish philosopher Schele to observe the effect of chloride, or oxymuriatic acid, in removing the colouring matter of vegetables. The French chemist Berthollet extended Schele's experiments, and in 1785 published an account of the efficacy of the new acid in bleaching vegetable fibres. Mr. Thomas Henry of Manchester, who was then rising into fame by his skill as a practical chemist, his abilities as a lecturer, and his accomplishments as a general scholar, repeated and extended the experiments of Berthollet. In 1788 he exhibited to the trade a yard of cotton cloth bleached by chemical means. The process was first extensively used by the Messrs. Ridgway of Bolton; it was gradually rendered more complete by the continued application of Dr. Henry, and by the labours of Watt, the improver of the steam-engine, and Mr. Tennant of Glasgow.

Bleaching and calico-printing are generally united in the same establishment; as a large supply of water is required for both processes. The bleaching and printing factories are therefore erected in the vicinity of Manchester rather than in the town; but they are most numerous in the valleys between Bury, Blackburn, and Clitheroe.

When cotton cloth is brought to the bleachers, it is looked over very carefully and picked, it is then measured, and taken to be rolled evenly on a cylinder. The rolling of the cloth, both for bleaching and printing, requires great accuracy to prevent any crease; for this purpose it passes over a jointed cylinder having an eccentric motion, which smooths out the cloth by the lateral movement of the parts. The first process is singeing: the cloth passes rapidly over a red-hot copper cylinder, which burns off loose "fly," broken threads, and any other inequalities on its surface, without injuring the texture of the cloth. During this operation a very pungent smell is given out from the burning particles of cotton, but it produces no ill effect on the workmen, because they are chiefly engaged at the front of the furnace where the smell is least sensibly observed, and because the process is usually conducted in an open shed, through which there is a constant current of fresh air.

After having been singed, the cloth is thrown loose into water, and after some time is taken to be more effectually washed by the dash-wheel.

This is a very large hollow wheel, usually divided into four compartments,

in each of which is a bundle of cloth. It is supplied with a jet of the purest spring water that can be obtained, through a circular aperture in the side, and the wheel in order to receive this water revolves close to the end of a flattened pipe. The flow of the water can be regulated with the greatest precision, and the ease with which it is turned off and on, is calculated to excite the attention of a visitor. The cloth being



thrown backwards and forwards by the rapid revolutions of the wheel.

The washing does not remove all the gluten and oil which the cloth received when it was subjected to the dressing process by the weaver; for this purpose it must be boiled in lime. The boiler has a false bottom perforated with holes, over which the cloth is laid in alternate layers with cream of lime. A stream of boiling water jets from a pipe in the upper part of the boiler over the layers and sinks through them into the part below the false bottom; here, as it is again heated to the boiling point, it is forced up through a pipe in the middle of the boiler, and again spouted over the cloth. This process is usually continued for eight hours, when the paste-dressing, grease, etc. being effectually removed, it is once more washed in the dash-wheel.

In the next process the cloth is steeped in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which forms a sulphate of lime with the lime of the former operation. After this it goes back to the dash-wheel. It is next boiled in a weak solution of carbonate of soda, to remove any oil or grease left by the lime, and again washed by the dash-wheel.

The cloth is now ready to be subjected to the action of the bleaching-fluid, that is, chloride of lime dissolved in water. About a gallon and a half of this liquid is allowed for every pound weight of cloth, and about one pound of bleaching powder for two pounds of cloth. In this mixture the goods are steeped for about six hours; when they are taken out they appear sufficiently bleached to an unpractised eye, especially after they receive another washing in the dash-wheel. But the experienced eye soon discovers that the colouring matter of the fibre is not yet completely removed.

Again the cloth is steeped in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, the mixture having one gallon of acid for every twenty-five gallons of water. The chlorine disengaged during this operation would render the process unwholesome without care and vigilance, but it is conducted with such caution that all danger is averted. In this process the oxide of iron which may have been deposited on the cloth is removed, and the lime disengaged from the chlorine forms sulphate of lime with the acid. Sulphate of lime being in fact soft alabaster is capable of being applied to ornamental purposes; we have seen some pretty toys at Mr. Thompson's great works at Primrose, near Clitheroe, made from the sulphate which had been deposited on the sides of the vats.

After having been washed, the cloth is again boiled in a solution of carbonate of soda, then washed and passed through a weaker bleaching fluid than was first used; washed again, and a third time passed through the solution of sulphuric acid. The bleaching process is now complete, and the cloth receives its last washing previous to its being dried.

The first steeping in sulphuric acid, and the first boiling in the ley made of carbonate of soda, in the order of our enumeration, are not invariably employed; they are, however, rarely neglected by those bleachers who prepare cotton for their own printing.

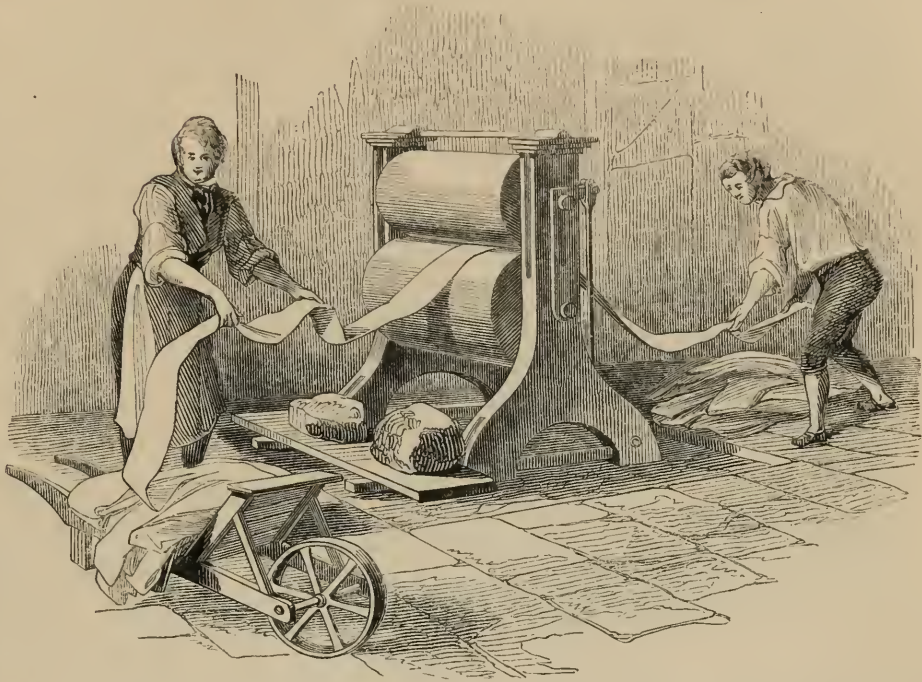
After the cloth is washed, a great part of the water is squeezed out by passing it between two rollers; in this damp state, it is straightened and mangled. If the cloth is designed for sale without being printed, it is smoothed and stiffened by being passed through weak starch, made of wheaten flour, to which some add a little porcelain clay and calcined sulphate of lime. These substances render the cloth stiffer and apparently stronger than it really is; they also improve the gloss which is imparted to it in the process of calendering. The cloth is then passed through the drying machine, which consists of several copper cylinders heated by steam.

The calender (a corruption of cylinder) consists of several cylindrical rollers which play against each other. The cloth slightly damped, passing between these is very tightly pressed, and its surface becomes smooth and glossy. It is sometimes made to assume a wiry appearance, by passing two pieces together through the roller, so that the warp threads of one should be impressed upon the other. After being calendered, the cloths are folded in pieces; each of which receives a distinctive mark; they are then compressed in Bramah's patent press, packed and sent to the merchant.

The cost of bleaching is about one halfpenny per yard, and the time occupied in the process is from one to two days; but if any object were to be gained by greater speed, the process might easily be accelerated.

Bleach-works require engines of considerable power: those who undertake their management must combine chemical with mechanical skill, for every process is effected either by chemical agents or by machinery; human hands are employed only to convey the cloth from one series of operations to

another. Very large capitals are invested in bleaching establishments, and considerable sums are annually spent in chemical experiments. The mere arrangement of the vats, boilers and machines, requires extraordinary care; and the strictest method and order must be preserved in the entire establishment. The managers are always men of science, many of them taking rank with the first chemists of the day: when

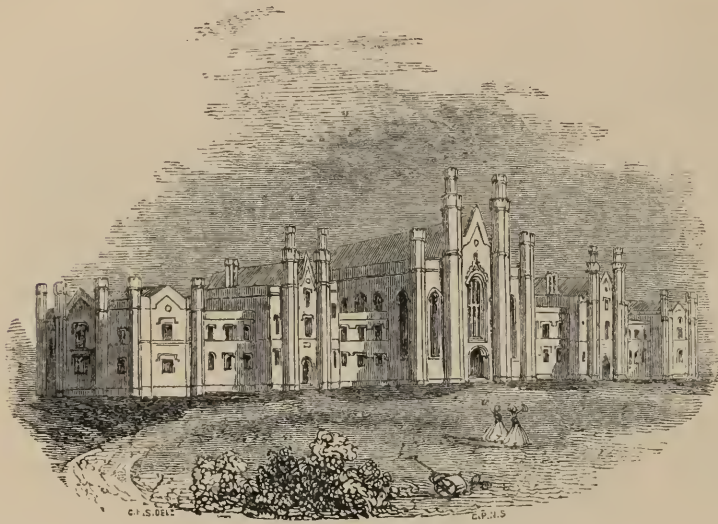


printing is superadded to bleaching, the range of their acquirements must be further extended, and in fact they are, taken as a body, among the most scientific and well informed of any class in England.

The destructive effect of chemical works on the trees and plants in their neighbourhood, is very generally known; there is an entire grove near Bolton, in which every tree has been killed by the effluvia of a chemical manufactory in the neighbourhood. But on the other hand, we never saw a more thriving collection of water-plants than that which exists in one of the reservoirs of Mayfield, the water-lilies are particularly fine.

There is no question connected with the manufactures of Manchester, on which the public has evinced a deeper interest, and received more inconsistent information, than that of juvenile labour in the mills and the bleaching establishments. Several mill-owners had made very ample provision for the education of the young persons in their employment, long before they were compelled to do so by law. Many of these schools are not less worthy of a visit, than the factories to which they are attached. We cannot avoid mentioning one, which we accidentally visited. The children sung several hymns and innocent songs, with great taste and feeling; among others, Moore's little melody, "Those Evening Bells," was executed with perfect harmony, and with a manifest perception of its pathos, quite wonderful in such young choristers. We examined the children in reading, writing, mental arithmetic, geography, and Scripture history; the answering far surpassed all that we could have anticipated, it would have been highly creditable to children of the same age in the best academy in England.

There is no part of England in which better instruction is afforded to the children of the lower ranks than Manchester and the surrounding districts. The Lancasterian schools of Manchester are admirably conducted, and the Sunday schools are very numerous, and managed with great care. But the institutions most worthy of a stranger's visit are the Blind Asylum and School



for the Deaf and Dumb, which are united in one building, on the Shelford road, in the immediate vicinity of the Botanical and Horticultural Gardens. The building is in the Tudor style of architecture, and produces a very happy effect by its numerous octagonal towers and chimneys. The centre of the structure is a church, designed for the use of the

two institutions: the wing next Manchester is devoted to the Blind Asylum; the other wing is laid out as a school for the deaf and dumb.

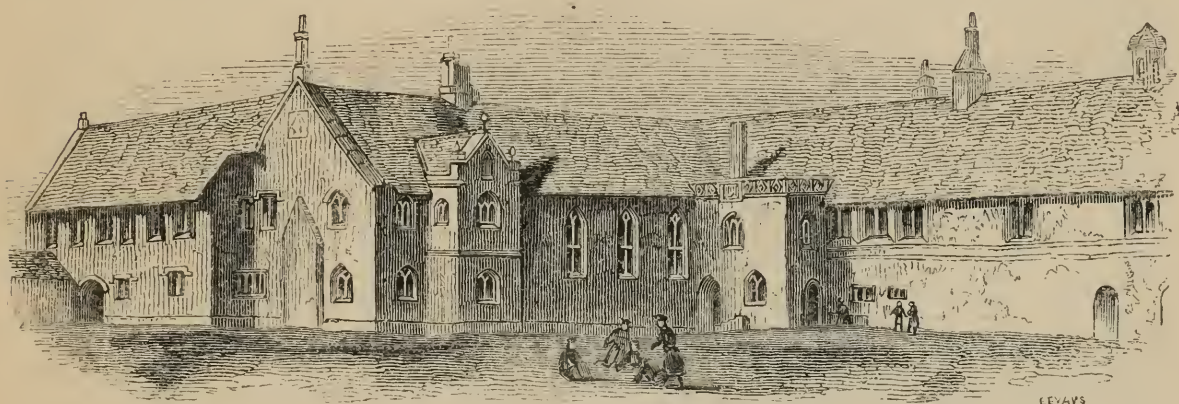
The Blind Asylum originated in the munificence of Mr. Thomas Henshaw, an eminent hat-manufacturer in Oldham, who at his death, in 1810, bequeathed 20,000*l.* to endow a Blue-Coat School in Oldham, and the like sum for a Blind Asylum at Manchester. By a singular clause in the will, it was provided "that the said money should not be applied in the purchase of lands, or the erection of buildings, it being his expectation that other persons would at their expense purchase lands and buildings for these purposes."

Eighteen years elapsed before the bequest was made available in Oldham, but five and twenty years passed before means were collected for erecting the Blind Asylum in Manchester. The subject, however, was zealously taken up in 1835; the sum of 9000*l.* was very speedily collected, ground was purchased, and a building commenced in connexion with the committee for the Deaf and Dumb School, who had about the same time collected 10,000*l.* for the erection of suitable accommodations for their own institution.

The Blind Asylum was opened in 1839, and its subsequent progress has been most satisfactory. The children are taught to read from the works printed in raised Roman characters under the direction of Mr. Alston of Glasgow, whose exertions for the education of the blind have been justly celebrated throughout Europe and America. The boys are employed in the manufacture of wicker-work, such as baskets, cradles, cages, etc.; the girls are engaged in needlework, knitting, and netting. Both are instructed in music, and every Sunday the full cathedral service of the Church of England

is chanted or sung by a choir composed entirely of blind persons. Until a very recent period the blind were taught music entirely by the ear, but Mr. Alston has recently introduced a system of printing music with raised characters which has enabled them to acquire a very competent knowledge of notation. Though not so large as the Blind Asylum of Liverpool—the first which was established in Great Britain—Henshaw's Institution is equally well managed, and has already produced the most beneficial results.

The School for the Deaf and Dumb was established in the year 1825, and was conducted in an inconvenient building in Stanley-street, Salford, until the present edifice was erected. The course of instruction extends over five years, and is justly celebrated for its practical utility and efficiency.



Chetham College or Hospital is a chartered institution founded by Humphrey Chetham, who acquired a large fortune in trade during the early part of the seventeenth century, and was one of the first “merchant princes” of Lancashire. A royal charter gave effect to the stipulations of his will in 1665; a body corporate of twenty-four feoffees was appointed, with powers to supply the vacancies in their number as they occurred, and to them the entire management of the funds bequeathed by the benevolent founder was entrusted. Eighty boys are now received into the school in the following proportions:—from Manchester 28, from Salford 12, from Droylsden 6, from Crumpsall 4, from Bolton 20, and from Turton 10. They are educated, clothed, and lodged gratuitously. Their dress is singularly unbecoming, as indeed are the dresses of most similar institutions in England; it consists of a blue frock, cap, and stockings, with a yellow under-coat or vest. At a proper age the boys are put apprentice; four pounds are given with them as a fee, and they receive each two suits of clothes as an outfit.

The college is a curious and very ancient building. It was at first occupied by the clergy of the Collegiate Church, and afterwards became one of the baronial halls of the Earl of Derby: it was given to the feoffees of Chetham's charity by the Parliamentary Sequestrators, but the transfer was not finally completed until after the Restoration.

A very excellent library, containing about 25,000 volumes, is attached to

the institution; several of the works are rare and valuable, and there are also some curious manuscripts. The regulations under which readers are admitted to the use of the library are liberal and judicious.

The Free Grammar School of Manchester was founded in the early part of the sixteenth century, and is so richly endowed that its funds are adequate to the education of all the children in Manchester. It is however so conducted as to prepare boys for some of the learned professions rather than the pursuits of commercial life, and hence its utility to a trading and manufacturing community is much restricted. Several exhibitions are in the gift of the Warden and High Master: there are also fifteen exhibitions for pupils of this school founded at Brazenose College Oxford, together with a portion of certain scholarships in Brazenose and Magdalen Colleges Oxford, and St. John's College Cambridge.

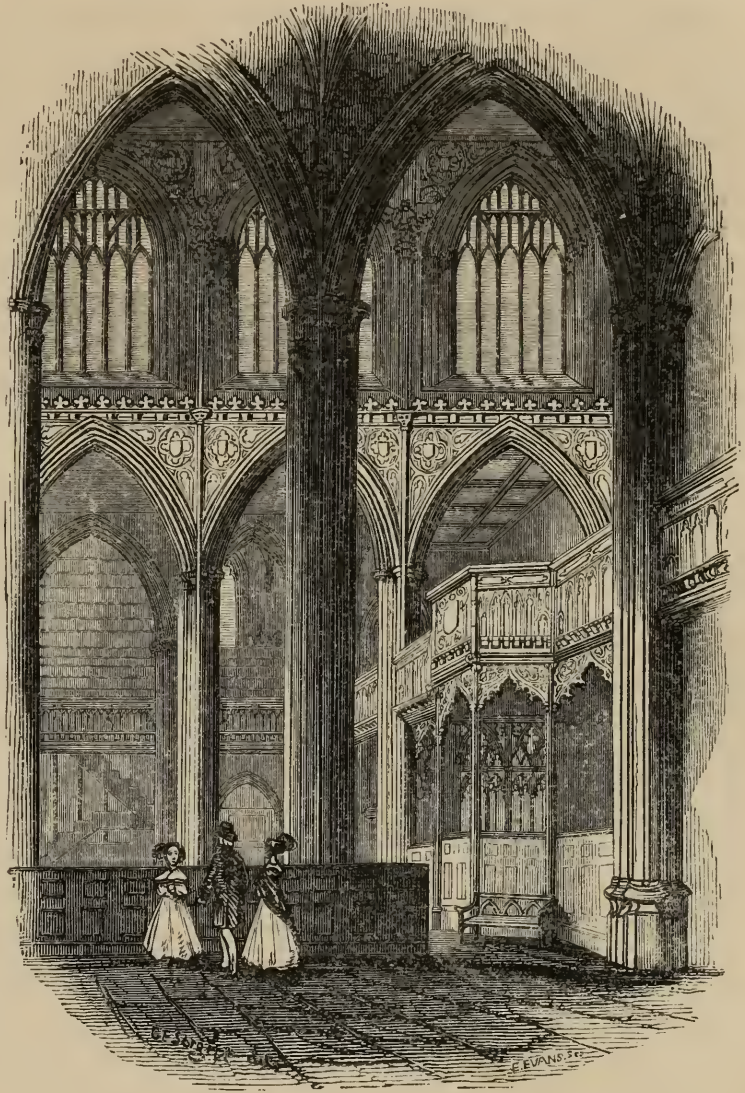
The ecclesiastical government of Manchester is vested in the wardens



and four fellows of the Collegiate Church, but the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have recommended that Lancashire shall be formed into a Bishopric, and the Collegiate Church elevated to the rank of a Cathedral. The building is not unworthy of such dignity; it is a venerable Gothic pile, erected in a commanding situation, so that its architectural merits are not lost, as is the case with too many of our ecclesiastical edifices. Only a portion of the capacious interior is devoted to the purposes of public worship. The rest is divided into chapels, filled with monumental effigies and mural tablets, which, together with the inscriptions on

the windows of stained glass, would furnish materials for an interesting family history of this part of Lancashire. In the older tombs are laid the remains of barons bold and gallant knights, who would have looked upon trade and commerce as the greatest of all degradations; beside them repose those who regarded honourable industry as more than an equivalent for patents of nobility—the architects of their own fortunes—the founders of their own families. But this church affords us less gloomy associations; it is the most popular church in the county for the solemnization of marriage; and indeed so numerous are the parties coming to be united at the expiration of Lent, that weddings are performed by wholesale.

The Collegiate Church of Manchester ranks among the first of those ecclesiastical edifices which were erected when the florid style of our Pointed architecture was in full development. Its date and style belong to the same class of religious structures as Bath Abbey Church, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and others remarkable for airy and slender supports and ornamental profusion, while it would puzzle the most fastidious to point out a disproportion in the one case, or indicate where a single attribute in the other could be omitted with advantage. The "dim religious light," which seemed so carefully preserved in the edifices of the preceding ages, even in those of the early Saxon times, is here exchanged for "day's garish eye" without stint. The delicacy of the ornaments, the slenderness of the columns, and the lightness of the groins and arches, which excite wonder, as in King's College, at the enormous weights they seem to suspend in the air, give this



style a character of grace and a delicacy quite feminine, contrasted with the Herculean masses and solid arches of our earlier ecclesiastical structures. The Collegiate Church of Manchester, then, belonging to this period of our architectural history, may compete with any of its class under its own peculiar plan. It is disadvantageously situated, amidst the smoke of countless manufacturing volcanoes, in an atmosphere continually clouded, and built of a red soft stone, in its qualities of colour and duration unworthy of so beautiful a building. The sharpness of the angles, externally, is corroded by time and miserably blackened, so that the aspect on the outside may not at first sight strike the unpractised eye with its excellence of proportion and elegance of design, though to individuals at all acquainted with the different "orders," if we may so speak, which exist in the religious edifices of England down to the

date of this church, its merits must be at once apparent. It was begun by Lord de la Warre in 1421; but it appears that the entire fabric was not worked out until 1485, and that considerable additions were made in the sixteenth century. Many alterations and additions are of recent origin. There are also numerous chapels in this church, all but one of which are private property. Upon entering, the admirable adjustment and symmetry of the parts are at once disclosed. From the nave, the impression which the architect designed to produce is complete, exhibiting great lightness, beauty, and even playfulness of design and execution. The columns sustain light arches constructed with great skill; the spandrels are ornamented with cinquefoil vaultings containing shields of a dark colour, and the walls over them pierced with small windows of five lights; the roof is lofty and highly decorated. From the capitals of the lower columns slender pillars shoot up, ornamented with trefoils, supporting half-lengths of angels holding musical instruments. From the capitals of these, a third row of columns rises from behind the angel-effigies, and sustains the roof. The choir is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. The ceiling is flat, divided ornamentally into squares and supported by light rafters, which at the terminations are sustained by angular buttresses rising between the windows, perforated laterally, and of a very elegant pattern and appearance. At the east end is a broad window, of seven divisions, filled with painted glass of modern date. The windows on both sides of the choir are more elaborately executed than those of the nave. The stalls are finely carved, and some of the panel work is wonderfully executed. Most of the stalls in this rich choir are adorned with those designs so utterly inconsistent in an edifice dedicated to religious purposes, which have often been made the subject of remark, and do not yet seem to be satisfactorily explained. In one is the representation of a fox running away with a goose, and an old woman sallying after the marauder, with a child dragging at her garments. This is in the schoolmaster's stall. There is, in addition to the same design, an old fox sitting with a large rod over his shoulders, teaching two cubs to read; opposite to him is another old fox, perhaps designed as the usher. There is a party of monkeys, one administering extreme unction to a dying man, and the rest plundering him of his property and eating his provisions. Another monkey is nursing an infant in swaddling clothes. A different stall is decorated with a bear-baiting; and one represents a boar upon his hind legs, playing the bagpipes, with four young pigs behind their trough, dancing on their hind legs to his notes. There is backgammon-playing and music, and a dog bearing away a fox on his back, which carries in its turn a pole with a dead hare at the end. Another shews a huntsman at a fire roasting something, and using his pole as a spit, while four pots are seen on the fire; three with lids on, and on the fourth a hare putting a lid over a seething dog.

The remnant of the ancient screen of this church exhibits some fine wood-carving. A piece of tapestry, curious from its age rather than quality, is

placed over it. The chapter-house windows are mutilated, but the house itself is in a tolerable state of repair. The painted glass exhibits a number of portraits.*

The tower of this church, the upper portion of which is very beautiful, is supposed to have been erected at different periods of time. In the upper part there is a good deal of rich tracery. The principal entrance formerly led through this tower into the body of the church. It is much to be lamented that the modern alterations and additions are not all in harmony with the date of the original building. In the reign of Elizabeth (1578), a renewed charter of foundation was given to this church, appointing a warden, four fellows, two chaplains, four laymen, and four children skilled in music; also changing the name of the college from that of the Virgin previously, to Christ's College.

The monuments in the church are for the most part in a good state of preservation; and though in some places rather crowded, they are generally so arranged as to form very impressive groups. The chapel of the Derby family is that which possesses the greatest share of historic interest: it is said to have been erected for the purpose of enclosing the remains of one of the barons bold of the house of Stanley, whose body was refused the honour of sepulture within the church, because he had not obtained absolution from ecclesiastical censure previous to his death. St. Mary's Chapel contains several interesting monuments of the family of the Chethams: and the Trafford Chapel, in addition to the memorials of the ancient family from which it takes its name, possesses a very handsome monument to the memory of Dauntsey Hulme, Esq., erected by the trustees of the Royal Infirmary; he bequeathed a large sum of money to that institution, in addition to many other benefactions to the poor of the town. The effect of these chapels is at first a little distracting, but after a visitor has gone through them once or twice, he begins to perceive their harmony with the entire edifice, and to feel that "the long-drawn aisles" are appropriate accompaniments to "the fretted vault."

The influence of factory labour on health is a subject which has given rise to much controversy. It is commonly believed that bleach and print works are the most unhealthy of any, but so far as accurate information can be derived from statistical returns, this opinion appears decidedly erroneous.

Having already described the bleaching processes, we shall now give an account of calico printing, an art in which England is yet unrivalled. Calico printing in England may be said to have been created by the rivalry of the woollen and silk manufacturers. In the year 1700 the silk and woollen manufacturers obtained an act of parliament prohibiting the introduction of the beautiful prints of India and the adjacent countries. But instead of

* There is a curious Diary extant, written by a sexton of this church, in which he gives an account of all burials from 1678 to 1680; "How deepe the Lye, and wht place they cum ffrom, Boothe in town and parish"—This worthy's name was Philip Burnell.

people returning to their old materials of dress, the taste for chintzes remained as strong as ever—plain calicoes were imported from India and printed in England. So rapidly did the business increase, that it attracted the notice of the administration, and was of course made to contribute to the revenue. The woollen manufacturers were not daunted; they obtained in 1720 a law prohibiting the wear of any printed or dyed goods of which cotton formed a part, with the exceptions of blue calicoes, muslins, and fustians. Ten years afterwards this statute was so far relaxed as to allow the printing of cloths with a linen warp and a cotton weft; but it was not until 1774 that the printing of cloths manufactured wholly of cotton was legalized in England.

The printing business was at first confined to London and its vicinity; but it was introduced into Lancashire about the middle of the last century, where the local advantages of vicinity to the cotton manufacturers, cheapness of fuel, abundance of water, and a rate of wages more moderate than that of the metropolis, soon enabled it to triumph over all competition.

The success of calico printing in Lancashire must, in a great degree, be attributed to the late Sir Robert Peel. It is recorded as a curious proof of the humble means with which he commenced laying the foundation of his fortune, that when he began to try experiments, the cloth, instead of being calendered, was ironed by a female of the family, and that the pattern was a parsley leaf. From this time the progress of calico printing in Lancashire is identified with the rise of the Peel family; the establishments which they founded have for the most part passed into other hands, but they still rank among the largest in the north of England.

The oldest form of calico printing, which is still continued for several kinds of goods, is block printing. The pattern is carved in relief on an engraved block of sycamore, to which a handle is attached; the workman applies the surface of the block to a woollen cloth, kept saturated with the colour, and then placing the block on the piece to be printed strikes it with an iron mallet so as to leave an impress of the figure. There are wire points at the corner of the block, which enable the printer to apply it with exactness, and to make different blocks “justify,” or fall in the same place, when several are required to produce a single pattern. If there be more colours than one in the pattern, it is necessary to have a separate block for every colour, and to repeat the stamping with every block. The skill of the workman is shewn in the accuracy with which the several blocks fall into their proper places on the pattern. This is a slow and tedious operation; the printing of a single piece of calico, twenty-eight yards in length, requires the application of the block 448 times.

A nearer approach to the process of letter-press, or rather stereotype printing, is sometimes used with great advantage in small patterns. Instead of cutting the block, the pattern is raised on it by the insertion of bits of copper, which are firmly fixed in it at a uniform height, and form in effect

a stereotype plate. This invention, which some time since was applied to the printing of music, and subsequently abandoned, appears, if we may judge from its application at Mayfield, to be of great value in cotton printing; the copper is more easily cleaned than the wood, there is less chance of blotching the pattern, and a greater facility of making several blocks “justify” with each other when it is necessary to combine them for the production of a figure with several colours. When any error was made in this respect with the ordinary process, it was necessary to destroy the block and cut a new one; in the newer process, when an alteration is requisite, the copper points are easily moved to their proper place, a pincers draws them out, and a hammer drives them in without delay or difficulty.

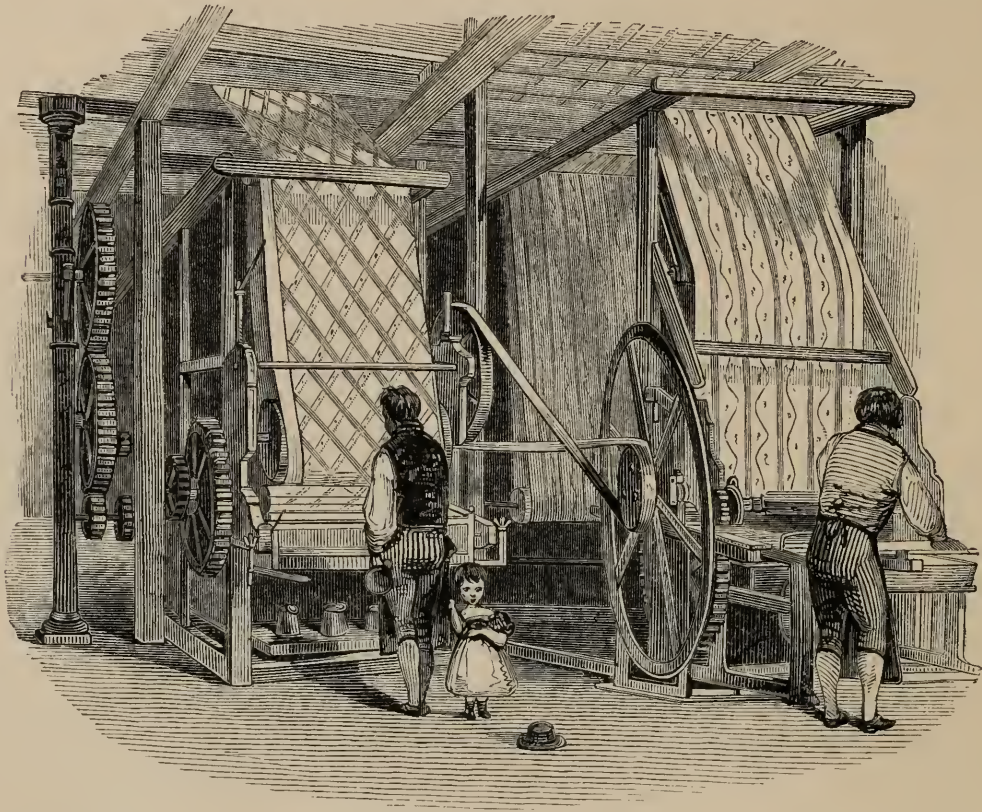
The use of the blocks with raised points has led to the invention of a species of press, also to be seen at Mayfield, which prints several colours at once. The cloth to be printed unrolls only the breadth of a single colour-block at a time; as it passes successively under the blocks, which are placed in close contact, it receives of course a separate impression from each, and is given out from the press with all the colours of the pattern complete. This invention, it is believed, is capable of being extended and improved, and we have heard of attempts made to apply it to letter-press printing.

As delicate patterns could not be easily engraved on wood, copper-plates were introduced, chiefly we believe in the neighbourhood of London, and they were applied by means of the ordinary copper-plate press. This was the most tedious of all the processes employed, and the goods thus produced were consequently very dear; it is now we believe almost wholly disused.

Cylinder printing is far the most important improvement made in this art, bearing nearly the same relation to block and plate printing that the mule does to the old spinning wheels. It is said to have been invented by a Scotchman named Bell, and was first applied to printing in Lancashire about the year 1785. The patterns are engraved on a polished copper cylinder, round the whole circumference, and from one end to the other; the diameter of the cylinder is about three inches, and its length varies according to the breadth of the cloth to be printed. The cylinder revolves horizontally in a press, the lower part turning over a trough containing the colouring matter, which it of course takes up; an elastic knife-blade working against the cylinder, something like the crank and comb in the carding machine, removes the colour from the smooth surface of the cylinder, leaving only the portions contained in the engraved lines of the pattern. The piece of cloth being passed over and pressed against the upper surface of the cylinder, takes up the pattern, and then, as fast as printed, it is turned over several cylindrical boxes heated by steam, which remove from it every particle of moisture.

The most ingenious and at the same time the most simple contrivance, in this beautiful and most wondrous piece of mechanism, is the knife-blade, which is technically called “the doctor.” It is said to have obtained its name

from the following circumstance. When Mr. Hargreaves, a partner in the factory of Mosney near Preston, where cylindrical printing was first introduced, was making some experiments with the process, one of his workmen who stood by said, "All this is very well Sir, but how will you remove the superfluous



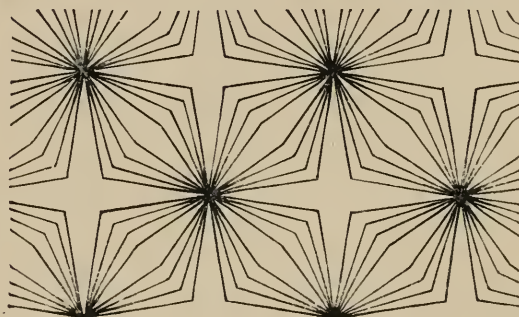
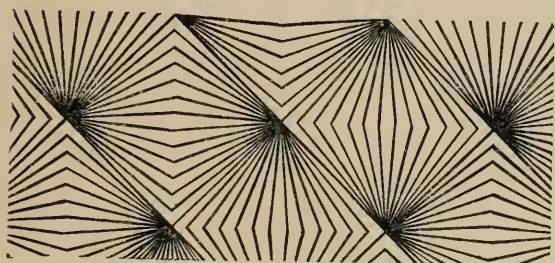
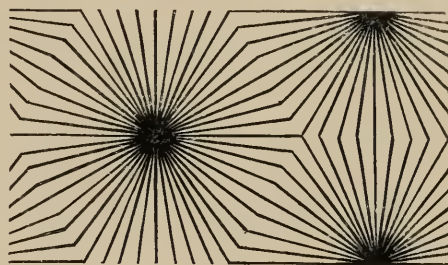
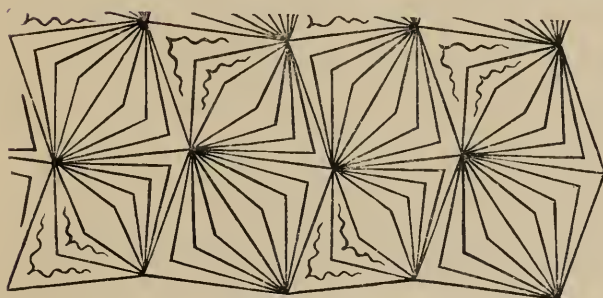
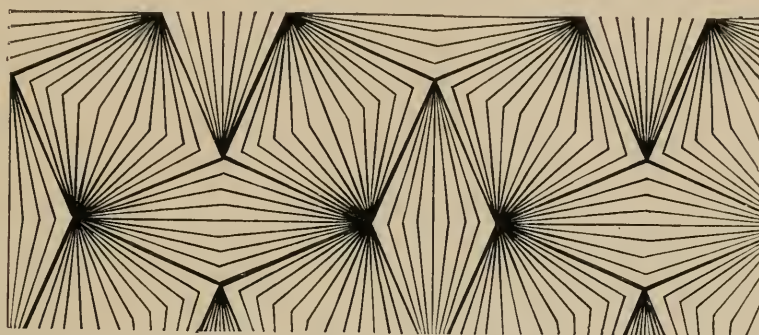
colour from the surface of the cylinder?" Mr. Hargreaves took up a common knife which was near, and placing it horizontally against the revolving cylinder, at once shewed its action in removing the colour, asking the operative "What do you say to this?" After a moment's pause of surprise and pleasure, the man replied, "O Sir, you have doctored it!"—a common phrase for "you have cured it;" and the contrivance has ever since retained the name of "doctor."

Cylinders, like blocks, may be engraved with different portions of the same pattern, and made to justify with each other, and as each cylinder revolves in a trough of a different colour, the resulting pattern will have as many colours as there are cylinders. It is not uncommon to see from three to six cylinders in one press, each cylinder engraved with a different part of the pattern, and printing a different colour on the cloth. A man and boy, at such a press, can do more work than a hundred men, attended by a hundred boys, could by block printing.

The preparation of patterns is an increasing branch of industry, but does not yet hold so high a rank as might be expected in England. It is not easy to estimate the cost of a design; some are purchased for a few shillings, and

others bring as high a price as twenty pounds. Mr. Thomson of Clitheroe, has stated in his evidence before the House of Commons, that he would have sought designs for furniture cotton from some of the most eminent artists in Europe, at an unlimited price, if he could have obtained such an extension of copyright as would secure him adequate remuneration.

Simple and inartificial designs are generally the greatest favourites with the public: Lane's net, of which an engraving is given, was one of the most successful ever produced. It will be seen that it is nothing more than a simple arrangement of right lines. But it also deserves to be remarked, that every



original pattern which is successful, becomes the source of a new style, and suggests variations of the original combination, which are in fact new patterns. We have given some specimens of the variety of patterns derived from Lane's original net, but they form only a small proportion of the entire amount. There is a constant demand for novelty and variety of patterns, not only in the home market, but in every country to which English calicoes are exported; and we have been assured by a gentleman most extensively engaged in the trade, that a printer is seldom able to sell the same design a second time to the same individual. Neither purity of taste nor excellence of design can com-

pete with the charm of novelty, and this compels extensive printers to produce fresh varieties every week, and frequently within the week. It has been calculated that out of five hundred designs, one hundred will be decidedly successful, fifty moderately so, and the rest nearly complete failures. There is, however, a greater permanence in the oriental taste, and the same patterns are exported year after year to Asiatic countries.

A curious anecdote will shew the great importance of a new and successful pattern. Messrs. Simpson and Co. of Fox-hill Bank, had to print a quantity of cloth in parallel stripes; by some accident a portion of the cloth was creased, and the stripes being thrown angularly on each other, produced a new effect, which received the name of the Diorama pattern. Such a favourite was this novelty, that the unprecedented number of 25,000 pieces was sold in one day. Novelty of effect, however, was its only recommendation, and it is now little valued.

There are two classes of production in calico printing which differ considerably in their application and generally in their design, though some styles are common to both; these are "garment printing" and "furniture printing." It is difficult to draw a precise line between these two branches; for some patterns are applied both to garments and furniture in Great Britain, and some patterns which are exclusively applied to furniture at home, are exported for dresses to foreign markets. Some of the richly flowered and gaudy patterns for instance meet with a ready sale on the coast of Africa. In general it may be stated that the patterns for furniture are more elaborate and expensive than those for dress. We have seen some which, for the mere drawing and engraving, cost from fifty to a hundred pounds. A still greater expense is incurred in what is called the "making-out" of the pattern; that is reducing it to such a scale, and making such a distribution of its parts, as will make the several portions "justify" or harmonise with each other when engraved on separate blocks or cylinders. Patterns have been exhibited which had to be drawn over again five or six times, because the least imperfection in furniture designs is at once detected even by an unpractised eye.

The patterns were originally engraved on the copper cylinder by the hand; they are now transferred to it by mechanical pressure from a small steel cylinder, similar in principle to the invention which Mr. Perkins devised for multiplying the plates of bank-notes. It is generally difficult to determine the claims of a disputed invention; it is, however, certain that Mr. Joseph Lockitt of Manchester, practised this process in 1808, before Mr. Perkins had come from America to settle in London, and he brought it, almost unaided, to the very high degree of perfection which it has now attained. The pattern having been drawn so as to fit the circumference of the copper, is engraved on a cylinder of softened steel about four inches in length and one in diameter. The steel is then tempered and pressed against a second cylinder of softened steel, to which of course the lines of the pattern are transferred in relief. This

again is tempered or hardened, after which it is applied to the copper cylinder, on which it impresses even the most delicate lines of the pattern as finely and accurately as if they had been cut by the graver.

Another process is frequently employed, which may be called "etching,"—the copper cylinder is covered with a thin coat of varnish, such as is used in the ordinary etching, and on this the pattern is drawn with a diamond-pointed tracer. The cylinder is then immersed in aquafortis, and of course the parts from which the varnish has been removed by the tracer, are corroded or engraved. The most wondrous part remains to be told; the diamond tracer is generally applied by a process similar to the eccentric chuck of a lathe, and thus the entire surface of the cylinder is covered with patterns, or ground works of patterns, without any exercise of human skill or ingenuity.

The eccentric designs, as the patterns thus produced are called, from the eccentric chuck employed in the process, admit of incalculable varieties of form, and some of them are exquisitely beautiful. Nothing in machinery is more calculated to impress a visitor with feelings of wonder and admiration than a visit to the manufactory of the Messrs. Lockett; the patterns produced by the eccentrics appear to rival the finished labours of an accomplished artist, while the apparent simplicity of the means is so disproportionate to the complicated results produced, that a stranger is almost tempted to doubt the evidence of his senses.

When the cylinders are thus covered with ground-work, an additional pattern may be engraved upon them either by the hand or the steel cylinder. In consequence of these obvious advantages, cylinders eccentrically engraved are largely exported from Manchester both to the Continent and North America. The Prussians and Germans send their own designs to be engraved on the cylinders, having previously selected the ground-work; but very frequently the rollers are exported, simply with the eccentric ground, and the foreign manufacturer superadds the pattern according to his fancy.

The principle of the electrotype, discovered by Mr. Spencer of Liverpool, has been recently applied with great success by the Messrs. Lockett to the engraving of copper cylinders. As this process will enable artists to transfer very elaborate designs to the copper at a trifling expense, it will probably lead to a great improvement in the art of design, which has retrograded rather than advanced in England. When the printing trade was confined to the vicinity of London, pattern-drawing flourished. Mr. Thomson of Clitheroe says, "The designs of several distinguished artists are still remembered with admiration; and Raymond, Kilburn, Wagner, and Edwards, are regarded as the old masters of the English school of design in calico printing. I have the good fortune to possess a volume of drawings of this period, in which pattern drawing is elevated to the dignity of a fine art. The art of printing since that period has made gigantic strides, and is now one of the most beautiful and refined of the chemical arts. The art of designing has at the same time

retrograded.” We must, however, add that within the last two years attention has been paid to the preparation of patterns, particularly those for mousselines-de-laine and Chinè silks; and no doubt English calico printing will soon exhibit the most happy combination of the fine with the useful arts.

Having described the machinery used in calico printing, we must endeavour to give a general notion of the process, and for this purpose we must warn the reader that the foundation of the whole may be said to be the proper application of *mordants*. The nature of these is admirably explained by Dr. Thomson, in the article on dyeing in the last edition of the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*.’ “The term *mordant* is applied by dyers to certain substances with which the cloth to be dyed must be impregnated, otherwise the colouring matter would not adhere to the cloth but would be removed by washing. Thus the red colour given to cotton by madder would not be fixed, unless the cloth were previously steeped in a solution of salt of alumina. It has been ascertained that the cloth has the property of decomposing the salt of alumina, and of combining with and of retaining a portion of alumina. The red colouring principle of the madder has an affinity for this alumina and combines with it. The consequence is, that the alumina being firmly retained by the cloth, and the colouring matter by the alumina, the dye becomes fast, or cannot be removed by washing the cloth with water, even by the assistance of soap, though simple water is sufficient to remove the red colouring matter from the cloth, unless the alum mordant has been previously applied. The term *mordant* (from the Latin word *mordere* to bite) was applied to these substances by the French writers on dyeing, from a notion entertained by them that the action of the mordants was mechanical; that they were of a corrosive or biting nature, and served merely to open pores in the fibres of the cloth, into which the colouring matter might insinuate itself. And after the inaccuracy of this notion was discovered, and the real use of mordants ascertained, the term was still continued as sufficiently appropriate, or rather as a proper name, without any allusion to its original signification. The term *mordant*, however, is not limited to those substances merely which serve like alumina to fix the colours. It is applied also to certain substances which have the property of altering the shade of colour, or brightening the colour, as it is called.”

Most commonly the printing process is employed for fixing the mordants on the cloth, which is then dyed in the ordinary way. When the cloth is washed, those parts only retain the colour which have imbibed the mordant, and the other parts remain white. It is generally believed that this process was discovered in India, where it was undoubtedly practised at a very early period; but from the description given by Pliny,* it is evident that in the

* There exists in Egypt a wondrous method of dyeing. The white cloth is stained in various places, not with dye stuffs, but with substances which have naturally the property of absorbing (fixing) colours. These applications are not visible on the cloth; but when the pieces are dipped into a hot cauldron, containing the dye, they are in an instant after drawn out, dyed. The remarkable circumstance is, that though there be only one dye in the cauldron, yet different colours appear on the cloth, nor can the colours be afterwards removed.—*Natural History*, Book xxxv.

first century of the Christian era calico printing was understood and practised in Egypt.

The most common mordant is the aluminate, formed by the mixture of three parts of acetate of lead (vulgarly called "sugar of lead") with four of alum. When this is applied by the block or cylinder, it is usually thickened with starch or gum, according to the nature and style of the cloth. In some cases the mordants formed from the chloride of tin are mixed with the colouring matter, and both applied to the cloth together; but the colours thus produced, though originally very beautiful, soon fade when exposed to the action of light and air.

The mordants, as we have said, are employed to combine with the dyes, and thus produce a permanent colour; but this effect would not follow if the entire mordant entered into a perfect chemical combination with the dye: it is necessary that a portion of the mordant should be held suspended and undecomposed in the cloth. This is effected by a process called "dunging:" the cloth tinged with the mordant is passed through a mixture of cow-dung and water, which has the property of holding the aluminates in suspense. Such, at least, is the explanation of the process most commonly given by chemists; but we have not seen any satisfactory reason assigned for the failure of the various attempts that have been made to produce the same result by a more direct chemical process.

The use of the dung-bath was probably first suggested to calico printers by their observing that animal fibres, such as silk and wool, received dyes more perfectly than vegetable fibres, such as flax and cotton; they therefore sought out means to *animalize* the vegetable fibre, and the success of their experiments induced them to persevere in the practice. Many have supposed that it was some peculiarity in this process which rendered the colours of the Indian chintzes so superior to any produced in Europe; but on inquiry from persons intimately acquainted with the manufactures of Hindostan, we have not been able to discover any plausible ground for such a supposition.

It would be impossible within our limits to give even an outline of the different chemical combinations by which colour is produced; in fact, the chemistry of dyes is now recognised as a separate branch of science, and has been the subject of many large and elaborate treatises. We shall only mention a few processes, which can be described with sufficient generality to render them interesting to unscientific readers. From what we have said, it is clear that the use of the mordants is to fix the colours of the pattern. If then the whole ground be coloured, the cloth must be immersed in the mordant, and the white must be produced by something which will neutralize or counteract its efficacy.

This counteraction of the mordants is produced by what are called "dischargers;" that is, by printing the parts designed to be kept white with an acid which will neutralize or destroy the mordant, and consequently the colour

which the cloth in that place had imbibed. The citric acid is chiefly used for this purpose; and, according to circumstances, it is either applied before the cloth is dipped in the mordant, so as to prevent its action, or it is applied afterwards, to counteract its agency. This reverse of the original process of calico printing is said to have been first introduced in Scotland, but it was not practised successfully and extensively until it was adopted by the Peels of Church, about the commencement of the present century.

“Resisters,” or “resist pastes,” are scarcely of less value than “dischargers” in all the variety of dyes which indigo is employed to produce. While “Mordants” fix colours and “Dischargers” remove them, “Resisters” prevent the indigo dye from leaving a trace of its presence. This process is said to have been discovered by a commercial traveller, who had so little knowledge of its value that he sold his secret for five pounds. The process was first extensively employed by the late Sir Robert Peel, in his works near Bury, and the beauty of its effects, and the extreme precision of outline in the patterns produced, at once placed his establishment at the head of all the factories for calico printing in the country.

No part of the chemistry of calico printing is more interesting than the process of dyeing Turkey-reds, but it is unfortunately very complicated, and in many of its parts apparently tentative. On one operation of a series, and one of the longest and most complicated series that exists in the whole range of the art, depends the perfect or imperfect success of the entire work. At which stage of the series this decisive effect is produced, has yet eluded the investigations of science. At one time it was attributed to the effect of climate, and the air and water of Elberfeld were assigned as the cause of the superiority which Elberfeld attained. But Mr. Steiner, the proprietor of the great establishment at Church, one of the original manufactories of the Peels, produces the most brilliant dye without any exposure to the sun and air. This dye was restricted to yarn, until M. Koechlin, of Mulhausen in Alsace, applied it to cloth in the year 1810, and soon after discovered the means by which patterns could be printed on this beautiful ground. The process is simply to print a pattern on the Turkey red, or any other dyed colour, with a powerful acid, and then to immerse the cloth in a solution of chloride of lime. Neither of these agents separately would discharge the colour, but the chloride being liberated in the parts which have received the acid, performs its usual bleaching functions, and renders the parts so affected purely white.

The various applications of manganese and the chromic dyes have given to English colours a richness and variety which bid fair to establish as great a superiority in colours as we have hitherto had in yarns and cloths. It is a fact which ought not to be forgotten, that many of the greatest discoveries in modern chemistry have been derived from experiments for the improvement of colours, and that the leading calico printers spare neither time, trouble, nor expense, in their endeavours still further to promote the science. The labora-

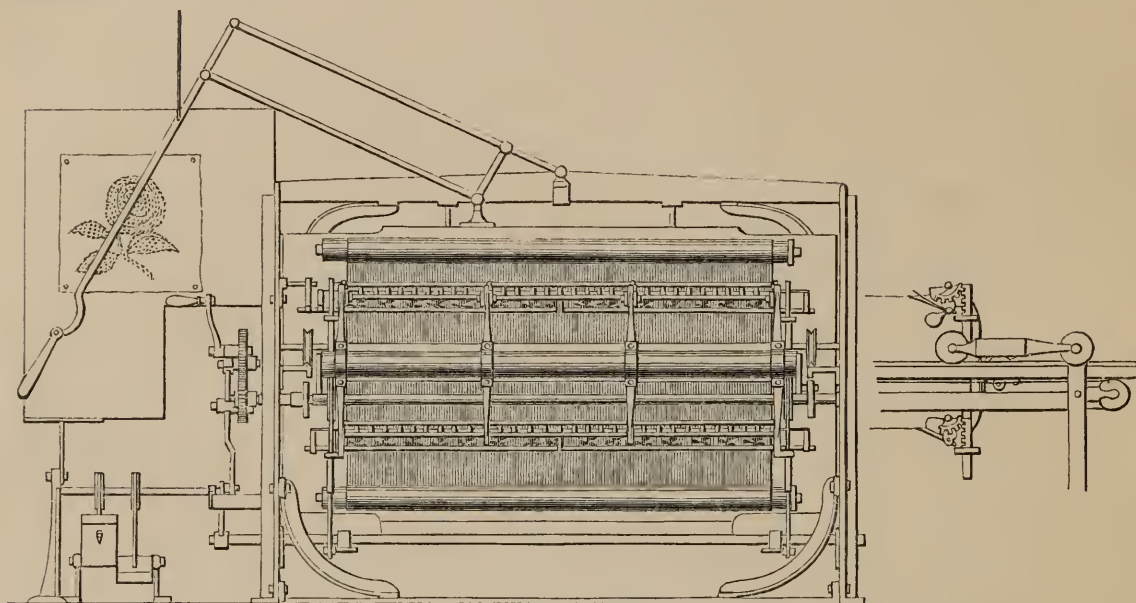
tories and scientific libraries attached to most of the printing factories are fully equal to those of our best public institutions, and among the chemists they employ are to be found names that have shed the brightest lustre on the annals of modern science.

We have given merely a general outline of calico printing; it is a business which to be well and successfully carried out, requires a combination of the highest mechanical attainments, the most extensive chemical knowledge, and no small acquaintance with the art of design. Some of the print works employ more than a thousand operatives; they are all conducted with extreme order, cleanliness, and punctuality; they exhibit at once the greatest triumphs of mechanical art and chemical science, both kept under the control of human agency, and working for the advancement of human comfort.

The silk trade is a modern branch of industry in Manchester, but it has extended itself so rapidly that it is now second only to the cotton manufacture. The town of Middleton, near Manchester, is indeed principally inhabited by silk-weavers. As we shall have to describe the silk trade in connexion with other localities, we shall here only notice a few of those branches which are peculiar, or nearly so, to the Lancastrian districts.

It is in the weaving, rather than the spinning or throwing, that the silk manufacture becomes deeply interesting, and in some of the weaving branches Manchester is unrivalled. No one who has visited the establishment of Mr. Lewis Schwabe, can ever forget the extraordinary beauty of the fabrics wrought in his jacquard looms. The richness and beauty of the patterns surpass all that the imagination could previously have conceived: the flowers wrought into the silks and satins appear more like the work of the best painter than of the weaver. He has also some of the finest specimens yet produced, of the interweaving of glass thread with textile fabrics. But nothing in this establishment is more likely to engage the attention of a scientific visitor, than the application of the Pantagraph to the art of embroidery. The embroidery loom is an upright frame, on the top of which is a moveable rod attached to one arm of the pantagraph. The material to be embroidered passes over this rod to a roller beneath. On each side are carriages having a horizontal motion backwards and forwards, supplied with a system of clippers, and also of needles having the eye in the middle; these needles are threaded with the various coloured silks that are to be embroidered on the suspended piece. The tender, sitting at one end, moves the long arm of the pantagraph to a point marked in a copy of the pattern, and the other arm of the pantagraph gives a corresponding motion to the rod from which the piece is suspended; one of the carriages moving forward drives its needles into the suspended cloth; they are then caught and drawn through by the clippers in the carriage at the other side; this process is repeated at every change of the pantagraph, and thus several copies are embroidered with mathematical accuracy on the piece at the same time. So

simple is this very ingenious contrivance, that the frame may be worked by a woman and two girls; the woman guiding the pantagraph to the points marked on the pattern, and the girls directing the motion of the carriages. The figure at the side of the machine represents, on an enlarged scale, the apparatus for passing the needles.



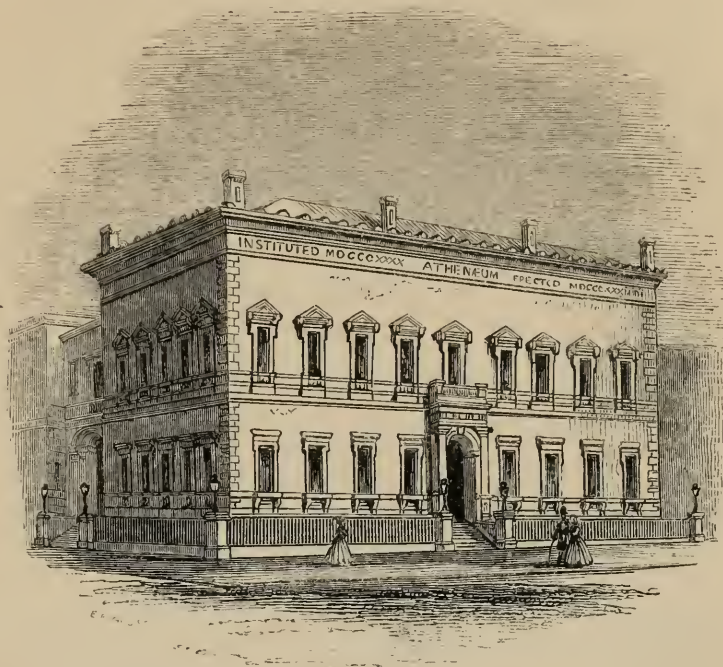
Mr. Schwabe has several jacquard looms at work, and in these are produced some varieties of figured satin, such as we have not seen in any other establishment. Among these, a pattern differing from the ground-work only by a shade of tint is particularly remarkable; the effect produced is that of the finest penciling, and both in beauty of design and accuracy of execution not unworthy of the first artist.

The manufacture of engines and machinery is necessarily a very important branch of industry in Manchester, but as the subject must elsewhere engage our attention we shall not dwell upon it here, further than to remark that this is a business which requires not only mechanical skill but also great intelligence and science in those by whom it is conducted. Modern trade and commerce daily increase in their demands on mental acquirements, and this is particularly the case in Manchester, where a very slight improvement in manipulation confers an immense advantage, on account of the vast amount of production over which it spreads, and where for the same reason a slight error or miscalculation must produce incalculable injury.

The merchants and manufacturers, aware that their own interests are intimately connected with the general diffusion of intelligence, have not only aided in securing primary instruction for the young in their schools, but have encouraged the establishment of several institutions where adults can on very moderate terms obtain a knowledge of science, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of literary relaxation. Of these institutions, the Athenæum in Bond-street holds the first rank. It is a splendid building, erected from the

designs of Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament. The members, who are principally young men, have the use of a well-supplied news-room, a select library, and the privilege of attending lectures. There are also classes for instruction in the modern languages, and in music. Concerts and balls are occasionally given, and conversational meetings held for the purpose of mutual instruction.

There are Mechanics' Institutes both in Manchester and Salford: that of Manchester, situated in Cooper-street, was the first building erected in England for such a purpose. It has a fine library, containing about 6000 volumes, and the members have the privilege



of attending lectures and classes. At both of these institutions there have been public exhibitions of the wonders of nature and art, contributed for the purpose from the private collections of noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood. In each of these exhibitions there were more than 25,000 articles of various kinds; they remained open for several months, and were each visited by more than 120,000 persons, and on no occasion was there a single instance of wanton mischief or material damage to the articles displayed.

A school of design has been recently opened in one of the rooms of the Royal Institution, where lectures are delivered on painting and sculpture, and on the sciences more immediately connected with these arts, such as anatomy, zoology, botany, etc.; competent masters give instruction in the various branches of drawing, and preparations are in progress for establishing a museum of models, and a library of books and engravings.

The Lyceums, which owe their origin to Manchester, are the cheapest institutions for adult instruction which have yet been founded. For eight shillings a year the members have the use of a news-room, coffee-room, and library, the privilege of attending classes and lectures, and of holding friendly meetings for conversation, music, and other rational recreations.

A Social Hall has been recently erected by some of the followers of Mr. Robert Owen, but as it is much used for political meetings and the propagation of peculiar opinions, it cannot be considered an ordinary educational institution.

There is no town in England, the inhabitants of which display a greater

taste for music than Manchester. Several societies and clubs have been formed for its cultivation, at the head of which is the proprietary body of the New Concert Hall. This hall is a modern structure with a plain exterior, but its internal arrangements and ornaments deserve the highest praise. There are about 600 subscribers, and about half as many candidates for admission. Persons have frequently to wait for several years before they can become members, as the number is limited.

The Glee Club, the Madrigal Society, and the Choral Society, are on a smaller scale than the society of the Concert Hall; but they are very efficiently conducted, and the first musical composers in England are honorary members of the Glee Club. The Choral Society is not an institution for mere amusement, it is in fact a school of music, and most of the members of its choir are singers professionally engaged in churches and chapels. Chiefly in consequence of this institution, sacred music at Manchester, in the various places of worship, has a higher and more scientific character than in most parts of the kingdom. This musical taste descends to the operative classes; there are several associations of the work-people for the enjoyment of vocal and instrumental music, and in many of the large factories the operatives have been aided by their employers in forming musical bands, which afford the people means of innocent enjoyment, and have a very powerful effect in preventing dissipation.

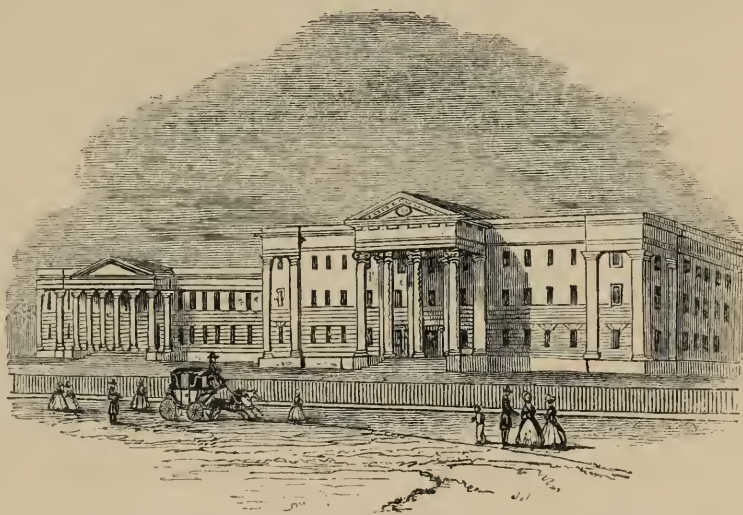
The Zoological Gardens, on the New Bury Road, are capable of being made the means of affording both amusement and instruction. They are delightfully situated, and the grounds, fifteen acres in extent, have been laid out with great taste and skill. Unfortunately these gardens are not sufficiently open at the times when they could be visited by the operatives, or by persons engaged in active business, so that, like the Botanic Gardens, their utility is comparatively circumscribed by narrow limits.

Although the exertions of the "Foot-path Protection Society" have preserved many beautiful rural walks to the people of Manchester, yet it is to be lamented that there is no public park or green in which the labouring population can enjoy healthy exercise and recreation. Nowhere are these elements of public health more necessary, because in the poorer districts of Manchester, such as Ancoats, Angel Meadow, and Little Ireland, the population is out of all proportion beyond the means of accommodation, and children can neither be conveniently kept in the small lodging-room, nor safely permitted to be out of doors. The peasants of Lancashire were anciently celebrated for their skill and agility in athletic sports, and they still display the taste whenever they have an opportunity of exercising it. But there is no spot expressly set apart where the operatives can enjoy the old healthy sports of England, which would be so grateful after the monotony of the factory, and an antidote to the injurious effects produced by crowded lodgings and damp cellars. These cellars are necessarily chosen by the poor hand-loom weavers, because a moist atmosphere is required for weaving cotton, but poverty often

compels them to share these miserable abodes with others still more wretched than themselves. No better proof can be given of the deficiency of lodging for the destitute poor in Manchester, than the report of that excellent institution, the Night Asylum: in the first year of its existence it afforded shelter to 11,006 men, 3877 women, and 2523 children, making a total of 17,406 cases of persons rescued from sleeping on the stones of the street.

There are three public cemeteries connected with Manchester; they are laid out with great taste, and very carefully watched. The oldest, that of Rusholme-road, is particularly worthy of notice; it is open to visitors at proper hours, and the registration of the burials is so perfect as to afford every advantage which persons interested in statistical inquiries can desire.

The finest pile of building in Manchester is the noble range which includes the Royal Infirmary, the Dispensary, and the Lunatic Asylum. It stands in almost the only open space to be found within the town, and has a large sheet of water in front which is every day renewed. Six physicians and six surgeons, elected by the ballot of the entire body of trustees, are attached to this institution, and there are besides a resident surgeon and apothecary. Its annual income is about 9000*l.*, and the average expenditure amounts to very nearly the same sum.



It is interesting to go from Piccadilly, where modern Manchester appears to the best advantage, to one of the few remains of the Old Halls which recal the memory of its ancient condition. Dr. Aikin enumerates seventeen of these structures, some of which were as old as the Conquest. Most of them however have disappeared; but Ordsall Hall, with its ancient moat, is still in a state of tolerable preservation; and the still more interesting remains of Hulme Hall, on the Irwell, are well deserving of a visit from the antiquarian.

Hulme Hall was the seat of the Prestwich family; but Sir Thomas Prestwich was so impoverished by fines and sequestrations during the Civil Wars, that in 1660 he was compelled to sell the mansion, which was purchased by Sir Edward Mosley. Tradition states that Sir Thomas was induced by his mother to make large pecuniary sacrifices in the cause of Charles I., by the assurance that she had an immense treasure concealed, which would more than repay his expenditure. It is generally believed that this treasure was hidden in Hulme Hall, or its immediate vicinity, and superstition added that it was

protected by unhallowed charms, which could only be dissolved by a spell known to the Dowager Lady Prestwich alone. Unfortunately for her son she



was suddenly attacked by apoplexy, and struck speechless, nor did she again recover the use of her tongue. Fortune tellers — a race of impostors that once flourished in Manchester — are said to have often

cheated credulous people in the last century, by holding out hopes of discovering the depository of this treasure, and the means of obtaining it from the demons under whose guardianship it was supposed to be placed. After passing through several hands, Hulme Hall was finally sold to the Duke of Bridgewater; it is fast losing its ancient character, being now in a dilapidated state, and occupied by a number of poor cottagers.

Ancoats Hall was the principal seat of the Mosleys, the lords of the manor of Manchester. Its chief historic interest arises from its having afforded shelter to the young Pretender when he visited the north of England in secret, previous to his invasion of Scotland in 1745. This visit is not noticed in most histories, but it was authenticated by persons who recognised him again when he entered Manchester at the head of the Scottish army. Collyhurst Hall and Hough Hall were also seats of the Mosleys.

Birch Hall was the property of the Birch family. They took the side of the Parliament in the civil war, and were the principal agents in securing Manchester against the Earl of Derby. The patronage of Birch Chapel is vested in the proprietors of the Hall. This chapel is singularly placed in the midst of fields not long since remote from any habitations, and has, even since the alterations and improvements made by the reverend incumbent, little the appearance of an ecclesiastical edifice.

There were many other halls, of which the situations can now be scarcely traced; we may mention one, as an anecdote connected with it will serve to illustrate the vast change in the value of landed property consequent on the increase of manufactures. In 1644, Chorlton Hall and the adjoining estate were sold to an apothecary of Manchester for 300*l.*; the same property at the close of the last century brought at a sale more than 60,000*l.*!

In every road leading out of Manchester there are signs of the great improvements derived from applying the profits of the gas-works to widening streets and making good approaches to the principal marts of business. The water-works are managed with equal skill and wisdom. From the immense reservoir at Beswick, a million and a half gallons of water are daily supplied to the inhabitants of the town through seventy miles of iron pipes. Not far from the reservoir is Clayton Hall, once the residence of the munificent



Humphrey Chetham; the moat has been restored, but unfortunately the house has been modernised, and scarcely retains a trace of its ancient state, except the old belfry and the windows which light the kitchen.

At no great distance are the new mills erected in the township of Droylsden, where very recently there was not a single manufactory. But in the later stages of its growth, the cotton trade began to increase more rapidly in the adjoining towns and villages than in Manchester itself, and that metropolis of the trade is now more important as a central mart and warehousing depôt than as an actually manufacturing place.

The advantages of coal and water have led to a vast extension of the spinning, bleaching, weaving, and printing trades in the direction of Ashton-under-Lyne and Stayley Bridge, from whence these trades have spread into the adjoining county of Chester, so that Duckinfield, Mottram, Hyde, Stockport, etc., may be regarded as dependent on Manchester.

On the road to Ashton we pass near the interesting village of Fairfield, a Moravian settlement, established in 1783. The Moravians, or United Brethren, when forced by persecution to take refuge in England, were recog-

nised by the Statute of 1749, as an "ancient Protestant Episcopal Church." Few of the present community are descended from the early emigrants; the settlement is composed principally of English families who have embraced their belief, and the number is small, because they conscientiously abstain from making proselytes.



The village consists of two main streets. The centre of the front facing the Ashton-road is occupied by the chapel; a plain but neat brick edifice. On the right is the house occupied by the sisters of the community, who live under conventual rule, without being bound by monastic vows. They are principally engaged in preparing a variety of pieces of embroidery and ornamental needlework, which are sold for the benefit of the society. The unmarried brethren occupy a corresponding building to the left of the chapel, and undertake the education of a limited number of boys.

The entire front, which extends from one end of the village to the other, is laid out as a garden; it is well stocked with fruit trees, on the cultivation of which extraordinary care is bestowed, and the produce is consequently abundant. The burial-ground lies beyond the garden: here the males and females are interred in separate plots, with no monumental epitaphs beyond the record of their names, ages, and dates of decease, on a small square stone at the head of each grave. The village is remarkable for cleanliness, order, and an air of substantial comfort.

There are several large factories at each side of the turnpike-road, and their numbers increase rapidly as we approach Ashton. A peat-moss close to them is chiefly used for the supply of fuel. The undertaking has been commenced, and is supported by the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, a great proprietor of the surrounding country.

The aspect of Ashton-under-Lyne is very striking when viewed from a distance; the town is built on a hill rising rather abruptly from the north bank of the river Tame. Like Manchester, it has grown very rapidly from an insignificant country town into a populous and thriving borough; but the suddenness of its growth has prevented attention being paid to architectural beauty, or to the regularity and convenience of the streets. Most of the inhabitants are engaged in the cotton trade, or the branches of industry connected with it. The weaving of ginghams, nankeens, and calicoes, employs great numbers; the ginghams are chiefly woven by hand, while the jacquard loom has been applied to the production of figured ginghams with great success.

The prosperity of Ashton must be chiefly attributed to its coal and canals. A branch of the great Lancashire coal-field extends from Ashton-under-Lyne to Macclesfield, and the seam of workable coal is said to average thirty feet.

Ashton-under-Lyne was a place of great importance even in the Saxon times. Soon after the Conquest it became the stronghold of a Norman baron, who, according to tradition, was the scourge of the neighbouring counties. His marauding expeditions are said to have been pushed to the very gates of Chester, and it was impossible to retaliate on him, as the passes through the marshes were known only to his followers. The castle of Ashton was founded by this "moss-trooper," but was greatly altered in the days of the Plantagenets.

Very little care is bestowed on the preservation of this interesting building. The donjon keep is tolerably perfect, and so are some of the flanking walls which protected the court. At some distance from the castle is "the gallows-field," where, anciently, a gibbet was erected, to shew that the lords of Ashton had the power of life and death within their domains. This privilege was so freely exercised by Sir Ralph of Ashton—sometimes confounded with the moss-trooper already mentioned, but who really lived in the reign of Henry VI.—that it was commonly said,

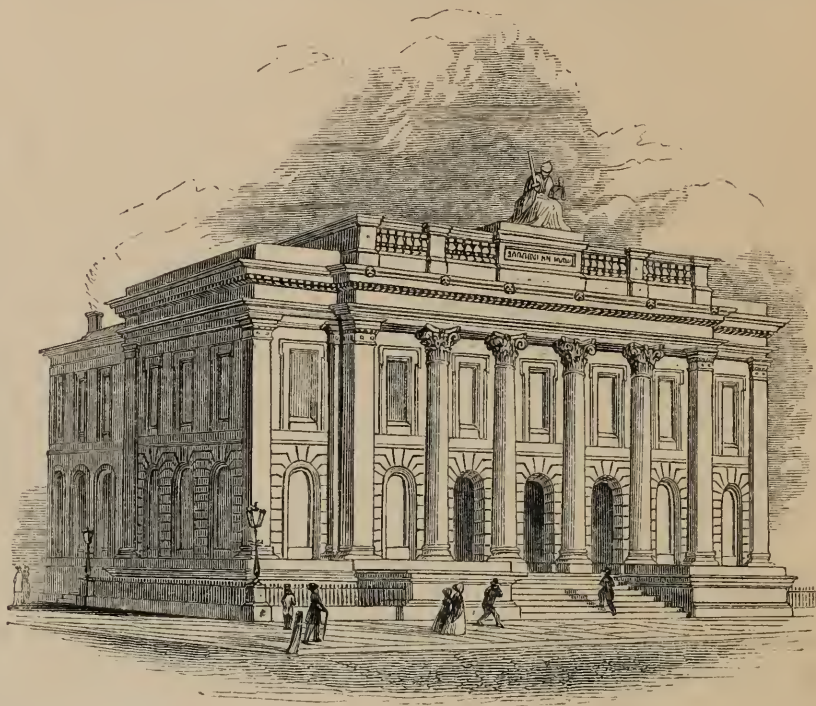
Sweet Jesu, for thy mercy sake,
And for thy bitter passion,
Save us from the axe of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Asheton.*

There are two churches in Ashton; the oldest is a venerable structure, marked by considerable antiquity.†

† The cruelties of Sir Ralph are annually commemorated at Ashton by the singular custom of "riding the black lad." A straw figure of the tyrant, not unlike the London representation of Guy Fawkes, is paraded round the town, and then ignominiously destroyed. It appears that his cruelty was chiefly occasioned by his zeal for agricultural improvements: the fields round Ashton were infested by a mischievous weed called the "corn-marygold," to ensure its extirpation, Sir Ralph declared that any person on whose ground the plant should be found growing, should forfeit a fat sheep to the lord of the soil. Resistance was made to the payment of this exorbitant penalty, and he punished his opponents with all the severity of feudal law.

† The following epitaph may be seen on a tomb in Ashton churchyard:—"Here resteth the body of John Leech of Hurst, buried the 16th day of October 1689, aged 90 years, who by Anne, his wife, had issue twelve children, and in his lifetime was father to twelve, grandfather to seventy-five, great grandfather to ninety-two, great great grandfather to two; in all one hundred and eighty-one persons."

The New Town-Hall, recently erected from designs by Messrs. Young and Lee of Manchester, was publicly opened in January 1842. It is an elegant stone edifice; but the material of which it is constructed, a coarse grit stone, is very unfavourable to the development of the design. The order of architecture is Corinthian; presenting in front an attached colonnade *in antis*, raised considerably above the level of the street upon a continuous pedestal, or *stylobate*, and surmounted by a balustrade-parapet, the central compartment of which is charged with an inscription, and is de-



signed to be crowned with an emblematic figure of Justice. The interior is approached by an inclosed porch or piazza, formed by the three central apertures of the arcade, composing the lower story of the order; and comprises a spacious hall, thirty feet square and sixteen feet high, adorned with Ionic columns and pilasters; attached, are committee rooms and other public offices, and beyond is the grand staircase, leading to a noble public room, eighty-three feet long, forty feet wide, and nearly thirty feet high.*

Staley Bridge, in the vicinity of Ashton, is one of the most remarkable instances of the rapid accumulation of wealth, populations, and buildings, produced by the cotton manufacture. Some years ago it was a miserable hamlet, remarkable only for the picturesque views from the Old Bank, a steep hill which rises boldly above the north bank of the river; and before the prospect was shut out by building, commanded an extensive view of very rich scenery. The cottagers, in addition to their agricultural pursuits, employed themselves in spinning woollen yarn for the manufacture of stockings; there was only one dyer in the place, and he possessed the solitary piece of workmanship which could be said to make any approach to machinery, which consisted of two wheels turned by mastiffs, similar to the dog-wheels anciently used in kitchens. It is now a flourishing town with municipal insti-

* Several hamlets which formerly stood at a distance, now form part of Ashton; the most remarkable of which are Boston and Charleston, built at the beginning of the American war, and called after the names of those places in the United States.

tutions of its own, and extends to some distance on the Cheshire side of the river. The persons employed in the mills and factories have come at different times from the agricultural counties and districts; they are in fact colonists, not connected with Lancashire by birth or relationship, and are therefore very slightly influenced by local attachments.

The village of Mosley, and the hamlet of Hartshead, have shared in the general improvement of the district. It is remarkable that in no place was the introduction of machinery more vehemently opposed than in the localities which it has subsequently most enriched. When Mr. Hall erected the first steam-engine for spinning by power, in 1796, he was obliged to convert his mill into a garrison, and keep the gates locked both by day and night. Time dissipated these alarms, and now some of the finest specimens of machinery are found in Stayley Bridge and its neighbourhood.

Along the Mersey most of the flourishing manufactories are on the Cheshire side, until we come to Warrington, one of the oldest, if not the very oldest town in Lancashire. It was a station of the Romans, and was named *Veritanum* from two British words, signifying the "town of the ford or ferry," because the Mersey was fordable in its neighbourhood at a spot which gives name to the present village of Latchford. A bridge having been built by the first Earl of Derby, for the purpose of enabling Henry VII. to pay him a visit with greater convenience, the eastern part of the town was deserted for the vicinity of the bridge, and thus the parish church was left, as old Leland expresses it, "at the tail end of all the town." There is no bridge over the Mersey between Warrington and Liverpool, nor for many miles up between it and Manchester; hence Warrington was looked upon as a place of considerable importance in the time of the civil wars, and Charles I. originally intended to have raised his standard there instead of at Nottingham. Ill-founded suspicions of the loyalty of Lord Strange, led to the abandonment of this design. Warrington, however, was garrisoned for the king; and when the walls were stormed the royalists took post in the church, where they made a resolute defence. The injuries which this venerable edifice received have destroyed most of the traces of its great antiquity, for it is of Saxon origin, and existed at the period of the Conquest. A crypt, which is supposed to have been of Saxon origin, has been recently discovered under the eastern part of the church, and the inhabitants of the town have had it cleared out, and restored as nearly as possible to its ancient state.

The most remarkable monument in the church is that of Sir Thomas Boteler and his lady. The knight is sheathed in armour, and the dress of the lady is different from any found on our ancient tombs; the principal peculiarity is a cap shaped like a mitre, which appears to have had the ornaments usually confined to ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The Butlers of Bewsey were lords of Warrington, and the rivals of the Stanleys, in the west of Lancashire. It was as much for the purpose of

depriving Sir Thomas Butler of the profits of the ferry, as for opening a convenient access to the King, that the Earl of Derby bought ground from the Norris family to build the bridge over the Mersey. A bitter feud arose between the families; and the Earl of Derby, or, as he was then, Lord Stanley, resolved to murder his great opponent. As the castle of Bewsey was strongly fortified and secured by a wide moat, this was a difficult enterprise; but having bribed one of the knight's chamberlains to place a light in his master's chamber window, Lord Stanley, accompanied by Sir Piers Legh and some others, crossed the moat in leather boats, climbed to the window, forced an entrance, and seized Sir Thomas Butler, or, as he is called in some versions of the legend, Sir John Butler, in his bed. They then, with many circumstances of barbarity, hanged him on a tree in his own park. They would also have murdered his infant son, had not a servant maid carried off the child in her apron, while a negro servant kept the assassins at bay.*

* A different version of this legend is given in a spirited ballad, which Mr. Roby has introduced into his "Legends of Lancashire." According to him, the heir of Bewsey was conveyed away by a page in a basket, and the treacherous porter was deceived by the stratagem described in the following extract :—

"Now whither away, thou little page;
Now whither away so fast?"
"They have slain Sir John," said the little page,
"And his head in the wicker cast."
"And whither goest thou with that grisly head?"
Cried the grim porter again.
"To Warrington Bridge they bid me run,
And set it up amain."
"There may it hang," cried that loathly knave,
"And grin till its teeth be dry;
While every day with jeer and taunt
Will I mock it till I die."
The porter open'd the wicket straight,
And the messenger went his way;
For he little guess'd of the head that now
In that basket of wicker lay.
"We've kill'd the bird, but where's the egg?"
Then cried these ruffians three.
"Where is thy child?" The lady mourn'd,
But never a word spoke she.
But swift, as an arrow, to his bed
The lady in terror sprung,
When, oh! a sorrowful dame was she,
And her hands she madly wrung.
"The babe is gone! oh! spare my child,
And strike my heart in twain."
To those ruthless men the lady knelt,
But her piteous suit was vain.

The ballad then describes the rage of the murderers, and the revived hopes of the mother when the absence of the babe was discovered. This leads to the catastrophe; for the ruffians, suspecting that the porter had been guilty of double treachery, wreak their vengeance on him.

Though the most ancient part of Warrington was near the church, the most striking remains of antiquity are in the vicinity of the market-place. On the west side of it are two fine specimens of the ornamental exterior of ancient wood architecture; and a cottage in the vicinity has a room in an admirable state of preservation, which is the most perfect specimen of English domestic architecture in the age of the Tudors to be found in any of the northern counties.



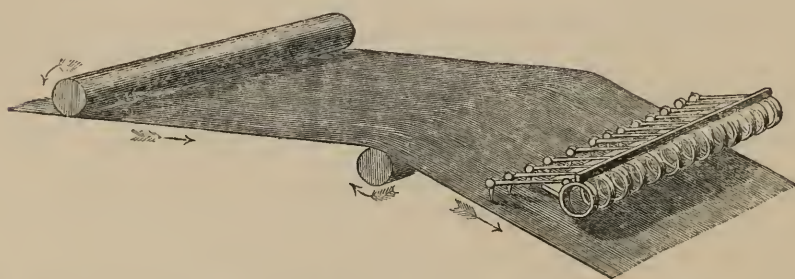
Many circumstances contribute to determine the geographical distribution of the various branches of the cotton trade. Calico printing, for instance, is most conveniently conducted in rural districts, and in the vicinity of milk-farms; because the cloth after receiving the mordants, must be passed through a mixture of cow-dung and water, which, as we have already said, fixes the mordants in the cloth better than any preparation yet discovered. Cheapness of ground is an object of great importance in weaving by machinery, on account of the large extent of the power-loom sheds. Hand-loom weaving is the branch most independent of localities, and is therefore the most widely distributed.

Fustian weaving appears to flourish most on the southern and eastern frontiers of Lancashire, from Warrington round to Oldham. It is woven both by power and hand; and there are some peculiarities in the process which merit a description. Common fustian is a coarse, thick-twilled cotton, commonly called pillow; but corduroys, velverets, velveteens, and thicksets, belong to the same fabric, differing only in the fineness of the material, and the greater care bestowed on the superior article. In the process of twilling, the weft, instead of passing alternately under and over each thread of the warp, alternates at certain intervals, so as to bring three or more threads of the warp together, like the strands of a rope, at the determined spots, and bind them into one cord. The resulting texture is, consequently, thicker than cloth woven in the ordinary manner; but it is not necessarily much stronger, because the parts are less perfectly held together.

Ordinary cotton would be obviously too thin for outside clothing except in tropical climates, and the process of twilling has been therefore introduced, in order to accumulate a large quantity of material in a given space. Flushing is another process, originally borrowed from silk-weaving, sometimes applied to plain, but much more usually to twilled goods. Its effects are best seen in

velvets and in corduroys, which are in fact coarse striped velvets. Flushings are weft threads, which pass over certain parts of the warp without being decussated, and which, therefore, when the piece is woven, form loops on its surface. The patterns of the flushings may be almost infinitely varied by the use of extra warp or extra web, and by the introduction of different colours; but, in most cases, they are raised by additional shots of weft. In the weaving of the plain or tabby-backed velvets and velveteens, it is usual to throw in two shots of flushing for each shot of ground. Cords or corduroys are always twilled fabrics, and velveteens plain.

When the piece is woven, the weft threads intended to form the pile are spread over the surface in a series of loops, which must be cut through with a knife. This is a very delicate operation, whether performed by hand or by machine. The cloth is spread upon a table about six feet in length, and held in a state of tension by two rollers with ratchet wheels, one of which gives out the cloth, and the other folds it up, as the cutting of each six-foot length is completed. The knife is made of steel, about two feet in length, having a square handle at one end, and tapering at the other into a blade as thin as paper; a guide is fixed at the lower side, which prevents it from turning and cutting the cloth, and at the same time checks its elasticity. The operative, holding the knife in the right hand, places the projecting point under the extreme loop of the weft, and balancing his body on the left foot, like a dancer about to execute a difficult pirouette, pushes the knife straight through the entire length of the table, and repeats the operation until every loop is cut through; the cut portion is then taken up on the receiving roller, and the operation is repeated on a similar portion, which is at the same time given out by the delivering roller. Cords or corduroys are generally stiffened with glue previously to their being cut.



The machine for cutting fustians reverses the operation of the hand: in it the knives are fixed, and the cloth is drawn over them. Its superiority consists in

its having a series of knives, which cut all the loops simultaneously, while an operative can only cut one row at a time. The cloth is drawn up an inclined plane, on which the series of knives is fixed at a proper angle. The handle of each knife is inserted into the socket of a circular spring connected with a transverse bar, which, by means of the levers and arms attached to it, will throw the machine out of gear when the operation of the knife is impeded by any obstruction, such as a knot in the cord. Should the knife cut through the cord, its weight will fall on a transverse bar with similar appurtenances,

and the action of the machine will be immediately stopped. There is also a third contrivance of the same kind, in the possible case of the knife jumping up out of the series of loops which it is cutting. From this brief description it is evident that the great merit of this machine consists in its security against accidents; there are few machines, indeed, which equal it in the ingenuity of the contrivances for stopping the work when any thing goes wrong.

The loops being cut, the next operation is to raise the pile, and give it uniformity of appearance: for this purpose it is passed through the brushing or teasing machine, which consists of a series of wooden rollers, covered over with tin-plate, the surface of which has been burred or rendered rough by a punch. Over each of these rollers there is a block of wood, the under surface of which is hollowed out into a concavity corresponding with the roller. These concaves are lined with card-brushes; and being moved by a crank backwards and forwards in the direction of the axles of the rollers, they brush and raise the shaggy surface of the fustian as it passes over the rollers, and by their continued action render the pile uniform and smooth.

The pile or flushing adds not only to the warmth and beauty of the fabric, but by its resistance to friction greatly increases its durability. In order to perfect the smoothness of the pile, the cut surface of the cloth is singed by being passed rapidly over an iron cylinder kept red-hot. Both processes are repeated three or four times, until the surface of the cord is quite smooth and polished.

The bleaching and dyeing of the cloths are not different in principle from the processes already described; if anything they are more simple, as there are no printed patterns used. After being dyed they are stiffened with glue, and then rapidly dried by being passed over hollow cylinders kept heated by steam. Before they are ready for delivery it is necessary that both cords and velveteens should be polished: the former are well rubbed with a bar of wood on which coarse emery has been glued; the latter are finished by being slightly run over with bees-wax and then polished with a wedge of hard wood.

When smooth fustians are cut before dyeing they are called "moleskins," but if cut after being dyed, they are named "beaverteens." There are many other varieties of this fabric, but their description would only be interesting to persons engaged in trade. Enough has been said to shew how this peculiar process of weaving accomplishes the desirable results of increased warmth, durability, and susceptibility of ornament. Warrington also possesses manufactures of hardware goods, and the files made there are celebrated throughout Europe; they are fabricated of all sizes, from the coarsest rasp to the delicate tools employed for watches and mathematical instruments.

There is scarcely any provincial place which holds so high a rank in the literary history of England as Warrington. From its press the first newspaper ever published in Lancashire was issued; and it was also the first town in the

country from which a stage-coach was started. In the middle of the last century it was not unjustly called the Athens of the north of England. In 1757 an academy was established, which rapidly rose into celebrity under the direction of Dr. Aikin, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Taylor (author of the "Hebrew Concordance"), Dr. Enfield, and the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield. Mrs. Barbauld celebrated its opening in one of her best poems, which Enfield has preserved in his "Speaker;" a collection of pieces originally made for the use of the students in Warrington Academy. The anticipations of the poetess were unfortunately not realized: some disputes arose between the trustees and the professors; the establishment was broken up in 1783, and from its fragments a college was formed at York, which has been recently transferred to Manchester.

The literary tastes created during the flourishing days of the Academy led to the establishment of a library, which is still excellent; and to an extent of publication almost unparalleled in the provincial press. Howard's great work on Prisons was printed at Warrington, under the superintendence of Dr. Aikin; and from the same press were issued most of Mrs. Barbauld's poems, the earlier writings of the late Thomas Roscoe, the works of Dr. Ferrier, Gibson, and many others. The taste thus created is not extinct.

Before taking leave of Warrington, it should be added that the town has a well-conducted grammar school, and a blue-coat school which, from the number of bequests made to it, appears to be an established favourite with the inhabitants.

Warrington has the advantages of an agricultural mart, and there is a greater appearance of comfort and neatness in the habitations of the poor than we have found in most towns of Lancashire.

Bradley Hall, in the neighbourhood of Warrington, is supposed to occupy the site of one of the castles of the Haydocks, a powerful family in Lancashire at the time of the Plantagenets. The moat and the remains of the gateway still attest its former greatness.

At the distance of three miles north from Warrington all traces of manufacturing proximity are lost; we are close to the village of Winwick: this sequestered spot, which forms almost a rural oasis in the manufacturing districts, is supposed by Archbishop Usher and other eminent antiquarians to have been the site of Cair-Guintguic, one of the twenty-eight British cities which according to Gildas existed at the time of the Roman invasion. Traces have been discovered which seem to prove that the great Roman road between Warrington and Wigan was constructed in this direction.

A better authenticated tradition identifies Winwick with the favourite residence of Oswald, King of Northumbria, and points out the vicinity of its venerable church as the spot in which he fell fighting against the pagans of Mercia, A.D. 642. This church, belonging to the richest rectory in the kingdom, stands on a little hill adjoining the wood and rookery. It is a large

irregular building, built, or more probably repaired, at different ages, but still having sufficient unity amid the varieties of its styles to shew that it represents a structure of very remote antiquity. The edifice consists of a tower, nave, aisles, two private chapels and a chancel. The tower is built in a massive style of architecture, but is much disfigured by a buttress on one side, which rises above the castellated parapet. This appears to have been an addition of a later period than the original structure, and it was probably erected to remedy some defect in the foundation on that side. Above the parapet rises an octagonal spire, of light and elegant proportions, surmounted by a vane, which is a conspicuous object to the surrounding neighbourhood, and very useful as a land-mark for the boundaries of adjoining properties. The body of the church is entered by a massive porch, over which there is an inscription, so injured by time as to be quite illegible. There is however a Latin inscription, in Saxon letters, on the cornice of the south wall, which can be deciphered, though not without some difficulty. It is to the following effect:—

THIS PLACE, O OSWALD, FORMERLY DELIGHTED YOU MUCH.

YOU WERE KING OF THE NORTHUMBRIANS, NOW IN HEAVEN.

YOU POSSESS A KINGDOM, HAVING FALLEN IN THE FIELD OF MARCEFELD.

WE BESEECH THEE, BLESSED SAINT, TO REMEMBER US . . .

The rest is very much defaced, but it intimates that this part of the edifice was rebuilt about the middle of the fourteenth century.

The roof, which is supported by beautiful frame-work, was erected in 1701, but the gentlemen who superintended the structure had the good taste to preserve the character of the older roof, and to introduce several of its ornaments: the most conspicuous of these is “the eagle and child,” the well-known cognizance of the Stanley family; the valuable patronage of this church having been granted to Sir John Stanley in the reign of Henry VI., and it has ever since been enjoyed by his descendants. The nave is separated from the aisles by five indented arches, supported by clustered columns and fluted capitals. There is a beautiful organ in the west gallery, which though a modern gift to the church, has been so judiciously placed as to harmonize with the antique character of the building. The windows are very inferior in architectural beauty to the rest of the edifice, and the buttresses between them are quite dilapidated.

The chapel on the south side belongs to the family of the Leghs. It contains several monuments: one of which has a male and a female figure of brass, representing Sir Peter Legh and his lady; and records that the knight, after the death of the lady, took vows of celibacy, and entered into holy orders. He survived her nearly thirty years, and died at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The chapel of the Gerards contains several curious monuments, the most

ancient of which has the following inscription, in church text, on the bottom of a fringe of brass which borders the tombstone:—

HERE LIETH PEERS GERARD ESQUIER, SON AND HEIRE OF THOMAS GERARD, KNYGHT
OF THE BRYNE, WHICH MARRIED MARGARET, DAUGHTER TO WILLIAM STANLEY OF
HOTON, KNYGHT, AND ONE OF THE HEIRES OF JOHN BROMLEY KNYGHT, WHICH
DIED THE 19TH OF JUNE 1492, ON WHOSE SOWLE GOD HAVE MERCY. AMEN.

A full-length figure of the knight sheathed in plate armour is recumbent on the tomb; it is made of brass, and is executed with a greater degree of artistic skill than most monuments of the fifteenth century.

Winwick Church is very rich in monumental brasses, some of which are very curious. We were informed that one of these, with an inscription in Hebrew, had been found about twenty years ago in the churchyard, but we were unable to discover the subsequent fate of this unique curiosity.

Few parishes in England have so large a number of endowed charities as Winwick. There are no less than thirty-seven enumerated in the Report of the Charitable Commissioners. There was some years ago a laudable custom of remitting the year's rent of their cottages to six poor labouring families, selected for industry, piety, and general good conduct. A painted board stating this fact used to be exhibited outside the cottages of the families thus distinguished, and was regarded justly as an honourable mark of distinction by the inhabitants.

St. Oswald's Well is about half a mile to the north of Winwick church, and affords the strongest corroboration of the identity of this place with Marcefeld (battle-field), where Oswald fell twelve centuries ago, defending his religion and country against the sanguinary pagans of Mercia. Bede says, that this Well was originally formed by the piety of pilgrims who visited the spot where the Christian champion fell. Each was anxious to obtain a portion of the earth which had been consecrated by his blood, until at length a deep fosse was scraped in the ground, and that this, finally, was deepened into a well. An examination of the spot renders this legend far from improbable; even at the present day the earth and water are supposed to be possessed of peculiar sanctity, and from it all the neighbouring Catholic chapels are supplied with holy water. The peasantry are said to attribute great sanctity to the old communion service preserved in Winwick church. The flagons and cups are of pewter, covered with red paint, but nothing is known of their history.

At Winwick, the Scottish army under Baillie, after the defeat of the Duke of Hamilton near Wigan, made a vain attempt to stop the progress of Cromwell. After a brief resistance, the Scotch were forced to yield themselves prisoners, on the single condition of having their lives spared: they were carried prisoners to Warrington.

From Red Hill to Newton the road presents nothing remarkable, but Newton itself has been changed by the railway from a decayed borough into a thriving village.

Some of the most interesting and stupendous works connected with the Manchester and Liverpool Railway are in the immediate vicinity of Newton. We may particularly notice the Sankey Viaduct, which carries the railway



over a considerable valley, and also over the canal. It is supported by nine arches of brick and stone, each of fifty feet diameter, and from fifty to seventy feet in height. There is a smaller viaduct over the Newton valley, under the arches of which the Newton river and the Warrington turnpike-road pass.

There is nothing remarkable in Newton itself, save some ancient houses of frame-work, round one of which, dignified by the name of "The Hall," there are still some faint traces of the old moat. At the distance of about three-quarters of a mile to the north there is an ancient barrow, nearly thirty yards in diameter, and nine in height. It is covered with oaks, the age of which must manifestly be counted by centuries, and is supposed by antiquarians to be the memorial of some great battle between the Saxons and the native Britons. There are large glass and vitriol works in the neighbourhood, and extensive iron foundries, with several establishments for the weaving of fustians and corduroys.

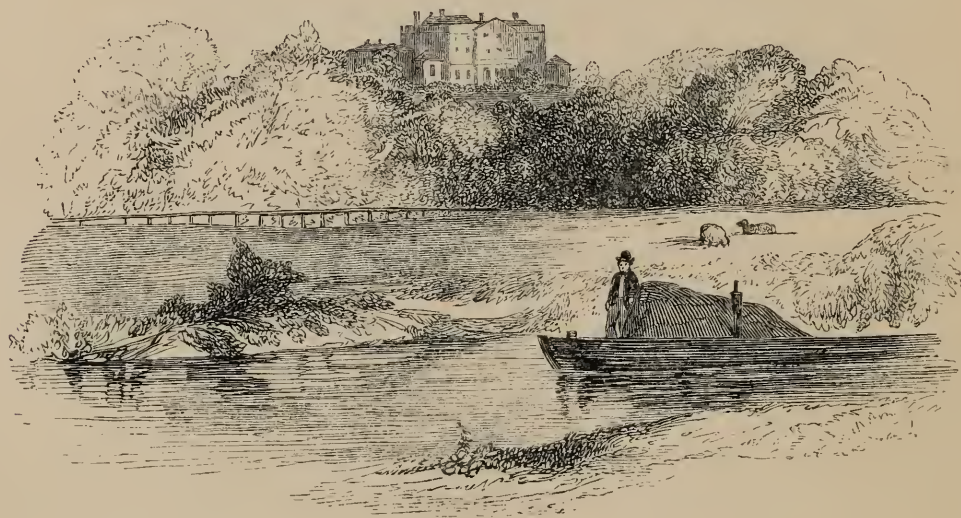
There is a good turnpike-road from Newton to Leigh, which passes through a rich and interesting country, though not much diversified by hill and dale. The chief landed proprietors are the Legh family, whose seat is at Lowton.

Leigh Church, in the township of West Leigh, is very similar in its construction to the church of Winwick, but the architecture is inferior. A private chapel on the north belongs to the Tildesley family, and contains the remains of Sir Thomas Tildesley, the most distinguished of the royalist leaders at the battle of Wigan Lane.

The town of Leigh enjoys a considerable share of the cotton trade, and a portion of the silk. We have already mentioned that very plausible claims to the invention of the spinning-jenny have been made on behalf of Thomas Highs, a native of this town. But having already noticed this claim in a preceding page, it is unnecessary to say more upon the subject in this place.

To the north of Leigh is the township of Atherton, containing several manufacturing establishments, and the thriving village, or rather town of Chowbent. In the early stages of the cotton-manufacture, the best spinning-jennies and carding-machines were said to be made at Chowbent.

Approaching Worsley, the rich meadows of Leigh gradually disappear, and the country offers to view chiefly tracts of pasture land and peat-moss. But the principal objects of attraction here are the wonders of art, rather than the beauties of nature.

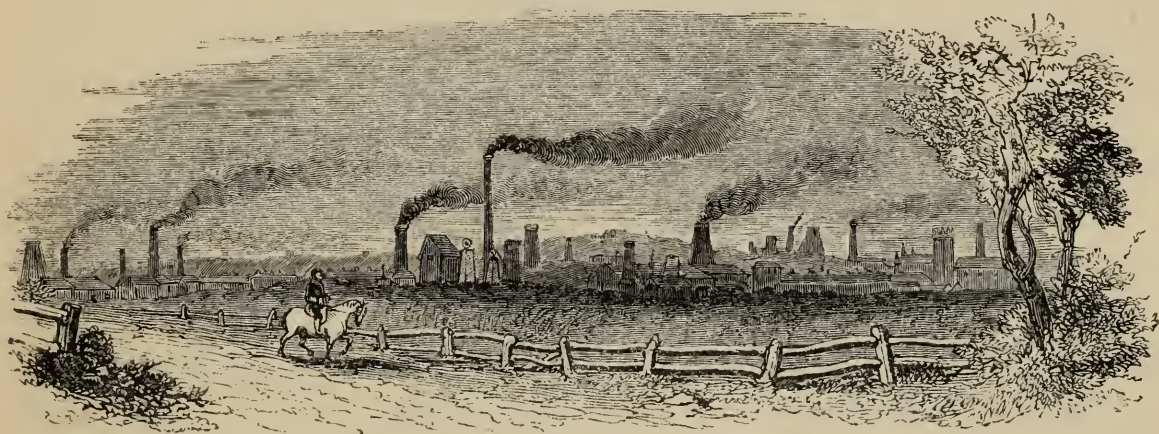


Worsley Hall is a modern edifice; but the Old Hall, though much dilapidated, is still in existence, and it contains some very extraordinary specimens of ancient carvings in wood, brought from Hulme Hall in Manchester. The date of the original foundation is assigned to the age of the Conquest, when this demesne belonged to an eminent hero of ancient romance, Elizeus de Workesley or Worsley, the first Anglo-Norman baron who volunteered to join in the first crusade; induced, it is said, by personal friendship for Robert Duke of Normandy, who abandoned his claims on the English crown and his paternal duchy to join in recovering Palestine. The hero of Worsley was famed for his numerous combats with Giants, Saracens, Dragons, etc., and is said to have been slain in an encounter with a venomous serpent at Rhodes, where he was buried.

Wardley Hall, partially occupied as a farm-house, has little to remind a visitor of its former greatness. It was anciently the seat of a family named Downes, which became extinct in the seventeenth century. Roger Downes, the last male representative of the family, is said in tradition to have been one

of the wildest and most licentious of the courtiers of Charles II. Once in a drunken frolic he declared to his companions that he would murder the first person he met. Sallying forth from the tavern he met a poor tailor, and ran him through with his sword. After several adventures of the same kind, he was killed by a blow of a bill on London Bridge. His head was severed from his body, and the latter thrown into the river; but the head, carefully packed in straw, was sent to his sister at Wardley House. Superstition now took up the tale: it was declared that the head could not be removed from the Hall; whenever it was carried away it was sure to return, and the individuals engaged in its removal were punished very severely.

St. Helens, originally an inconsiderable village, is now a very thriving town, and is likely to rise into a place of very considerable importance. Its prosperity must chiefly be attributed to the great abundance of excellent coal found in its neighbourhood, and its easy communication with the port of Liverpool, by railway and canal. In addition to the facilities afforded by the Manchester and Liverpool railway, there is a railway between the St. Helens coal-field and Runcorn-Gap, which affords a direct and cheap communication with the navigation of the Mersey. These advantages early pointed out the place as a favourable locality for the establishment of works in which great heat, and consequently a large consumption of coals, would be required, such as the smelting and refining of copper ores, the manufacture



of glass and vitrified pottery-ware, etc. Our artist has here given a distant view of St. Helens. Formerly, the establishments erected for smelting copper were on a very large scale; but they have now been for the most part discontinued, and the staple manufacture of the place is plate glass, which is carried on at Ravenhead, and is the largest establishment of the kind in England, affording employment to more than three hundred workmen. The first company for the manufacture of British plate glass was incorporated in 1773, and commenced its operations at Ravenhead; on its failure, the concerns were transferred, in 1798, to a new company, under the management of which the establishment has thriven beyond all expectation or precedent,

so as to render the British plate glass superior to that of any other country.



The seals of each company, shewing a portion of their mode of working at the several periods, are annexed.

The establishment at Ravenhead covers about thirty acres of ground, and is enclosed by a lofty stone wall, and secured by gates. Beyond the wall are the cottages occupied by the work-people, which are for the most part neat



and convenient, though not quite equal in comfort and appearance to the cottages of the operatives in other parts of Lancashire. At the first establishment of this manufactory, the workmen were brought over from France, as

they were from Venice when plate-glass works were established at Lambeth under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, in the preceding century. But now the great majority of the persons employed are Englishmen, and they have acquired a proficiency in the manufacture, superior to that of either the French or the Venetian artisans. This superiority arises not from the dexterity of the workmen, but from the application of chemical and mechanical science to the improvement of the several processes. Great jealousy is manifested by the proprietors in keeping secret the details of their processes, and although admission is granted by the manager on giving in names, yet questions are answered with caution, and any very minute inquiry is evaded. This proceeds more from a dread of foreign, than domestic rivalry; we were informed that emissaries from France and Germany are constantly on the watch, to obtain an insight into the methods by which the British have carried the manufacture to such high perfection, and that workmen supposed to possess secrets were enticed to emigrate by the proffer of very large rewards. The general principles of the manufacture cannot however be kept secret, and they are quite sufficient for a popular description.

Glass may be described as the compound of silex and alkali, formed by the fusing of both substances together; silex is flint or sand, and the principal alkalies are potash and soda. Great obscurity rests on the history of its invention, which appears principally to have arisen from authors confounding together perfect glass, and substances imperfectly vitrified. Although silex, under ordinary circumstances, cannot be perfectly melted alone, yet every one is aware that the stones and bricks of furnaces in which an intense heat is employed, assume more or less of a vitrified appearance; and this is more especially the case where wood is used for fuel. Some knowledge of the process of vitrification must therefore have been obtained when men became acquainted with the art of smelting metals, that is, at a period anterior to all existing records. The next step in the process would be the discovery of what is called a "a flux"—that is, some substance which will liquify more readily than the material primarily designed to be melted, and the action of which will render it more sensible of the operation of heat. Fluxes are used in melting all metals difficult of fusion, but they are generally separated again from the metal. In the manufacture of glass, on the contrary, it is necessary that the silex should be intimately blended with the alkali, and the latter therefore is both a flux and an ingredient; lime, or litharge, is added to increase the fusibility of the metal, and may therefore be properly regarded as a flux. In the manufacture of plate glass, manganese and the oxide of cobalt are used merely to ensure perfect transparency by neutralizing the slight tint of yellow which would result from the other ingredients. This is counteracted by the red tinge of the manganese and the delicate blue of the cobalt.

The efficacy of the alkalies, or rather the necessity of employing alkaline

substances, in order to effect the liquifaction of *silex*, is said to have been discovered by accident. Pliny relates that some mariners being driven by stress of weather into the mouth of the river Belus on the Phœnician coast, where the plant *kali* grew in abundance, kindled a fire on the shore to dress their food. The ashes of the plant were by the force of the heat incorporated with the silicious sand, and the sailors were surprised to discover transparent stones where their fire had been. It has been objected to the truth of this anecdote, that specimens of glass have been found in some of the oldest Egyptian tombs; but this might have arisen from the active intercourse between the Tyrians and Egyptians; and besides, it is notorious that the sands of the Belus were long supposed to be superior to any other for the purpose of making glass.

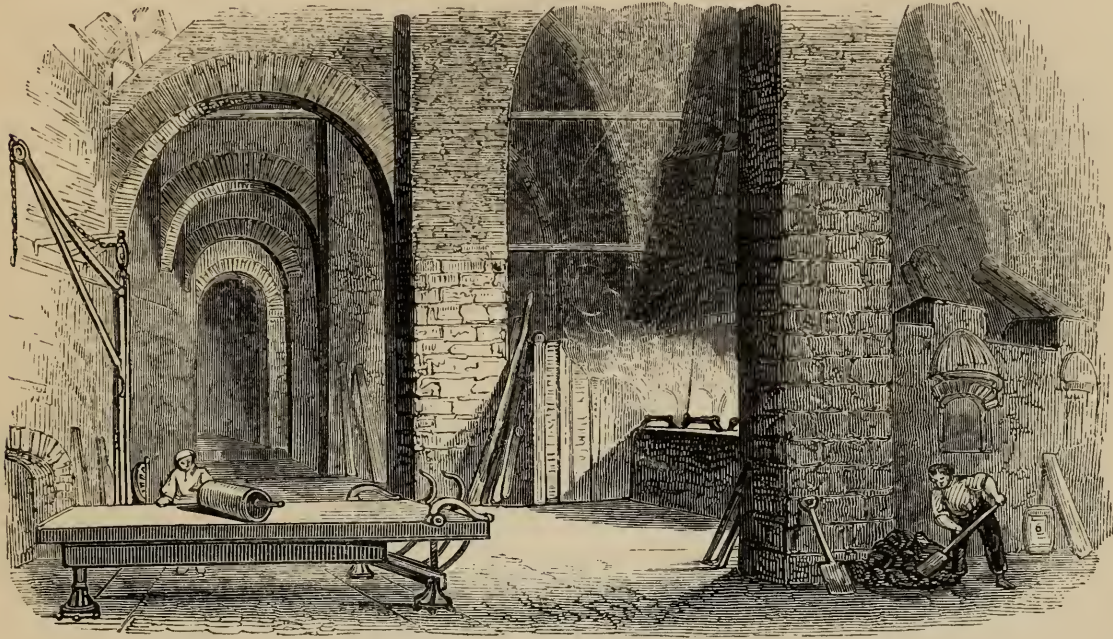
Sidon and Alexandria were the most celebrated marts for glass in the age of the Roman Empire, but their fame was eclipsed by Venice, in the Middle Ages, which for several centuries had almost a complete monopoly of the manufacture. The Venetian glass was blown, and was therefore of limited dimensions: the method of casting plates was commenced in France, by Thevart, towards the close of the seventeenth century, and being patronized by the government, it soon arrived at great eminence. The founders of the British Plate Glass Company imported their first workmen from France, but they have now surpassed their teachers, for the English mirror plates are produced larger than the French, and are universally confessed to be superior; and moreover, in consequence of the easier supply of fuel, they could be produced at a cheaper rate but for the duty, which exceeds *2s. 9d.* per superficial foot.

In the manufacture of plate glass, the first great consideration is the preparation of the flux, and in this kind of glass, soda is the alkali preferred. The soda is obtained from common salt (muriate of soda), a plentiful supply of which can always be obtained at St. Helens, from the salt-works of Cheshire. The salt is decomposed by being dissolved with the sub-carbonate of potash, and exposed to heat. The muriate of potash formed during the process is separated by priority of crystallization, and the requisite alkaline salt is then obtained by the ordinary process of evaporation. It is then analyzed, to determine how much real alkali it contains, and consequently how much sand it will require. According to Mr. Parkes, the following are the proportions of the materials necessary to produce a good plate, which will resist the action of air, water, and the common mineral acids—

Silicious sand washed and sifted	720 lbs.
Alkaline salt prepared as above.....	450
Quick-Lime slacked and sifted	80
Nitre	25
Cullet, or broken plate glass	425
Total	1700 lbs.

and this mixture will give on the average 1200lbs. of good glass.

The furnace in which the glass is melted, occupies the centre of a large building, called the Foundry. The foundry at Ravenhead is the largest apartment under one roof in Great Britain, being 113 yards in length, by a



little over 50 in breadth. The glass is fused in earthen pots or crucibles, which are placed in the central furnace, and exposed to the most intense heat. They have not only to endure the action of the fire, but also the solvent power of the glass itself, and of the fluxes which are used for liquifying the siliceous matter. In fact, the best crucibles gradually dissolve and mix a portion of their earth with the glass which they contain, and hence it is necessary not only that they should be composed of materials difficult to fuse, but also of earths sufficiently pure not to injure the glass should a portion of them combine with it. The crucibles or pots are commonly made of five parts of the finest Stourbridge clay and one part of old crucibles ground to powder. These materials are kneaded together by the feet of the workmen, a process which it has been found impossible to supersede by machinery.

The materials are prepared for the crucibles by a process called "fritting." They are calcined together by being exposed to a degree of heat sufficient to bring them to a consistence like paste. All moisture is thus effectually removed; for a drop of water in the materials, or a globule of air in the crucibles, would by its expansion produce an injurious explosion in the furnace. The carbonic acid in the alkalies and chalk is at the same time expelled, and an amalgamation of the different materials begins to take place, which gives uniformity to the subsequent process of melting.

The frit is cut into square cakes, and put into the crucibles in successive portions until they are quite filled. This is rather a tedious operation, because the frit is more bulky than the fused metal, and no new portion can be added until the preceding charge is melted down. As the materials melt and fuse

together, an opaque white scum rises to the surface, which is carefully skimmed away. This scum is called "glass-gall," and is useful as a flux to the refiners of metals. If not removed the glass-gall would be volatilized, and in its form of vapour greatly injure the furnace and the crucibles. As the heat continues the glass-gall disappears, and the glass throws to its surface minute bubbles, which burst on the top and become beautifully brilliant. The process from the cessation of the vapour of the glass-gall to the time when no more bubbles are thrown up, is called "refining." When it terminates, the metal has become uniformly liquid, clear, transparent, and colourless; and it is tested by taking out samples with an iron rod, and allowing them to cool.

When the glass is thoroughly refined, it is transferred in its liquid state from the pots or crucibles into a vessel or cistern.* This transfer is effected by means of a copper ladle about a foot in diameter, fixed into an iron handle seven feet long. As the cistern has been previously heated to a temperature equal to that of the glass, there is obviously a great danger that the copper would give way under the great heat and weight of the melted glass. To prevent such an accident, the bottom of the ladle is supported by an iron bar held by two other workmen. This process is one of the most severe on the persons employed, both on account of the heat and the fatigue. After the cistern has been filled it must remain for several hours in the furnace, that the air bubbles which were formed by pouring the liquid metal from one vessel to another should have time to rise and disperse. In many of the olden mirrors it is not unusual to find one or two air flaws, which greatly disfigure the plate, and render the reflections imperfect. The metal in the cistern is examined by taking out samples until it is ascertained that all the air-bubbles have been dispersed, and it is then ready to be removed to the casting-table.

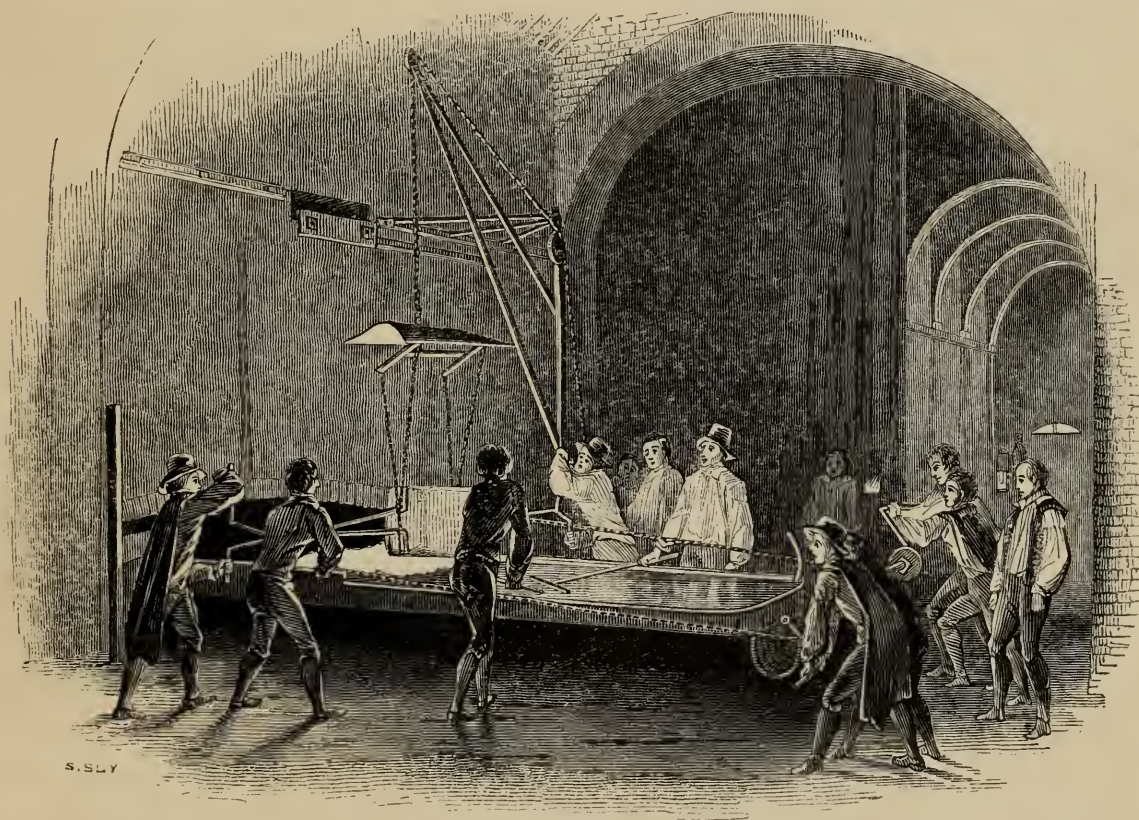
The casting-table in France, and formerly in Ravenhead, was made of copper, supported by solid masonry. It was supposed that copper would have less effect in discolouring the hot melted glass than iron; and many persons still retain this opinion. But copper is found liable to crack under the sudden accession of heat which arises from pouring over them the molten mass of liquid fire: the tables were thus rendered useless, after the vast expense which had been incurred in grinding and polishing them. Having met with several accidents of this kind, the British Plate Glass Company resolved to make a trial of cast-iron. It was not easy to obtain an iron plate of the dimensions they required; but at length they were able to cast one, fifteen feet in length, nine in breadth, and six inches in thickness. This massive table, including its frame, weighs fourteen tons; and it was necessary to construct a carriage purposely for its conveyance from the iron-foundry to the glass-house. It is supported on castors, for the convenience of readily moving it towards the mouths of the different annealing ovens. These ovens are placed in two rows on each

* The term for this vessel is when small a *cuvette*, the large a *mullion*.

side of the foundry, and are each sixteen feet wide, and forty feet deep. Their floors are exactly on the level of the casting-table.

Notwithstanding the vast size of the apartment in which these operations are conducted, the greatest precautions are necessary to prevent any disturbance of the atmosphere from the time that a casting is commenced until the surface of the glass is hardened. The opening or shutting of a door, or a current of air through a window, would produce a disturbance of the atmosphere which would ripple the surface of the plate and impair its value. Hence it is very rarely that strangers are permitted to view this operation, and we must therefore be contented to describe it from the accounts furnished by others.

When by inspection of the samples it is found that the melted glass in the cistern is in that state which experience has shewn to be most favourable to its flowing readily and equably, a signal is given, to ensure the perfect tranquillity necessary to the complete success of the operation. The cistern is



then drawn from the furnace and removed to the casting-table, which has been previously heated with hot ashes and perfectly cleaned. The melted glass also is carefully skimmed, to remove any impurities which may have collected on the surface; for the mixture of any foreign surface would infallibly spoil the plate. As soon as this is done the cistern is raised by a crane, so as to be at a small height above the upper end of the casting-table. It is then tilted over, and the melted glass pours out like a flood of fire, flowing and spreading in every direction upon the table between two iron ribs, the

intervals between which determine its breadth, and their height above the table its thickness. While the glass is still fluid, or nearly so, a heavy copper roller, turned very true in a lathe, passes over it, resting on the ribs by which it is confined, and it rolls out the glass into an equable thickness through its entire length. Should the cistern contain more melted glass than is necessary to fill the table, the surplus is received in a vessel of water placed at the extreme end for the purpose; but if the glass falls short of the required quantity, a moveable rib is shifted up the table, so as to give a square termination to the plate, and prevent unnecessary waste. Those who have seen this operation describe it as very splendid and interesting. The flow of the molten glass over the metallic table appears like a lava flood issuing from a volcano. The plate, as the copper roller passes over it, exhibits a great variety of rich hues; and the gradual disappearance of these as the metal cools is one of the most beautiful optical effects that can be produced. This operation requires the aid of about twenty workmen, each of whom has his particular duty assigned him.

As soon as the plates are sufficiently cooled, they are pushed by main force from the table into the annealing oven, and spread out one by one in a horizontal position. As each oven is filled, the mouth is closed with an iron door, and the crevices stopped with clay, until the annealing process is completed, which it usually is in fourteen or fifteen days. Without the process of annealing, glass of any kind would be liable to fly with the smallest change of temperature, and would break with the slightest scratch or touch, or even without any apparent cause of external injury. In cast glass the annealing requires more care and time than in blown glass, and the slightest inattention would infallibly produce ruinous results. The extreme fragility of unannealed glass is ascribed by some to mechanical, and by others to electrical causes. The well-known experiments of Rupert's drop and the Bologna phial seem to prove that it arises from the external portion being disproportionately contracted when the glass is suddenly cooled; and hence, when air is by any means admitted into the porous interior, the atoms near the surface, being placed in a position of mechanical disadvantage, are unable to resist its force and pressure.

When the plates are thoroughly annealed they are taken out and squared, carefully inspected, and should any flaws or bubbles appear, the plate is divided by cutting through the places where they occur. They are cut with a rough diamond guided by a rule, similar to that used by glaziers; but as the plate is thicker than ordinary window glass, the diamond requires to be managed with more skill. After the diamond has cut a line sufficiently deep to guide the fracture, the rough ends are broken off by the hand or by a hammer, and any splinters which may adhere to the plate are removed by pincers. Flaws and inequalities are most common near the extreme, and therefore in squaring the glass care is taken that the line of

fracture should pass through them, because imperfections near the edge will be concealed by the frame.

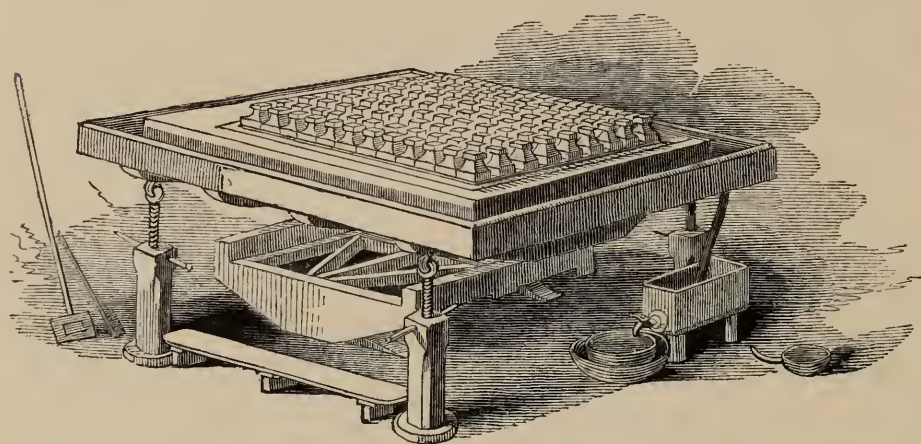
The smoothness of the table and the perfect surface of the copper cylinder are not sufficient to ensure a true face to the plates; for this purpose they must be ground. The machinery constructed for this process at Ravenhead is the most perfect of its kind in existence, and is worked by a steam-engine. The operation consists in rubbing one plate horizontally over another, the grinding substance being placed between them. Common sand was the first material used, but this was found to wear away too large a portion of the glass, and also to diminish its lustre, from the admixture of ferruginous particles with the glass. Powdered flint, thoroughly purified, is now used instead of sand; and we were informed that this has produced a saving of more than fifty per cent. The rough action of the powdered flint is subsequently corrected by grinding the plates with charges of emery. The next process is similar to the grinding, but termed smoothing; the emery dust increasing in tenuity until the last charge used is an almost impalpable powder. Polishing is the completion of the grinding process, and is also worked by a steam-engine. Great dexterity, watchfulness, and judgment are essential to the success of the operation. The plates of glass are firmly imbedded in plaster-of-Paris, and placed under polishers formed by compact wool-padding upon blocks of wood. These are constantly traversing up and down; and the machinery, by giving the plate a slow lateral movement, causes it ultimately to be polished all over. The material used in polishing is *cachomar*, or *crocus martis*, which not only is the best substance that can be employed for the purpose, but has also the additional merit of enabling the workman to judge of his progress and success, by the aid he receives from its colour.

The plates are again carefully inspected before they are transmitted to the warehouse. They are always divided with a reference to keeping any flaws or imperfections at the edges of the squares, and also with a view to keeping the plates as large as possible. This latter purpose is closely connected with the profits of the business, for the prices of the plates per square inch, rise in proportion as the plates increase in size, as may be seen by referring to the Company's list of prices. It is indeed very difficult to obtain a perfect plate of the largest size. In spite of all the care and caution that may be employed, there will be flaws and imperfections in the great majority of castings. Air bubbles will escape the ken of the most practised eye, and they very often remain undetected until the plate has come into the hands of the polisher.

The broken pieces of glass and uneven ends cannot exactly be called waste, because, as we have seen, *cullet* or broken glass always forms an ingredient in the original frit. There is, however, always a waste in the re-melting, and consequently a necessity for preventing an accumulation of cullet. Some years ago an effort was made to turn the refuse and scoriæ of glass to account by pressing them into the shape of bricks. The experiment succeeded to a

considerable extent; but the bricks were found very costly, and the use of them entailed an additional expense in cement, as they could not be well held together by common mortar, and the project is now virtually abandoned.

The last process connected with the manufacture of plate glass is that which is usually called "silvering," but which should rather be named "tinning," since it consists in covering one side of the plate with an amalgamation of tin and quicksilver, so as to reflect the rays of light. This is a very simple operation; but great nicety and dexterity are requisite in the manipulation. A table of slate or stone is provided: round this table there



is a groove or channel to carry off the surplus quicksilver; and the table rests on a pivot, so that it can, when necessary, be changed from a horizontal

into an inclined plane. This slab or table is first fixed horizontally. A sheet of tinfoil, rather larger than the plate, is spread and carefully smoothed. As much quicksilver, in its liquid form, is then spread over the foil as will lie steadily on its surface without overflowing; and a linen cloth, the width of the plate of glass, is spread upon that end of the table. The plate is then brought to the table, and made to slide steadily on to the foil charged with quicksilver. Great care is required in this operation, because the plate must dip in the quicksilver and push the metal before it, in order to remove any impurities or oxides which may rest on the surface of the quicksilver, and also to prevent the formation of air bubbles between the amalgam and the plate; but at the same time it is necessary to prevent the plate from coming into immediate contact with the sheet of tinfoil, which would infallibly be torn by the slightest touch. When the entire plate has been brought into its position, and has dropped gently on the foil, it is heavily loaded with weights covered with flannel, to squeeze out the superfluous quicksilver, the escape of which is further facilitated by giving the slab a gentle slope, and increasing the inclination by slow degrees. A day or two afterwards the plate is carefully lifted up and turned over; its under side is thus covered over with a very soft amalgam made by the quicksilver and foil. Several days however elapse before the amalgam has acquired the proper degree of hardness; and during this period globules of quicksilver drop from the lower edge of the plate. So long as the amalgam is in an imperfect state, portions of it are liable to be

detached from it by any electrical changes in the atmosphere or violent concussions of the air, such as a thunder-storm, a very high wind, or the firing of artillery. It is impossible to apply an adequate remedy to such an accident, for patching is immediately detected by the wheat-seam which marks the line of contact between the old and the new amalgam. In most cases, when an imperfection is detected, the amalgam is removed and the process of silvering repeated from the very beginning.

Before the Ravenhead Company had perfected the manufacture, the action of light on plate glass long exposed to the solar rays was very remarkable, which may be clearly seen in some windows to this day; it acquired a violet or purple tinge, arising from some chemical used in the mixture. If portions were taken from the same plate, and some of them exposed for a few months to the light while others were kept covered, the difference between them became so great, that persons unacquainted with the circumstances could hardly be persuaded to believe in their former identity. Different plates exhibit a great difference in their susceptibility of this action. It may however be said that blown plates are more readily acted upon than cast plates; and the French and some other glasses even now in time acquire a yellow tint, whilst that manufactured by the British Company does not change.

The blowing of plate glass differs from the ordinary glass manufacture chiefly in the workman blowing it into the shape of a cylinder instead of a globe. While yet soft, the cylinder is cut open with a shears, and flattened out. Plates of a larger size than fifty inches by thirty, cannot be produced by blowing; but by casting, plates have been obtained measuring one hundred and sixty inches by eighty, or nearly ninety square feet of glass. One now at the Reform Club-house in Pall Mall is about one hundred and fifty inches by ninety, and supposed to be the most perfect plate in the world.

St. Helens is a township in the parish of Prescot mentioned hereafter, and may be said to contain the four townships of Sutton, Parr, Windle, and Eccleston. It is uninteresting in appearance—straggling and irregular; built of red brick; is ill-paved, dirty, and lies low. It has a neat town-hall, which contains a news' room, magistrates' court, and police office. The church of St. Mary is a large building erected of brick; the other churches are St. Thomas, built by Mr. Greenall, M.P. for Wigan, provided for by a small endowment; one at Eccleston, outside the town, built by Mr. Taylor, of Eccleston Hall, and a chapel of ease to St. Helens at Parr. A canal runs from St. Helens to Runcorn Gap, passing close to Warrington, and joining the Mersey: it is one of the oldest in England. Of the railroad from St. Helens to Runcorn, about three miles is used as a branch to the great Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and numerous colliery railways run into the line, connecting with it the different works.

There are many Irish in St. Helens, and about four thousand Catholics, also an Independents' chapel, and a Quakers' meeting-house of great antiquity.

All sides of the place exhibit tall chimneys and dense smoke ; the chemical works around exhale sulphurous vapours, and many of the inhabitants have their houses out of the town in consequence.

Parr, a straggling outlet of St. Helens, contains a great proportion of the coal pits. Some of the houses have sunk ten or twelve feet below the surface, others have the walls leaning or tottering. These townships owe their rapid rise to the coal, situated over part of a "*field*," extending to perhaps fourteen or fifteen square miles; and being of excellent quality. There are great numbers employed in the pits; in some nearly as many as two hundred people, about a third of whom are women. A proprietor engages a collier, who himself excavates the coal alone, and he employs either his own family (if he have any), or pays assistants, generally women and children, to convey the coal which he has cut out to the foot of the shaft; these are called wagoners, who push it in baskets on a kind of railway laid along the different levels. A collier would pay twelve or thirteen shillings a week to these assistants; but if they are of his own family he saves money, as generally his wife and all his children are employed in the pits, and he can thus make on an average forty shillings a week, if he have two or more assistants in his own family. He gets ten and sixpence for what is called a "work," which is seven tons, and thus acts more in the character of a contractor with the proprietor for the delivery of coal than as a regular labourer. The hours of work here are generally seven or eight, or from three or four A.M. to eleven A.M.

In the pits the women wear men's dresses, and are undistinguishable from the other sex except by their hair or earrings! The moral condition of the people is low, owing to the system of bringing children into the pits at eight years of age; they are in many cases totally uneducated: a child too once set at work never leaves the employment; the mass are very ignorant, and although not uncivil, are still rude and uncouth in their address. Infant schools have been instituted, but these are of trifling use. There are a few "night schools" where some of the older children and adults attend; but a system of education, encouraged by the proprietors, is much wanted. The health of the colliers is generally good, as the pits are of an even temperature, and accidents from explosions are rare.

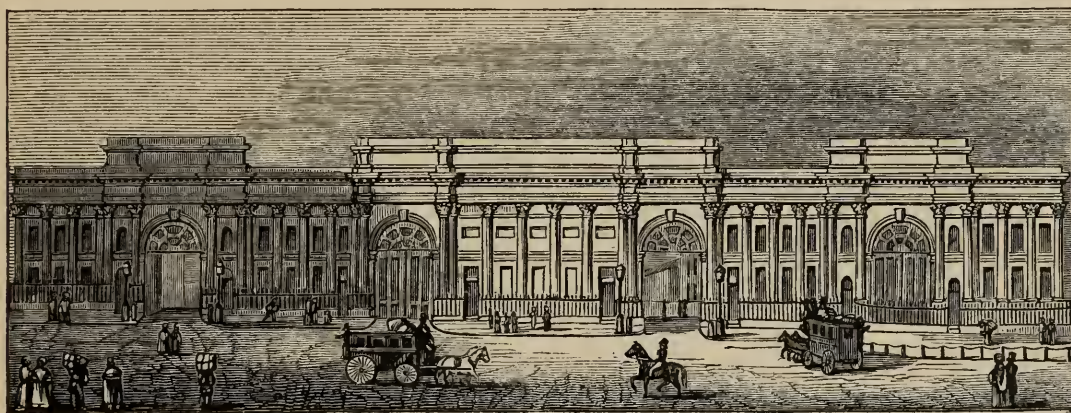
The principal manufacture of St. Helens, as already shewn, is glass. A species intended to supersede the plate, has been lately manufactured in the town, and is called German glass, made by foreign workmen, principally Belgians, introduced by Mr. Pilkington in 1841. This glass is not cast, as plate glass is, but made somewhat in the mode of window or crown glass, and intended as a cheap substitute for plate.

In one of the opening pages on entering upon this account of Lancashire we alluded to the prevalence of red sandstone along the shores of the Mersey, which upon approaching Liverpool by the railway will be seen cut into deeply a good part of the way from Newton. In this formation the great tunnel is



excavated, which passes under the town, commencing at Edgehill, and looking as if it led to the shores of Avernus. Here we imagined the fictions of Eastern romance were about to be realized; we mean those which relate, how from dark and mysterious caverns descending towards the heart of the earth some magician leads the hero of the tale, or he is conducted by a talisman in his possession, until he suddenly finds himself in a palace of enchantment, or in delightful gardens where the trees bear emeralds and rubies more valuable than the golden apples of the Hesperides. We are carried along by invisible agency, through or rather under the earth, and know not what country is above our heads in our state of purgatorial darkness, which we imagine is to prepare us for something out of the common way. All at once, when we think we are approaching the centre of "the great globe itself," we emerge into day, and find, it is true, no enchanted palaces around us—no Hesperian gardens—but one of the finest towns in the world; the abode of industry and of opulence; the home of commerce and magnificence, familiar to those far sojourners who inhabit "realms that Cæsar never knew,"—whose merchants are princes, and whose name is borne in ocean leagues "thrice from the centre to the uttermost pole" by all the winds that blow—we are in Liverpool!

Passing out under a fine gateway constructed of freestone,—part of the



elegant architectural front of the railway station here exhibited, measuring above three hundred feet in extent,—we hailed the sunbeams with double pleasure after our mole-like inhumation, proceeding to the well-known street of hotels, Dale-street, and "ensconcing ourselves at the sign," or perhaps we should say hotel, of the Victor of Waterloo.

The first half-hour on entering a large place is passed in resolving, re-resolving, and frequently making up the mind to nothing at all; and in this plight we commenced our rambles about the second commercial town in the kingdom. Liverpool is not without those great lines, or principal thoroughfares, which are the best guides to the stranger, and are not only acquired by a single glance at a map, but recognised afterwards with facility by the multiplicity of passengers and the display of elegant shops which they are certain

to exhibit. The parliamentary boundary of Liverpool, returning two members, comprises the townships of Liverpool, Everton, Kirkdale, and part of Toxteth and West Derby; but the township and parish of Liverpool, which are the same in superficial extent, cover only 2202 acres.* Dale-street, terminating on the south at the Mersey and Docks, and continued up Shaws'-brow to the eastward, along the London-road, Pembroke-place, West Derby-street, Edgehill, and the Wavertree-road, constitutes with them a central line of division, running east and west. This line is crossed at the end of Dale-street, before ascending Shaws'-brow, by Byrom-street upon the left hand, leading into New Scotland-road, and then into the Kirkdale-road, by which the suburb of Everton is attained. On the right, where the Old Haymarket once stood, a street, generally thronged with people, called Whitechapel, curving to the right at its farther extremity, and crossing the end of Lord-street, enters Paradise-street, this last terminating in Hanover-street near the Custom-house. Thus we mapped the town in our "mind's eye" in four grand divisions, carrying the last line of street, though not without an obtuse angle, into Dale-street on the left from Paradise-street, and so up to the Cemetery of St. James.

Liverpool stands partly upon the red sandstone formation and partly upon loam and sand; the climate is subject to rain, and the atmosphere is consequently moist. It ranges along the northern shore of the Mersey in magnificent docks, communicating with that river by intermediate basins. The Mersey is about 1200 yards broad between the Lancashire and Cheshire shores opposite to the docks, but higher and lower down it is much broader. This river rises from the union of several small streams within the borders of Yorkshire, receiving the waters of the Goyt, Bollin, Irwell, and Weaver, and is first called the Tame; it forms a wide though shallow stream, in which mud-banks accumulate and shift continually. The height of the tides which rise here, fifteen at neap, and thirty feet at spring, obviates much inconvenience from this cause; and vessels of seventy or eighty tons can ascend the river to Warrington, the spring tides rising nine feet at the bridge in that town. The scenery in the vicinity, except about Toxteth Park and Everton, is monotonous, everywhere exhibiting a noble town lying in the foreground, with distant views of sea and hilly land. Whoever desires a knowledge of Liverpool and its vicinity should ascend the tower of St. George's Church at Everton. The more distant scenery, towards Wales, will be found the most attractive part of the prospect, for we visited this spot; and although compared to Liverpool beneath, it is airy and pleasing, we prefer the higher part of Toxteth Park looking down the Mersey, the interesting part of the view from Everton being too distant; but of Everton and its vicinity we shall say more presently; it suffices now to observe that it lies in the north-eastern quarter

* According to Mr. Butterworth's most useful and carefully compiled "Statistical Sketch of Lancashire," containing much valuable information.

of the old town of Liverpool. Toxteth Park, partly within the borough, once belonged to the Earls of Derby, in 1591 was disparked, and the Sefton family got possession of it in 1640, when it was subsequently occupied by farms; a large portion is now let by Lord Sefton in building lots. It lies on the south-east of Liverpool, along the shore of the Mersey, in the Kirkdale division of West Derby hundred, and extends over 2397 acres. The portion within the borough of Liverpool is called Harrington. Edge-hill and Low-hill, on the east within the borough, are in the township of West Derby and parish of Walton-on-the-Hill; Kirkdale, on the north within the borough, is a township in the parish of Walton.

The rapid progress of Liverpool in commercial opulence and extent of building is without a parallel in the history of towns. In 1700 the population was only 4240; and the marriages were in that year but 34; christenings 131; burials 125. Leland speaks of Lyrpole, alias Lyverpole, as a paved town, probably as many of the turnpike-roads in its vicinity are now paved, having only a chapel, its parish church being at Walton. There were only 138 householders living there in 1565; but it increased so considerably as to resist Prince Rupert in 1644, being on the side of the Parliament, and having

round it a mud wall and a ditch with a castle. Of what Liverpool was after the chapel of St. Nicholas was made the parish church, and before a second church was erected, the following engraving of old Liver-



pool will give a correct idea.

In 1730 the inhabitants had increased to 12,000; and the first vessel, except a small sloop, sailed to Africa on the piratical traffic in slaves, now abolished, happily for humanity. One dock had been made, and an Act was applied for to make a second in 1738; and in 1740 the population had reached 18,000. The slave-ships increased from 15 in 1730, to 74 in 1760, when the town had 25,787 inhabitants; and a new dock was finished in 1771; while in that year 105 ships sailed for Africa. The internal canal navigation, belonging to the Duke of Bridgewater, now began to benefit the town. A theatre was built in 1772; and in the following year a census was taken, and the houses inhabited found to be 5928, having 8002 families and 34,407

inhabitants; the deaths annually being one in $27\frac{1}{2}$ of the population. In 1774 no less than 989 British and 61 foreign vessels entered Liverpool, and about the same number cleared outwards; and in 1784 there were of British 1217, and of foreign vessels 1446. In 1793 they had increased to 1704 British and 1739 foreign; and in 1805 the number of vessels of all kinds was 4618. In 1815 the number was 6440; and in 1819 the dock duties had reached 117,962*l.* annually, and the ships 7849; while in 1840 the number of vessels attained 15,998; and the dock dues (in 1752 only 1776*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*), reached 197,477*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The customs dues are between four and five millions sterling, the cotton imported reaching a million and a half of bags. The imports approach a value of twenty millions: the exports exceeding that sum by a fourth; and it is calculated that 1800 tons of goods pass daily between Liverpool and Manchester. This will furnish an idea of the magnitude of the trade of this mighty town, which is said to possess a traffic equal to one-half of London, one-fourth of all the foreign trade of the empire, one-twelfth of the shipping, and one-sixth of the general commerce. During the war it sent to sea one-third more armed vessels with licenses to sail without convoy than all the other British ports put together.

The site of Liverpool is low, and we regret that upon examining the returns of the population for 1841, and comparing them with those of the births, marriages, and deaths, we should have found such a startling result—a result not so surprising to us as it would be had we not seen some of the older returns. In 1662, the baptisms were 30, and burials 30; in 1700, as above, the former 131, the burials 125; in 1800, the baptisms 3033, burials 3157. The births registered in 1839, when a close approximation to correctness in the returns took place, were 7128, deaths 7437; in 1840, with a population of 223,054, the returns shewed 9990 deaths to 9925 births. We then went further, and made calculations upon a basis every way favourable; for we applied to the Population Returns of 1841 the Registrar-General's return of births and deaths for 1840 in Liverpool, consequently we applied them to nearly the tenth part of a clear increase more than we ought, and the result, compared with the totality of England exclusively of Wales, made from a table in which the decimal surplus population was deducted from England alone, gives the following figures:

	Birth to Pop.	Deaths to Pop.	Marr. to Pop.	Births to Marr.
Population of all England reduced to June 30, 1840, 14,767,751	1 to 31·07	1 to 44·45	1 to 125·29	4·03
Liverpool, 223,054	1 to 22·47	1 to 22·82	1 to 60·6	2·6

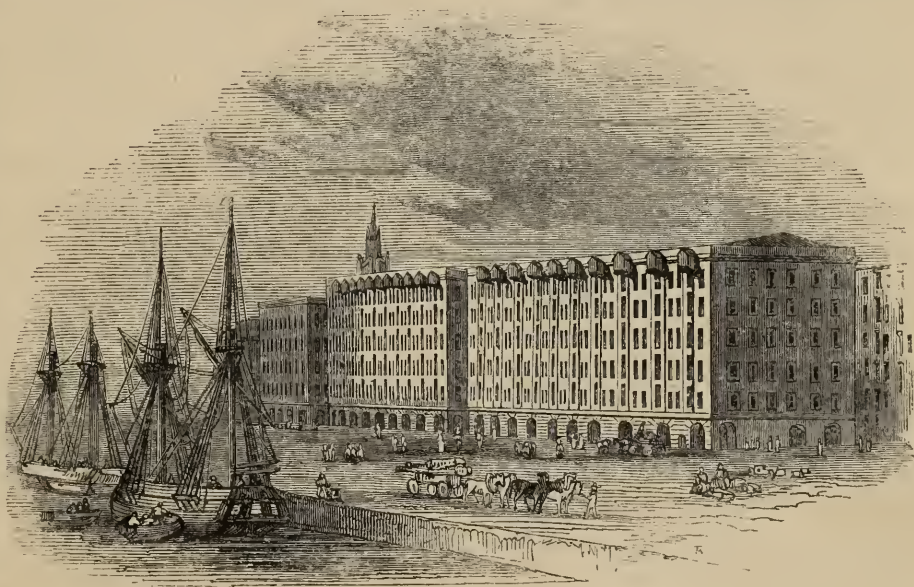
Here are puzzling anomalies; double the deaths and marriages, and little more than half the number of births averaged in the totality of England. This statement we have been the first to give so minutely on the returns of 1841, and we submit it with regret to the high-minded and public-spirited inhabitants of Liverpool, for they may perhaps probe the cause. It is evident

that the increase of 4821 inhabitants in the last ten years, must have arisen from the influx of new residents. Manchester and Salford increased nearly 26,000 in the same space of time on a population of 262,000.*

Before the Municipal Act, Liverpool was governed by a Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and a Council of forty-one burgesses; but the present Council under the Municipal Act, elected in sixteen wards, consists of forty-eight, who elect a Mayor and sixteen Aldermen. There are regular borough sessions, and a common and fire police establishment. In 1838-9, the Corporation income was 246,000*l.* and 101,000*l.* were expended in street improvements; and between 1786 and 1838, 1,688,496*l.* Their revenue is now 300,000*l.*; and it is a singular circumstance in the history of this wonderful town, that in 1793, though now so enormously rich, they were obliged to apply to Parliament for relief; and when they did this, the statement of their income for 1792 was only 25,000*l.*, the value of their property 1,046,776*l.*: and it may be concluded as the most flattering view they could take of their affairs, they were in debt 367,816*l.* The number of burgesses who elect the Town Council is 9406. The parliamentary electors, 3727 freemen included, were, in 1836—12,492.

We walked up Dale-street into Water-street opposite St. George's Dock, passing those extensive warehouses, with their long arcade called Goree Buildings, large enough to contain the cargoes of a navy of merchantmen. They were erected in 1802, in place of other warehouses that were destroyed by a disastrous fire, which consumed merchandise stored up in them to the value of nearly a million

sterling. These warehouses are five stories high above the arcade beneath; they form a uniform and extensive front of most imposing appearance and proportions, and face Saint George's dock, towards which

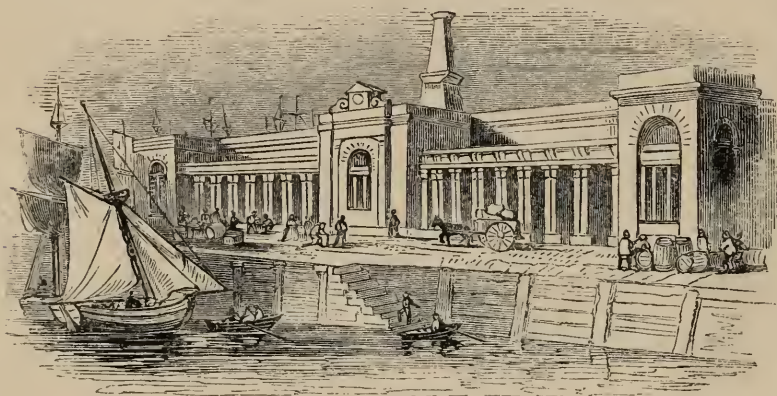


we were going, presenting the aspect here displayed by the artist.

From this point we set out to visit the northernmost division of the docks, and passing by the north battery, round the Clarence Docks, to take a glance

* This subject may be investigated by the reader himself through the Returns which we shall give at the end of this Itinerary.

at the lower part of the Mersey, and the entire port, over against what has been called New Brighton, on the Cheshire shore; in imitation, we presume, of the famed time-killing place of that name in Sussex. We first crossed an iron bridge at the end of St. George's dock; which dock was made in 1762, and covers 26,793 square yards of surface; having a communication with Canning dock, once denominated the "dry dock," on the east, built in 1738, and principally occupied with north country vessels. Canning dock has a quay 500 yards long, and communicates with Salthouse dock, yet more to the southward, which possesses an area of 2025 square yards, and a quay called Cornhill, having a building yard between that and the sea. We continued our route to the edge of the river, where passengers were embarking and landing from the steamers; always an amusing scene. The ladies, not all heroines, and some, we hope we are not ill-natured in the remark, evidently affecting a fear they did not really feel, could not but attract attention in the



way of condolence and kind offices. On the edge of the quay, behind St. George's Dock, are situated some of the most commodious and handsome baths we have ever seen, measuring 239 feet in length, divided into wings, one for each sex, replete with every con-

venience. The front forms a handsome sheltered colonnade of coupled columns, as here exhibited.

We next coasted the basin, having opposite to us the church of St. Nicholas erected on the site of the former chapel, and crossing sundry drawbridges passed down Prince's terrace, on the river side of the dock of that name. Prince's dock is 500 yards long, and covers 57,129 square yards; it was completed in 1821. The gates are forty-five feet wide, and thirty-four deep; and it is surrounded by a high brick wall, which seems to have been constructed with the utmost possible degree of durability; for, on the end next St. George's dock, they were taking down a portion of the wall but a perch or two in extent, and we observed that they cut the wall into pieces of a yard square, and carried away the portions entire, depositing them the flat way, one upon another, as if they had been single stones; an experiment by which modern brickwork in some larger and richer places than even Liverpool will not bear to be tested. We examined this dock internally, and then walked the whole length on the outside by the Mersey, watching the busy scene on the river where numberless vessels were moving. This walk measures 750 yards in length, and ends at a basin which we were obliged to walk a good part round to continue our march.

Of the foreign vessels in these docks those of the United States struck us before all others for their great beauty of form and superior neatness of condition. In Prince's dock they are seen to great advantage; their starred or striped ensigns waving peacefully in the breeze by the sides of those of the parent nation; and may they ever so wave! The accommodations they afford to passengers are not merely elegant but luxurious; and though in the strength of our vessels we may surpass them, in beauty of form, and capability of sailing, our ships are seldom their equals. The docks of Liverpool are a sight of never-ending novelty, and the busy scenes they continually present afford excellent studies of individual character from all countries—for what flag is not found there?—and of the capabilities and fruits of human industry. Here is the vessel deeply laden, just passing out of the dock gates for a voyage to the antipodes; there is another, destined perhaps to the “Indus,” and afterwards to “the Pole.” Now the weather-beaten rigging and patched sails of a ship, preparing to enter, speak of tempests encountered beyond the equator, or amid the icebergs and snowy coves of Greenland. It is not in the metropolis after all, where so much exists to distract attention, in which thousands must needs live who do not know where the West India Docks are, or that the Isle of Dogs possesses a canal, who see the colliers in the Thames, and believe they are the ships of traffic of which the newspapers speak—it is not in the metropolis, where all are so much occupied, so divided and scattered over so vast a surface, that our commercial relations in their visible *materiel* are to be comprehended with most facility. At Liverpool, the second commercial place in the empire, all is compact, immense though it be, and the surface comparatively small, so that although the results are great, they are under the glance. Liverpool led the way in the system of docks, placing the merchants' property beyond the reach of depredation; and she has proved by her great career the soundness of the maxim, that commerce, to flourish, must be left free, and not pampered by restrictions or laws enacted by those who have no just comprehension of trade or of the basis of its essential principle. The character of the Liverpool merchant has become well established for probity, another great element of success. “We may succeed for a time by fraud, by surprise, by violence; we can succeed permanently only by means directly opposite. It is not alone the courage, the intelligence, the activity of the merchant and the manufacturer, which maintain the superiority of their productions and the commerce of their country; it is far more their wisdom, their economy, and, above all, their probity. If ever in the British islands the useful citizen should lose these virtues, we may be sure that for England, as well as for any other country, the vessels of a degenerate commerce, repulsed from every shore, would speedily disappear from those seas whose surface they now cover with the treasures of the universe, bartered for the treasures of the industry of the three kingdoms.”*

* Baron Dupin.

It was impossible for us to look down that line of docks—so prolonged, so substantially constructed, so numerous, the quays covered with crowds of people, and the flags in the capacious basins displaying their many-coloured insignia—to see the north and south, and east and west, thus brought together in one pacific pursuit, and not feel that something must be due to the unflagging perseverance, bold adventure, and sound commercial judgment which concentrated so great a mass of wealth, such vast stores of the fruits of industry in a town a few years ago so insignificant as that its existence was scarcely known. It was no light effort, no fallible calculation in the way of trade, that raised such a place to be the second port of England, for such is the rank held and merited too by the British Tyre.

Such were our thoughts as we passed Waterloo Dock, comprehending 30,764 square yards of surface; and close by it Victoria Dock, but a few yards less in size, and next succeeding that of Trafalgar, larger than either of the other two, covering no less than 33,000 square yards. We finally reached Clarence Dock, the principal resort of the steam-vessels, opened in 1830, and having 29,313 square yards of surface. Beyond Clarence Dock are two new graving docks; and there this magnificent line of maritime receptacles terminates; a fort and battery, protecting the entrance of the river, being a very little way beyond. It must be remembered that we have only enumerated the northern half of the line of docks from St. George's, and that others remain of all sizes, to the southward, extending as far as the Borough limits.*

The Spaniards have a saying that he who has not seen Seville has seen nothing; and it may be said that he who has not seen Liverpool has not seen England. This town, vast in its commercial relations and full of handsome buildings and warehouses, that seem formed to receive the stores of empires, is like no other that we know, having something peculiarly its own, that marks a strong distinction. It is not like Bristol, with its antiquity and dirt; nor like Hull, nor Yarmouth, nor the Metropolis. Its appearance stamps it with a character wholly modern, while its gigantic constructions along the Mersey proclaim the triumph of modern science called into action by the wealth of commerce, producing results which in a country merely agricultural could never have so developed the capabilities of industry and science in powerful union—the law of commerce being that of progression in all things. Thus we continued to meditate as we beheld the Clarence Docks filled with vessels navigated upon a principle that is destined in process of time to supersede every other, and literally render Britons rulers of the waves.

Our attention being drawn to the side of the river by a group of steamers

* The dry basins of Liverpool cover 99,107 square yards. The different wet docks occupy a water superficies of 448,995 square yards; and bordering upon them are 15,613 yards of quay. In other terms the area of water in these magnificent works is 90 acres 3384 yards, and the quays measure seven miles 156 yards in length.

which had just arrived, we went over to them, and were much amused by the odd scene their decks exhibited. The stern part raised beyond the waist, as usual contained a freight of bipeds, old and young, some decently clothed, others in looped and windowed garments, conversing in a jargon that for what we knew might be Chaldee. The prolific virtues of the potatoe—to the horror of those economists who would subject nature to mechanical rules, that the few might profit by the self-denial and unhappiness of the many—was here shewn in the numerous progeny that accompanied the squalid but good-humoured passengers. The deck, from the waist forward, was crowded with sheep and pigs; so that it was difficult, without seeing it, to conceive the medley of living creatures and disgusting filth. While the animals on the deck were slowly driven along a plank up to the wharf, which was considerably higher than the vessel, sailors were busily engaged at the windlass, and presently we saw a large bullock emerge from the hatchway, like a lifeless log, suspended in the air by a rope round the body. The poor beast seemed paralyzed, for on being lowered upon the dirty deck he sunk down as if he had never known the use of his legs; but, on the sling upon which he was raised being pulled from under him, he rose as if he recollected himself, and “moved aft” as is the sea phrase. A second animal then slowly ascended to the light of day in the same manner, the sailors treating them all as unconcernedly as if they had been bags of cotton.*

The docks and quays next the river are bounded by a wall of hewn stones of great solidity and massy workmanship: unfortunately, the material employed is not the most durable. The red sandstone is perishable; and we were happy to see that in the repairs recently made, granite has been introduced. Had all the works here been constructed of this material, though costly from carriage, repairs not being required, it would in the end have been great economy. The docks have each a dock-master, and there is one harbour-master over all. The docks and quays are under the care of a police especially appointed for that purpose; and those who compose that body prove themselves both vigilant and able, as there is but little loss by plunder. The rules for regulating the dock business are rigidly enforced; and the government is vested by Act of Parliament in a committee of twenty-one, thirteen trustees and eight ratepayers. The trustees are appointed by the common council, and all retire in turn at the end of a given term, four at a time, but are eligible for re-election.

Keeping within the same quarter, namely, that we have described as situated between Dale-street on the east, and New Scotland-road northwards, we proceeded by the Mersey until we were nearly opposite the North Battery, when turning to the right we crossed into the Victoria-road, and passed along Great Howard-street to the gaol belonging to the borough,

* As far back as 1832, the value of the stock, grain, pork, and butter imported into Liverpool, was no less than 4,444,500*l.* within the year.

erected on the plan of the philanthropist Howard. It seems airy and well-constructed; but we were sorry to learn that its inmates were mostly unfortunate debtors. Here we caught a glimpse of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal; and glancing at St. Paul's church, we turned round, and going down Old Hall-street entered the Exchange under the arcade at the back part.

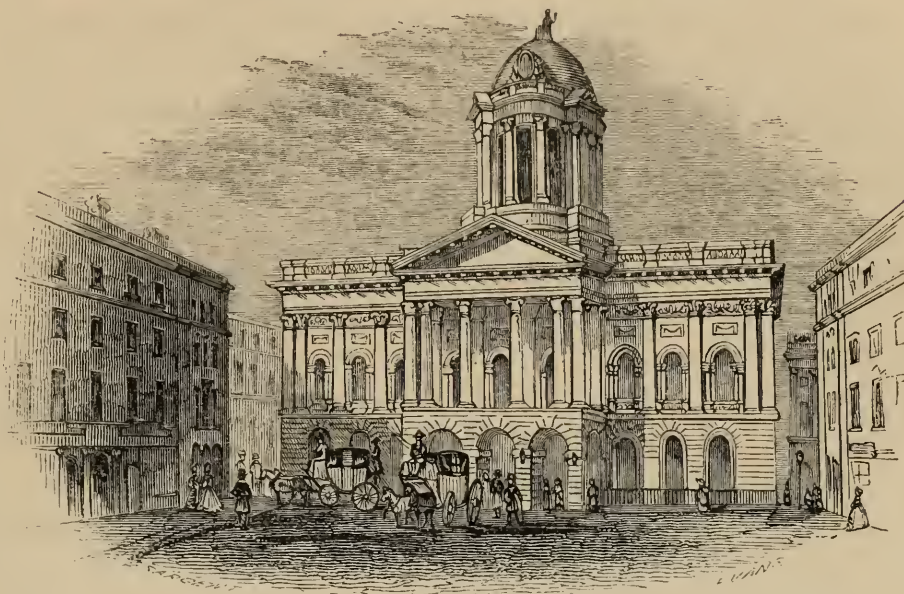


This fabric was begun in 1803, and cost 110,848*l.*, and is a handsome structure, forming three sides of a square, built upon an arcade of rustic work. The centre of the western side is composed of coupled three-quarter Corinthian columns, supporting caryatides. The wings and two other fronts have Corinthian pilasters over the basement. The arcade extends 197 feet by 178; and in the centre of the piazza, better decorated with a statue of the hero than the allegorical composition it contains, is a monument to the memory of Nelson, by Westmacott. As Commerce and Peace are twin-sisters, the piazza of a commercial exchange can hardly be deemed in character with a warlike monument decorated with trophies. The defect of the Exchange buildings is, that the Town-hall stands in the way of a substitute for one side, which it does not sufficiently fill: and the observer cannot exclude the idea that it is an unfinished work.

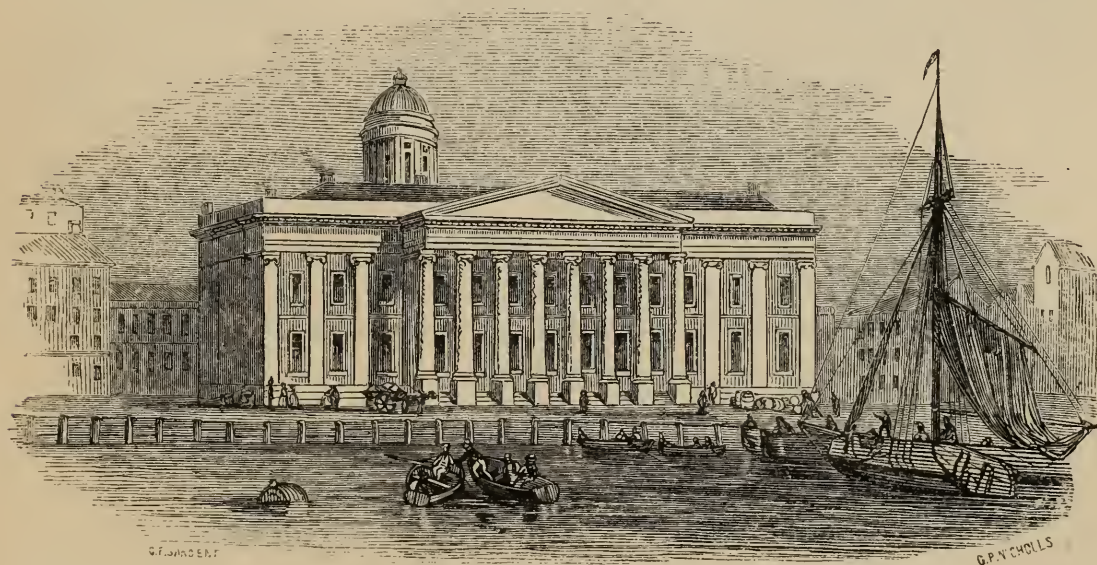
The Town-hall, a handsome Palladian building, was erected by Wood of Bath in 1749. The front has Corinthian columns upon a rustic basement, and is a beautiful and tasteful work; but over the top stands a cupola, which, when viewed from St. George's-crescent, seems to crush the building, being much too large to be sightly, although it has been considerably reduced subsequent to the original erection of the edifice. The interior, besides the rooms on the basement story, contains a saloon, opening from the staircase, thirty feet long; two drawing-rooms, about the same length and twenty-five high. There is also a ball-room, eighty-nine feet by forty-one; and a second, sixty-one by twenty-eight; a banqueting-room, fifty by thirty; and a refectory, thirty-six by twenty-one. The whole is elegantly fitted up; and on the landing

of the staircase there is a statue of Canning, by Chantrey, who had much attached himself to the town, as the town had to him. The external dome is crowned with a figure of Britannia, seen in the engraving.

Not far from the Town-hall is the Sessions-house, where the assizes are held for the hundred of West Derby. It is a plain building, extending in front 174 feet, constructed of stone, and used also by the Court of Re-



quests. Crossing Dale-street into South Castle-street, the New Custom-house is seen directly in front. This building, by far the finest in Liverpool, both in magnitude and architectural execution, was begun in 1828, by Mr. Foster, the architect to the corporation, and was erected by that body, who presented the land and completed the work—the cost, 150,000*l.*, being repaid from Government by instalments of 25,000*l.* annually. The basement is



vaulted for the reception of goods in bond; all the western portion is devoted to the customs, and the southern part is occupied by the General Post-office, above which is the Excise-office. The remainder of the building contains the Stamp-office, the Dock Treasurer's and Secretary's offices, the

Board-room and offices of the Dock Committee. This spacious and handsome edifice is built in the form of a double cross, one front facing Castle-street and the other Canning-place; and both fronts are of the Ionic order, on a rustic basement. It stands near where the old dock was situated, the walls being brought up from the bottom thirty feet and upwards below the street level. The material is a warm-coloured freestone from Cheshire; the extreme length 466 feet, and the width at the wings ninety-four. The columns are above fifty feet high, and five in diameter; there is nothing superfluous about the design; all is simple and grand, resting for effect, as may be seen, upon the magnitude of the parts and the harmony of the proportions.

The Royal Institution has nothing to boast of in its architectural details, having been originally a private house, which was purchased and altered for the objects that the founders had in view,—the promotion of literature, science, and the arts, by means of academic schools and public lectures; the encouragement of societies who may unite for similar objects; the collection of books, objects of art, and natural history; the formation of a chemical laboratory and philosophical apparatus, and the association of proprietors for these purposes; and it was opened in 1817, with a discourse from the venerable William Roscoe. The house with the wings extends 146 feet in front, and contains suitable apartments for such an institution, with an excellent Museum, consisting of objects of natural history, casts from antique sculptures, and everything that can contribute to extend the bounds of knowledge in a large and opulent town.

The Athenæum was the first thing of the kind established in this country. The building is neat and plain, possessing a library and newsroom, belonging to a body of 500 subscribing proprietors, and opened in 1799. The number of volumes in the library is 14,000: they do not circulate, but every accommodation for reading is provided in the building, which is in Bold-street.

The Lyceum, also in Bold-street, was established by subscription, and reckons 800 subscribers. The building was erected for the purpose, at an expense of 11,000*l.*; and the library reckons 30,000 volumes: there are separate rooms for reading newspapers and for periodical literature.

The Union Newsroom in Duke-street, and the Exchange Newsroom in the Exchange-buildings, are elegant saloons, devoted to the purposes which their names imply. There is also what is called the Underwriters-room in the Exchange-buildings, which is provided with newspapers and all kinds of publications relative to the shipping interest, resembling Lloyds in the metropolis. These are the principal, out of many establishments of a similar character, but of comparatively trivial extent. Among other scientific institutions, that called the Medical Institution, at Mount Pleasant, having a circular front, the curve of which is 198 feet, furnished with a lecture-room and museum, struck us as having a very pleasing effect; and bears a character of considerable utility. There is also an Apothecaries' Hall, erected at an

expense of 20,000*l.*; but it would appear that it is no more than a mercantile dispensary of drugs, unconnected with any direct scientific purpose.

A Mechanics' Institution was opened in Mount-street in 1835; the first stone of the building being laid in the same year, constructed of the Ionic order, but not completed; and possessing ample accommodations for every thing connected with such an establishment. The interior was nearly consumed by fire in 1837. The land was given by the corporation; and the edifice covers nearly an acre of ground. A Polytechnic School has been established recently in connexion with this institution. There is also an institution in St. Anne-street, founded in 1835, for supplying useful information and instruction to young men connected with professional or commercial pursuits.

The Royal Bank is an entirely new building, in the Grecian taste, which, while its exterior is remarkable for its handsome and chaste appearance, it is internally adapted with more than common ingenuity to the objects for which it was erected.

With public amusements Liverpool may be considered amply provided; and before the decline of the stage generally, from the falling off in actors or the change in public feeling, which dwelling upon the realities of existence

can find entertainment no longer in what is merely imaginative, and little beneficial either in the way of instruction or amusement—in fact, in the better times of the drama, Liverpool was celebrated for its patronage of the sock and buskin. The Old Theatre, built in 1772, situated on the east side of Williamson-square, is open from May to December. It has a stone semi-circular front, adorned with figures in relief, and the royal arms; the interior is convenient. The Liver Theatre in Church-street is opened only during the winter months, and is neatly fitted up for representations of the same kind as are given in the minor theatres of the metropolis. The royal amphitheatre in Great Charlotte-street, near St. John's-market, is an elegant edifice, well adapted to its object of exhibiting equestrian feats, pantomimes, and melodramatic pieces; the front covered with Roman cement, plain and



unornamented. There are ball-rooms, the principal called the Wellington Rooms, convenient in every respect for large assemblies, but characterized by nothing more than the better kind of accommodation required for such edifices.

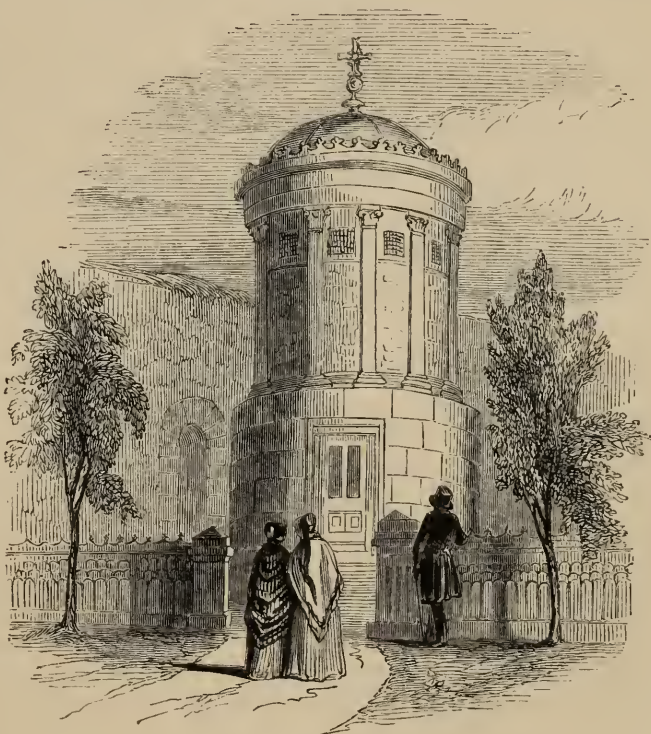
Chancing to visit the Post-office for our letters, the day being fine we directed our steps to the contiguous southern dock, which we have already mentioned, passing the end of the Duke's Dock, which belonged to the Duke of Bridgewater, and is now the property of his trustees. It was made to receive the flat canal vessels, and possesses large warehouses for the reception of the goods thus conveyed. From Wapping, we entered the King's Dock, to see the extensive tobacco warehouses which are built there parallel with the Mersey. These buildings are 575 feet long by 238 wide, and cover more than three acres and a quarter within the walls, being a huge house for the receipt of a duty that operates as a bonus to the smuggler; it is rented by the government. King's Dock covers 37,776 square yards, and has 875 yards of quay, the part nearest the Mersey forming a pleasant promenade opposite the broader part of the river. On the eastern side of the King's Dock is a basin which communicates both with that and a dock situated further in on the east, called Queen's Dock, much larger, for it covers 51,501 square yards, and has 1255 yards of quay. This dock is principally filled with timber ships and Dutch vessels, and it communicates with a dry dock, called Brunswick Half-tide Dock, and through that with Brunswick Dock, built in 1832; the two latter having together a superficies of 70,069 square yards, admitting vessels of 1000 tons. It is principally used by shipping in the timber trade. Brunswick Dock also communicates with the Mersey by a basin of its own; and further south, between Sefton-street and the river, are the Harrington Docks, applied principally to the timber trade, consisting of two wet open docks, 600 feet long. There are various basins or docks higher up the river, but in size they are insignificant in comparison with those we have enumerated. In this quarter of Liverpool, keeping in mind the four divisions to which we before alluded, and in which the Custom-house and Post-office stand, are St. James's-street and Mill-street, leading to Toxteth Park, of which all that is within the borough is laid out for streets, some completed, and many others begun. The high ground here affords a fine prospect across the Mersey into Cheshire, as well as over Lancashire. On the top of James-street taking Upper Parliament-street, situated upon the left hand; and on the left again, in the last-named street, we came upon St. James's Cemetery.

The proper approach to this last resting-place of mortality is along Duke-street, which is easily found from the Exchange, by going up Castle-street and turning to the left-hand at the Custom-house. This cemetery was once a quarry of red sandstone, and comprises altogether 44,000 square yards of ground, which is not as much as the Queen's Dock. It is surrounded by a wall and iron railings, and on the western side has rather incongruously

a public esplanade; but the peculiarity of the cemetery is, that it consists principally of catacombs, having ample doorways, amounting in all to one hundred



and five. There are four entrances; the interior is planted and laid out neatly, a chapel erected on a conspicuous part of the ground in the Grecian taste rising over all, the whole being very appropriate. Mr. Huskisson's remains rest near the centre of the ground, and a circular monument with ten columns surmounted by a dome is placed over them, and the statue of the deceased by Gibson in the centre beneath, habited in a toga. The fault of this cemetery in our view is, that it displays too much of art; it is an ornament of death formed in the midst of streets densely populated as if the King of Terrors in this thrifty nation must be made the most of, in the way of pecuniary return. In one spot in the cemetery we saw the site of a grave marked by a bed of flowers, and were told that this singular memorial had been a last request of the youthful tenant, a young lady, who fell a victim to consumption—"the fairest still the fleetest." There are several monuments in the ground displaying considerable taste, and a few which to us seemed offensive by the



fulsomeness of their laudations. As we left this last sojourn of mortals we were more than ever in the mind to agree with the author of the Minstrel:

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave—

The esplanade we have alluded to above, before the quarry was made into a cemetery, was a place of public resort, shaped for that purpose by one of the chief magistrates, and previously called Quarry Hill. His worship thoughtlessly, it being out of name for a public promenade, called it Mount Zion, thinking perhaps that there was no reason why a pleasant walk should not have a good name, upon the principle of a late divine, who applied to song tunes the words of the psalms, because it was "a pity that the devil should have all the good tunes." Thus Quarry Hill was exalted into "Mount Zion," but his worship's well meaning was misinterpreted by a fastidious Welch clergyman, who was "horrified" as the ladies say, at seeing the words, "bottled beer to be had," recorded upon the door leading to the Mount Zion of Liverpool. This was not all; the reverend gentleman invoked the Muse of Satire to his aid, and wrote some verses, which, after alluding to a sign of bottled beer upon the door of Mount Zion, concluded—

But thou who hear'st the poor man's prayer,
Protect the innocent and guard the fair,
And, if thou can'st forgive, forgive the Mayor!

The Mayor, evidently the best practical Christian of the two, had employed the poor out of work during a hard winter to make the walk. The name was next changed to the Mount; and then, to heal the breach entirely, it was placed under the tutelage of St. James, and is named at present St. James's Walk. The river, the verdant coast of Cheshire opposite, and sometimes the mountains of Wales, are visible from it, shipping and houses composing the foreground of the picture; but the finest objects are too far distant; while what is wanting in picturesque effect, being artificial, is too near to lay claim to more than a pleasing relief in the way of picture from the monotony of the street houses. But then this is so close at home as to be of inestimable value to those who can step upon it almost from their own doors, and it presents the town in all its expansion close at hand.*

* It is scarcely possible to look down upon the streets and structures between the Mount and the Mersey without calling to mind the late Lord Erskine's description of the effect produced by a similar prospect of this town. In his happiest vein of eloquence he says: "If I were capable of painting in words the impression Liverpool made on my imagination, it would form a beautiful picture indeed! I had before often been at the principal seaports in this island, and believing that having seen Bristol and those other towns that deservedly pass for great ones, I had seen everything in this great nation of navigators on which a subject should pride himself; I own I was astonished and astounded, when, after passing a distant ferry and ascending a hill, I was told by my guide,—'All you see spread out beneath

The Liverpool Infirmary in Brownlow-street, opened in 1824, having been removed from another site, is a handsome building, the front narrower than the back part, which is thrown out in wings. This front consists of two antæ and a cell, the cornice of which is supported by six Ionic columns, the antæ having pilasters. The depth from the front to the back is above a hundred feet, and the width from the extremity of one wing to another above two hundred. There are twenty rooms on the entrance floor, below which there is a suite of ground apartments. It contains twenty wards in all, with 234 beds; and the management is in a committee of gentlemen; a surgeon, matron, and four apprentices reside in the infirmary.



A Lunatic Asylum stands on Brownlow-hill, erected in 1829; an extensive building, which appears to be well regulated.

The other charitable institutions of Liverpool are numerous. There is an Ophthalmic hospital, which has relieved nearly 30,000 patients; a "Northern Hospital," accommodating sixty patients; a Lock hospital; and two Dispensaries, one of which is a handsome building, situated in the Vauxhall-road; both conducted by a general committee of the same individuals. We can only enumerate the principal of the other charitable establishments in this wealthy and magnificent town: namely, a blue-coat school, founded in 1709, having 250 boys and 100 girls;† a school for the indigent blind; a house of recovery; a strangers' friend society; a Welch charitable society; a penitentiary, and a county refuge for the destitute; a marine society; Liverpool charitable, ladies' lying-in, and district provident, societies; an institution for instructing the deaf and dumb, and numerous others. One other establishment, peculiar we

you—that immense plain which stands like another Venice upon the waters—which is intersected by those numerous docks—which glitters with those cheerful habitations of well-protected men—which is the busy seat of trade, and the gay scene of elegant amusements, growing out of its prosperity—where there is the most cheerful face of industry—where there are riches overflowing, and everything that can delight a man who wishes to see the prosperity of a great community and a great empire,—all this has been created by the industry and well-disciplined management of a handful of men since you were a boy.' I must have been a stick or a stone not to be affected by such a picture."

† The blue-coat school has an hospital attached to it; a plain building, constructed of brick and stone, erected in 1726.

believe to Liverpool, deserves to be honourably mentioned; it is the Charitable Institution House, erected for the accommodation of the committees of the different charitable societies connected with the town. Opportunities are thus afforded to the members of the different institutions of becoming acquainted with the proceedings of each other, by which mutual interference is prevented, and abuses of the charities rendered easy of detection.

Passing along Dale-street up Shaw's-brow, and keeping to the left through Islington and Brunswick-road, we came into the Derby-road in the north-eastern quarter of the town, and following this road for some distance reached the Zoological Gardens, which are upon the right just within the borough limit, near the West Derby Workhouse, and beyond the Necropolis. These gardens are laid out with a good deal of taste; and the ground being adapted by nature for such a purpose, irregular and spacious, comprising no less than ten acres, affords a variety of surface which admits of considerable picturesque display.



Nothing has been omitted here in the way of ornament; the trees, shrubs, and flowers are manifold in their varieties, and grouped with judgment. The animals are well accommodated, numerous, and apparently in good condition. Entertainments are given occasionally

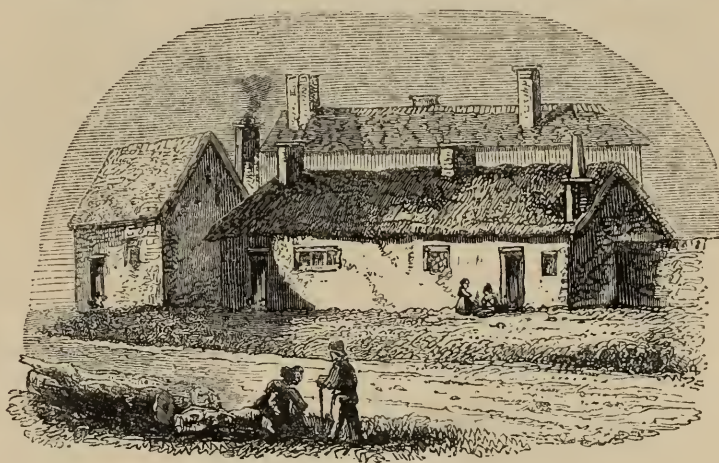
of the same nature as those in the Surrey Zoological Gardens of the metropolis; while Liverpool possesses, besides this interesting and valuable establishment, a Botanic Garden at the top of Edge-hill, extending over eleven acres, laid out with exact attention to the objects for which it was created. The cost of these extensive and useful undertakings is defrayed by subscription, abundantly indicating the munificence of the townspeople, as well as the great extent of their pecuniary resources, to which no other place out of the metropolis affords a parallel example.

The Necropolis is a cemetery of considerable extent, called locally the Low-hill Cemetery; and is surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing an oblong square of about five acres in superficial extent. A portion, ten feet from the wall all round on the interior side, is set apart for a colonnade, to receive tombs and inscriptions; but only a part of this, on one of the sides, is yet

completed; and the centre is laid out in an ornamental shrubbery. The entrance consists of a stone front, having two lodges, with Doric pillars between, supporting a cornice of the same order, remarkably neat and well-proportioned. The service of the Church of England, or any other, may be read here by the clergyman of the denomination to which the deceased may happen to belong; and a chaplain is appointed, who reads the service when desired without any fees, which service is that of the Church of England, with a slight alteration of one or two passages. The arrangements and care of the cemetery are under the management of a committee of gentlemen, who suffer nothing savouring of bad taste, indecorous or ludicrous, to appear in the mortuary inscriptions.

The Everton-road passes along the western side of the Necropolis leading into Everton village; an agreeable place, out of the bustle of Liverpool; and here, down what is called Rupert-place, yet stands the cottage occupied by Prince Rupert as his head-quarters during the siege of Liverpool in 1644. It consists of one story, and most probably stood alone in the fields at that period, though now surrounded by dwellings. It is whitewashed, and presents to the passenger the following aspect, appearing to be carefully preserved as a relic of the contest for absolute power in this part of the country between a monarch and his people.

It appears that Prince Rupert and the Earl of Derby, after having taken Bolton, went to make Liverpool an easy conquest, but found it defended by a mud wall on the east and north, having a deep ditch; and upon the wall, bags of Irish wool were piled, of which a large importation



happened just before to have taken place. A wide marsh inundated from the Mersey rendered the town inaccessible on the south-east side, and the streets in that direction were closed by gates defended with cannon; while on the south side was a strong castle surrounded with a wide and very deep ditch, well defended by artillery. Prince Rupert was repulsed again and again for above a month, with great slaughter; but at last, some accounts say by the treachery of the commandant, others by neglect in defending the side next the marshes, the place was entered, and all who were met put to the sword, except those in the castle, who capitulated. The town was very soon after retaken by Colonel Birch, and continued to remain true to the popular cause.

Everton is older than Liverpool, and not long ago was at some considerable distance from the buildings of the present town; standing upon

lofty land compared to Liverpool itself, and more than a mile from the boundary of the old town. The manor once belonged to John of Gaunt; by whose son, Henry IV., it became vested in the Crown, and there remained until in 1629 Charles I. sold it, as he did much of the Crown property, to raise money for his private purposes; and it afterwards was resold to Lord Stanley and Strange. Here was an ancient beacon, erected in the reign of Henry III., blown down in 1803, the site of which is occupied by the church



of St. George. This beacon consisted of three stories: the lowest was a kitchen, the upper rooms were described as spacious; and on an angle of the fort was a stone hollow for placing combustibles to be kindled in case of an enemy's landing, as it was conspicuous as far north-east as Rivington Pike and Ashurst Beacon. St. George's Church is a neat edifice, opened in 1814; the view from the top of the tower is well worth the trouble of an ascent. Everton is now

connected with Liverpool by several streets, which run parallel with Church-street and Domingo-road, having cross lines. Everton-brow and Brunswick-crescent run up from the town into the village, as well as Brunswick-road. Proceeding along the hill summit, and going northward, while passing a large house called St. Domingo, built with the spoils of privateering obtained from a ship belonging to what was then a French colony, a perfect view is obtained of Liverpool, the Mersey down to its mouth, and the more distant sea. In clear weather the higher Welch mountains are visible, as well as those of Cumberland, but in faint outline only. This eminence is about 200 feet above the Mersey, but the country round being low, with a good deal of water, this height will be found enough to afford a pretty extensive prospect. Following the road a little further, the village of Kirkdale appears; through and almost up to which streets are planned or completed in more than one line; the principal of these is called New Scotland-road, and terminates in Byrom-street on the south, and on the north crossing a parallel road called the Boundary-road, going through Kirkdale, and intersecting the Everton road nearly at the northern end of that village. Out of the Kirkdale-road on the left, along Castle or Smith streets, is the way to the Gaol for the

hundred of West Derby. This building is very large, stands in a healthful situation, covers 28,648 square yards of ground, and is adapted for 800 prisoners, who can be divided into twenty-two classes; possessing too an enormous treadmill, capable of admitting 130 prisoners upon it at once. The form of the building is circular, terminating in wings of a square figure, the chapel in the centre. The arrangements are considered to be of the best kind, particularly for apportioning punishments, and for separating offenders of different shades of guilt from intercourse with each other, which is effected by means exceedingly judicious. Kirkdale is a township of a very ancient date, and was the property of the De la More family in 1280. Their Kirkdale residence, a curious relic of antiquity, was lately pulled down; the name was Bankhall; it was surrounded by a moat, over which was a bridge leading to a turreted gateway, decorated with stone carvings; and this led to the inner court. The hall was open to the roof, and the beams and rafters covered with old carved work, representing implements of war, heraldic designs, and family shields.

The structures of Liverpool, applied to the purposes of religious worship, are numerous, as we have before observed. The only church that possessed a claim to antiquity was that of St. Nicholas, the earliest parish records belonging to which do not date before 1681: it was a chapel of ease under Walton-on-the-Hill, until 1699, when the town of Liverpool was made a distinct parish. There was once a statue of St. Nicholas in the churchyard; regarded as the tutelar guardian of seamen on proceeding upon their outward-bound voyages. This church is

seen in its pristine state in the wood engraving of old Liverpool; it was rebuilt in 1774, except the tower, and stands nearly opposite St. George's Dock. In 1810, as the congregation were assembling on a Sunday for divine worship, and about ten minutes before it usually commenced, the spire fell through the roof along the centre aisle of the church, owing to the ringing of the bells loosening the stones of the arches on which it rested. The chil-



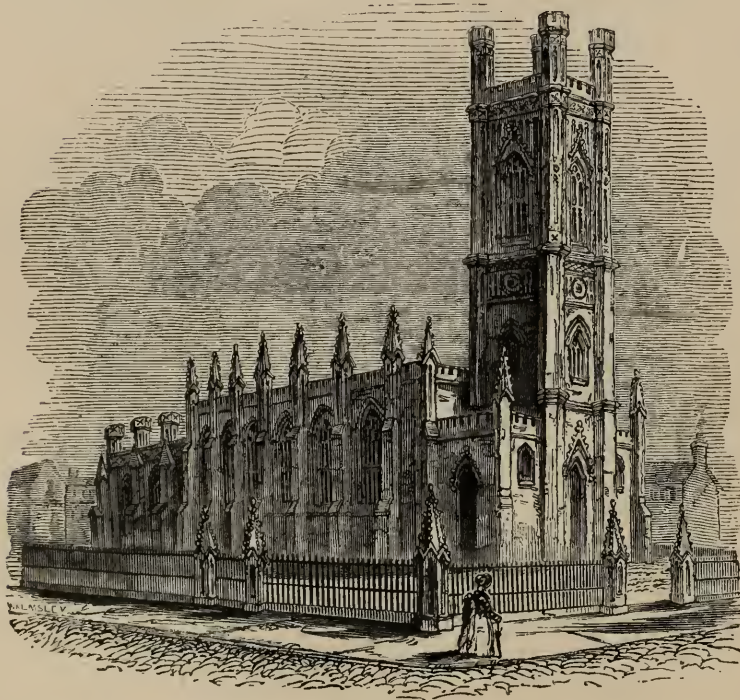
dren of the Moorfields charity were entering at the moment—the girls preceding the boys; but the latter all escaped, while of the others, twenty-eight were buried under the fallen mass, twenty-three killed, and five taken to the

hospital, of which number one died subsequently. The present tower was soon afterwards erected, so that no trace of the ancient church now remains.

None of the churches of Liverpool have any pretensions to extraordinary beauty or novelty of design, some being constructed with little regard to purity or simplicity, others with too much of pretension to what they evidently do not possess; but the same circumstances are only observable here in common with the metropolis.

St. Peter's church, built in 1704, is a plain and inelegant, but solid structure, having a heavy square tower terminating octagonally with a pinnacle at each angle: it stands in Church-street, and contains one or two monuments to individuals of the town; that to Mr. Cunliffe, a merchant of Liverpool, being marked by expense rather than beauty. St. George's church, built originally in 1732, has been rebuilt by Mr. Foster, the town architect, in the Doric style, with tasteful simplicity; though the lower part of the tower, supporting a double row of columns, is so sufficiently substantial, as almost to border upon heaviness.

St. Thomas's church is a very tasteless affair: it had originally a fine spire, but as it would appear that the noisy resonance of bells is almost a part of orthodoxy in Liverpool, and the ringing made it vibrate, the spire was sacrificed to the bells, and a heavy cupola ensures the safety of as much ringing as the pullers of the ropes choose to inflict upon the surrounding inhabitants. St. Paul's was erected in 1769; and compared to most of the other churches

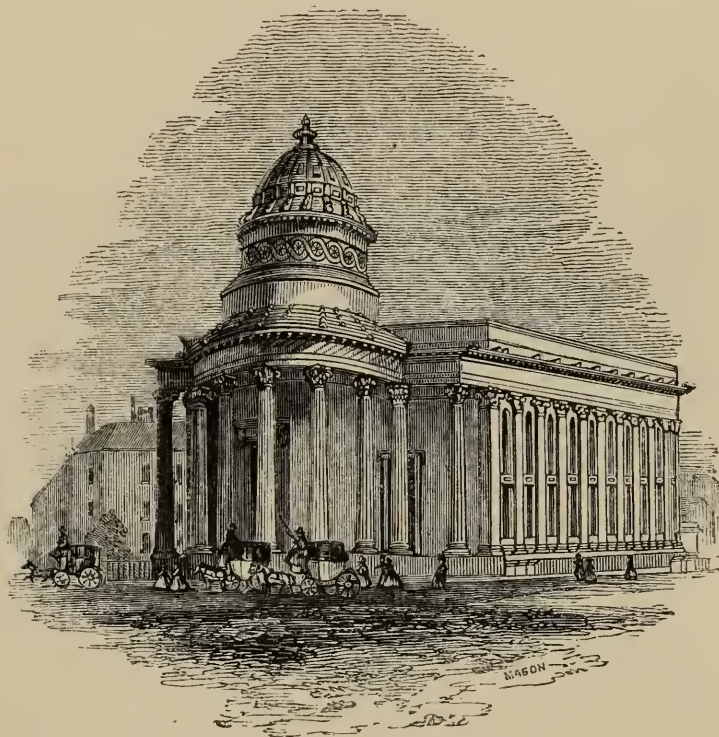


in the town, has an imposing appearance and an air of elegance; but it possesses none of the grandeur which the architect was solicitous of conferring upon it, by making it a copy of St. Paul's, London. The frog cannot successfully compete with the ox in architecture any more than in fable. St. Luke in the Anglo-Gothic, or pointed style, is exceedingly well wrought out by Mr. Foster, the corporation architect, of which this is a representation. St. Ann's church, placed

north and south—stark heterodoxy in ecclesiastical architecture—was built in 1770, at the expense of two private gentlemen: the galleries are supported by cast-iron pillars, said to be the first ever used for a similar purpose. Christ-church is a roomy and handsome edifice, built by a private individual, Mr.

Houghton, endowed by him, and opened for divine worship in 1800. The church of St. John was erected at the public expense in 1784. St. Philip's, St. Ann's, St. Michael's, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. James, and those of St. Stephen, St. Matthew, All Saints, St. Andrew, St. Mark, Christ, Trinity, St. David, St. Catherine, St. Bride, St. Matthias, St. Augustine at Everton, St. Jude; and the church of the indigent blind, built of stone, a copy of the temple of Jupiter in Egina, in the early Doric style; St. Peter's, and a floating church, are the principal places of worship belonging to the Establishment; besides which, there are several Episcopal chapels.

The Catholics have five chapels; the Wesleyans nine, the Baptists five, the Independents nine; the dissenters in all fifty-nine. We have only enumerated by name the principal churches belonging to the Establishment, which, including chapels, number together thirty-two: and including the places of public worship considered as attached to Liverpool on the Cheshire shore, the total number, belonging to all creeds, is 102, of which one is a Jews synagogue. The dissenting chapel recently erected by the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Raffles is remarkable for simplicity of design and chasteness of ornament. The Scotch kirk in Rodney-street is also a pleasing specimen of Grecian architecture; and the Wesleyan chapel in Harrington possesses a fine window of stained glass.



There are in Liverpool 75 Sunday-schools, with 16,000 scholars; evening schools, 43, with 548 scholars; day schools, including charity and infant, 648, having 28,916 scholars. There are thirteen medical charities: twelve provident, and twenty-three religious. There are fifteen literary institutions, twelve places of public amusement, and ten prisons.*

In the Corn Exchange in Brunswick-street an immense business is transacted. It is the great northern depôt for the agricultural produce of Ireland; destined to supply the demand of the manufacturing districts. Large quantities of corn are also brought coastwise from the ports of England and Scotland, so that the number of ships bringing corn to the port of Liverpool has been said to average one hundred per week.

* We copy here from Butterworth's Statistical Sketch.

The markets of Liverpool are remarkable structures. It was after dark on a Saturday evening that we entered that of St. John; a magnificent undertaking, sixty-nine feet longer than St. Paul's cathedral, and 135 feet wide—in fact an immense chamber, lighted by 136 windows, occupying two acres of ground; and supported by 116 iron pillars; having fifty-eight small shops along the walls, which have fire-places; 160 provision stalls, stands innumerable, and the whole lit up by 144 gas-lights, branching out of iron pillars. It was naturally crowded at the time we visited it; and the vast expanse, the lights, the buzz of voices, and the medley of people, young and old—here chaffing and haggling, there storing their purchases—while a river of existence continually flowed along each avenue, struck us more than anything at all approximating to it in character that we ever saw. St. John's is a vast brick building; but St. Martin's-market is handsomer and better proportioned; still the imposing magnitude of the first is wanting; for to us there is much more effect produced upon the mind by an ill-proportioned giant than by an every-day man. All these magnificent works were designed and completed by the active and public-spirited corporation of the town; which, in these respects has no equal, even where wealth is equally abounding, of which the metropolis affords a striking example.* St. John's Market is here represented.



There is nothing contributing to aid the main object of a great commercial population that is not carried into effect in Liverpool; all that wealth can command being directed to facilitate the acquirement of more wealth; not upon the principle of hoarding money acquired in every possible manner, as misers dispose of their riches, but the liberal employment of capital, based on the indisputable maxim that money must not be spared to clear the channels by which

* The houses of Liverpool are constructed both of brick and stone, and some of the streets are very spacious. Lord-street is a noble avenue, and the view towards the town-hall from St. George's-crescent

force or burthen, to the array of streamers we saw upon the breeze during one hour in the port of Liverpool. The advantage of Liverpool over Bristol was mainly attributable to a disregard of long-acquired habits of thinking in traffic, to a more liberal and generous spirit among the merchants, and to speculations which were limited only by calculations based upon those dictates of human prudence that must be generally successful, though still felt not to be beyond the possibility of solitary failure. When Liverpool flung off the inhuman traffic in slaves, which the government so long fostered and encouraged, she came forth like a giant refreshed; as if Justice were grateful for the renunciation of a traffic so disgraceful, and at once threw into her docks and warehouses, by an activity without parallel, the merchandise and riches of empires.

There is a statue of George III. on horseback, in Roman costume, near Pembroke-place and the London-road, which is of no great merit on the score of art, and is the work of Westmacott; its situation is exceedingly well chosen. There is something ludicrous to those who remember the King's person and manner in thus dressing him up like Julius Cæsar; it almost recalls the lines of Peter Pindar.

A street parallel with Rodney-street, terminating one end in Mount Pleasant and the other in Duke-street, bears the venerable name of Roscoe. The historian of Lorenzo de Medici is always coupled by foreigners with the town to which in his lifetime he was so attached. His celebrated collection of Italian authors, about three hundred volumes, is deposited in the library of the Athenæum, through a trait of character in a well known merchant of Liverpool, Mr. Rathbone, most honourable to his head and heart; for knowing that Roscoe regretted the loss of those works more than of any other books he possessed, he made the purchase of them at the sale of Roscoe's library, and presented them to his friend. Who would not envy Mr. Rathbone his feelings upon that occasion! Roscoe declined the present, unless upon the condition that they should be afterwards deposited in the Library of the Athenæum, where they now remain, in an establishment to form which we believe Roscoe was one of the chief instruments. No one knew this truly good and learned man but must have his fine Roman portraiture indelibly impressed upon his memory. We shall not easily forget the last time we were in his company, four individuals only being present, among them Ugo Foscolo, the great literary name of modern Italy; when Roscoe's equanimity of temper and firm bearing contrasted well with the fiery temperament of the Italian or Greek, as Foscolo at times affected to consider himself. Both have now slept for years with their fathers. Roscoe, born March 8, 1753, died June 30, 1831, and was of humble parentage, and self-taught; for he would not submit to the mechanical drudgery of the schoolmaster, even in the limited way in which his parents could alone afford him the elements of an education, since he possessed a better key to instruction than the rod of the pedagogue, having acquired the art of thinking for himself in his earlier years. At sixteen he was employed

in the office of an attorney as an articulated clerk, when he wrote verses, and contrived to acquire the Latin, French, and Italian languages. On the expiration of his articles he went into partnership with an eminent attorney of Liverpool, and soon managed the whole business, which obtained a high reputation. Giving up business with a competency, he entered himself in 1805 at Gray's Inn, intending to go to the bar, and was induced about the same time to join in a Liverpool banking-house, which failed and involved him in its ruins, when he resigned all his property to his creditors, but retained to the last day of his life the esteem and respect of every rank and degree of mankind, both in and out of England, for his fame was not confined to his native shores. Here is the house in which he was born, yet standing upon Mount Pleasant, a spot of ground which must have been apart from, and have commanded a fine view of, Liverpool fourscore years ago.

Although Roscoe is the great literary name of Liverpool, it is not the only one distinguished in a similar pursuit. Dr. Currie, of that place, wrote an excellent life of Burns, the first and best we have ever read; and Dr. Shepherd published a life of Bracciolini. Stubbs, the animal painter, connects Liverpool with the pictorial art by an excellence which



no one is inclined to dispute; and Deare, a very promising sculptor, was a native of the town; while in mathematics it was an honour to produce so distinguished an individual as Horrox. We believe the late Mrs. Hemans was also a native of Liverpool. The number and excellence of the literary institutions of Liverpool prove at least a fondness for the cultivation of the mind to be prevalent there.

Of the character of the inhabitants it does not become us to speak, from wanting a sufficient personal knowledge of the subject; but we may form some opinion of what it may be, from the elegance of the town, from the liberality of the institutions, the probity of the citizens, and corporate body, and from the absence in society of the ridiculous exclusiveness exhibited so much in other places, the offspring of pride and ignorance. Where commercial intercourse, personal and by correspondence, is continual with the inhabitants

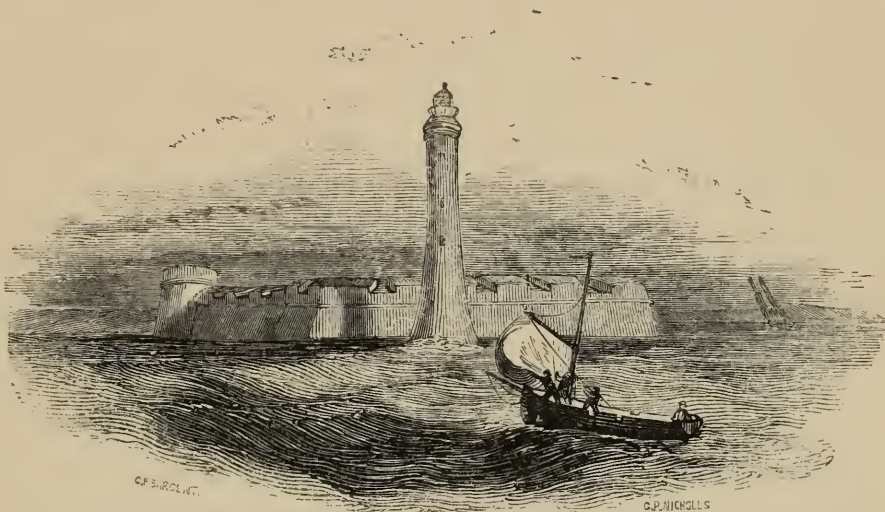
of all countries, there must be less prejudice, greater civility, fewer of the pretensions of class, more open and kindly manners, and a more frank and manly bearing than in places not so happily circumstanced for imbibing the sterling humanities of life, and for extinguishing the miserable spirit of bigotry and illiberality in private intercourse. Those who are solicitous for that of which they cannot estimate the worthlessness, and are content to exchange the weighty gold of simple warm manners for the hollowness of overwrought refinement, or the servility that chills while paying the compliment it secretly repudiates, must not, it appears to us, expect to find their social beau ideal in Liverpool.

The market days in Liverpool are Wednesday and Saturday ; but, as in other large places, merchandise and wares of every sort required by the population are purchaseable daily in all quarters of the town. Means of water communication exist, both by canals and rivers as well as on land by railways and roads, for the conveyance of all kinds of goods at easy and cheap rates. The exports consist principally of the manufactures of the counties of Lancaster, Stafford, York, Warwick, and Chester ; while the imports are of all kinds, but principally colonial ; and the coasting trade extends to every part of the United Kingdom. Small vessels can ascend on the Mersey and Irwell for thirty-five miles above Liverpool, by which much agricultural produce is conveyed. The steam-vessels plying at the different ferries across the Mersey, to the Isle of Man, to the north of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, are very numerous ; so long ago as 1830, no less than thirty-six sailed to and from Ireland alone, and the number now must be greatly increased. The limits of the port are “from the Redstones in Hoylelake at the point of Wirral, southerly, to the foot of the river called Ribble Water, in a direct line northerly ; and so upon the south side of that river to Hesketh Bank easterly, and to the rivers Astland and Douglas there, and so all along the sea-coasts of Meals and Formby unto the river Mersey, all over the rivers Mersey, Irwell, and Weaver.”*

Towards the mouth of the Mersey, from Runcorn downwards, there are commodious steam ferries, and many individuals whose business is in Liverpool reside on the Cheshire shore, passing backwards and forwards continually. The New ferry, Rockhouse ferry, Birkenhead ferry, Woodside and Seacombe, are the points in communication more immediately with Liverpool ; Woodside being the most ancient. North of Seacombe ferry is the magazine where the vessels inward-bound deposit their gunpowder. Near to the Cheshire shore, opposite Kirkdale, in the borough of Liverpool, but west of it, is the fort on Rock point, protecting the entrance of the Mersey. The principal face of the work is about 200 yards in extent, rising twenty-five feet above the water, mounting six thirty-two pound guns, with others at the angles which flank the faces, mounted on towers commanding the fronts respectively. This fort covers the entrance perfectly, as the channel by which vessels are obliged to

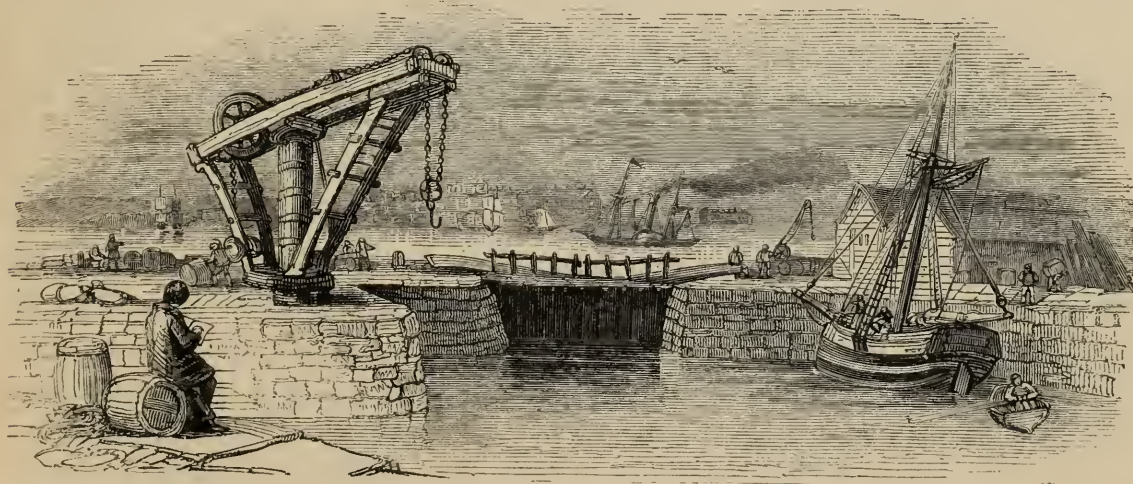
* Liverpool stands in lat. 53° 22', N. and 2° 30', W. long.

pass is not more than 900 yards wide, owing to the Burbo Sand, so that they must come within range of the guns. There are barracks for 100 men within the fort, which is completely insulated at spring tide. Heavy seas frequently break against the north-east and north-west faces, but these are defended from the spray by a strong course of masonry. Near the fort stands a fine lighthouse, exhibiting a revolving light of great intensity. It is built on the plan Smeaton followed at the Eddystone; the material being a very durable marble from the



Isle of Anglesey, carried up solid for a considerable height, and the stones dovetailed into each other, and cemented with puzzolano from the territory of Naples: the expense, defrayed by the Liverpool corporation, was 27,000*l*.

We have not before given the reader a representation of the entrance to a dock basin, and for this purpose introduce to his notice the gates of Duke's Dock, which, though by no means so large as those belonging to the docks of a later date in point of erection, are more picturesque, and admit over them a view of distant scenery. There lies beyond them, including the river, shipping,



and the Cheshire shore for a considerable extent, a prospect of novelty and interest, situated at no great distance from one of the ferries, and embracing an extended line of country.

From the Lancashire side, north of Liverpool, the fort and lighthouse are seen to great advantage; and in fine weather the vessels passing and repassing present a lively scene of very high interest. Smoking steamers, proceeding on their courses without regard to the wind; fishing-boats, busy at their vocation; vessels, large and small, crossing each other, working in or out, some apparently making fourteen knots in fifteen hours, while others, finding the breeze auspicious, spread all their bellying sails to catch its full impulse: in one, as Campbell beautifully expresses it, waves "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze;" and in another the ensign of some foreigner floating peacefully on the gale in the pursuit of a traffic mutually beneficial through the advantages of a profitable commerce. We could not but feel pleasure at such a sight; and hope that, though every empire, and with it all commercial traffic, must have its cycle, the scenes which are thus so beautifully displayed might exist to the utmost verge of a prolonged season.

The manufactures carried on in Liverpool are not important; for it is in the import of raw cotton and its export in a manufactured state, the dealing with goods in the condition in which they come to hand, rather than the transformation of the materials from one state to another, in fact the supplying all parts of the globe, that the business of Liverpool consists. The pent-up regular toil of the cotton factory, and the habits of seafaring men, and labourers in docks and warehouses, would not, it is probable, harmonize with each other; the independence of labour in the open air, where much must depend upon will—and the dependence of the factory, where man is wholly a machine, would be found to interfere continually, did they coexist together to any extent. The few goods manufactured in Liverpool are principally subsidiary to the demands of the merchant for his shipping. There are several sugar refineries, some small foundries, a good deal of ship-building in wood and iron, a manufactory of steam-engines for vessels, and manufactories of anchors, chain cables, and similar articles, naturally in demand in a large seaport. Of these the most important, are the establishments for the manufacture of chain cables, of machinery for steam-engines, locomotive and marine, and of common anchors.

The links of the chain cables are forged of an oval form; and, while they are red hot, a stay is introduced, being a broad ended band of cold cast-iron, to which the sides of the link are drawn close by the hammer; and, as the ring contracts in cooling, the stay is held on as firmly as if it formed part of the substance of the ring. When the chain is complete, it is taken to be proved; this is done by extending it in portions upon a very long and narrow table, and subjecting it to an enormous strain, produced either by leverage or the wheel and axle. We were informed that few chains are ever perfect when first wrought, and that generally five or six links must be renewed before the manufacturer can certify to its perfect security.

Fawcett's engine-manufactory is one of the largest in the kingdom, and we

shall take advantage of a visit to it to describe the outlines of some of the processes in the manufacture of steam machinery, which has now become a branch of industry in Lancashire scarcely second in importance to the cotton manufacture.

All the heavier parts of steam-machinery are made of cast-iron, and hence their perfection must mainly depend on that of the wooden models from which their moulds are shaped. In fact, the preparation of models is the most important and expensive part of the business; and in large establishments the collections of them are valued at several thousand pounds. The framework of the various machines used in mills is rarely susceptible of ornament; the great object is to combine lightness with strength, and to occupy as small a space as possible; the models of these frames have therefore no interest except for the professional engineer. It is far otherwise with the framework in which the engines of steam-vessels are set: the engine-room, between the two cylinders, is altogether formed of cast-iron; and in general, considerable taste and fancy are displayed in its decoration. We saw one at Mr. Fawcett's which, when set up, would form a Gothic chapel in the richest style of florid architecture; and another, which was modelled from a Grecian temple. These are cast by piecemeal, but with such accuracy that the joinings cannot be detected by an unpractised eye.

As motion is communicated from the steam-engine to the machinery by means of turning shafts, it is necessary, to save the waste of power by friction, that these shafts should be perfectly true and smooth. It was formerly usual to give a level surface to iron by using the chisel and file; but this process, besides being very tedious and expensive, was also deficient in accuracy, especially when applied to shafts of very considerable length. The planing of iron became therefore a problem which has long exercised the ingenuity of the best engineers, and it is now generally effected by an application of the lathe. There are two ways by which the process may be effected: the plane, which is a piece of the hardest steel, may be made to traverse horizontally over the iron shaft kept revolving beneath it; or the shaft may be gradually pushed forward under the plane, fixed stationary at the proper angle, being propelled by a screw, so as to secure its gradual advance, and also to prevent any change in its true direction. The latter is the plan most generally adopted, and few mechanical processes are more likely to fill the mind of a visitor with wonder than to see iron planed apparently with as much facility as the softest wood, and throwing off rolls of shaving as lightly folded as those in the shop of the cabinet-maker. In this way the largest surfaces are planed with the assistance of a single workman.

The smoothing of shafts, and of similar parts of machinery, is here brought to the highest perfection, and may be considered a part of the art of turning. Cannons were at first made of iron hoops or bars, welded or brazed together. They were afterwards cast hollow, with a cavity as nearly cylindrical as could

be obtained by casting, and then the surface was smoothed by a boring machine, with steel cutters. In this way it was almost impossible to obtain a true bore; balls of a smaller size than would otherwise be necessary were used, occasioning great windage and loss of powder. They are now cast perfectly solid; and care is taken, by melting pig-iron of different qualities together, that the cast-iron should not be too hard to be acted upon by the borer. In general, the boring-bar is fixed, and the revolving gun exposed to the action of a steel-cutter constantly impelled towards the gun. The cutters in this process become highly magnetic, so that the boring-dust is seen adhering, and hanging from their edges when they are drawn out. When the boring is completed, the touchhole is drilled.

In the boring of steam cylinders, the steel-cutters revolve, and the cylinder is fixed. The cylinder is placed horizontally, while the cutters are forced forward by a steam-engine or water-wheel. The operation is commonly repeated three times; and in the finishing process it is thought essential to keep the machine continually at work from the beginning to the end of the operation, without any regard to meal-times, or to day and night. Were it discontinued, the cylinder would lose the heat acquired by the friction, and a ridge would be formed at the spot where the boring was suspended, which would be highly injurious to its proportion.

Iron is not only turned and bored with as much ease and accuracy as wood, but, by means of shears, moved by a lever and wheel worked by steam, it is cut through as if it were paper. We saw a piece of iron, three-fourths of an inch thick, so divided at Messrs. Sharp and Roberts's manufactory. The shock on the person holding the bar is not very great, provided he holds the bar near the axle of the shears; but if he applies it near the edge the jerk is considerable; and is likely, not only to wrest the bar from his hand, but to do injury to the machine.

In all the establishments for the manufacture of machines, the contrivances for the transmission and conversion of motion are multiplied and various, but it would be impossible to describe them in a popular form. The chief objects of attraction are the processes of casting, turning, planing, boring, and welding; and these in their general features do not essentially differ from the applications of the same operations with which all are familiar. Wonder, in fact, is excited chiefly by seeing common operations working on materials which might be supposed far removed beyond their sphere.

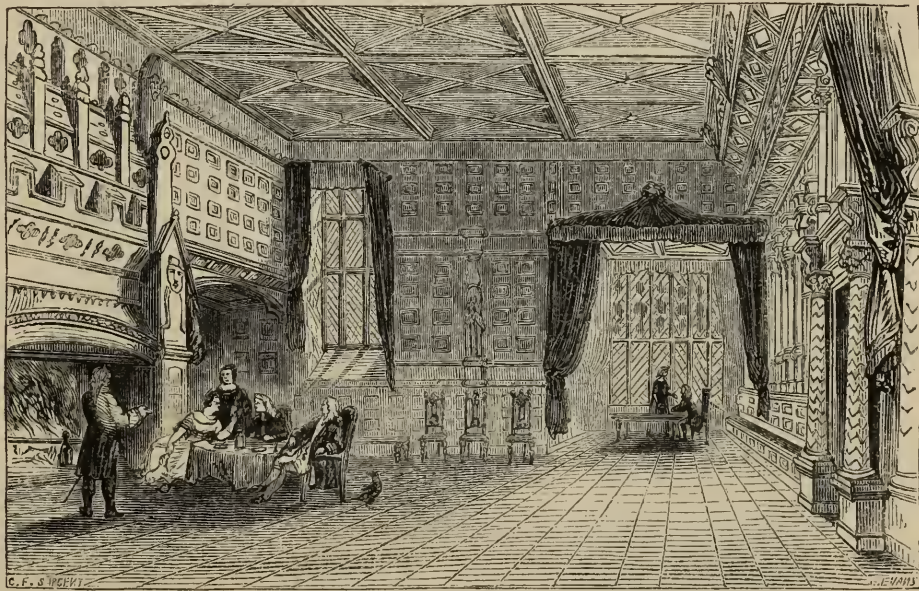
The country round Liverpool abounds in every direction with fine residences, scattered through the neighbouring parishes. To the southward, at no great distance, is Childwall, a large parish and vicarage, that includes the chapelries of Hall, Speke, Garston, Wavertree, Atherton, and Woolton, containing numerous seats and old halls. Childwall Abbey is a house belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, who obtained it by marriage with the daughter of Mr. Bamber Gascoigne: it is about four miles south-east from Liverpool, and

was built, after a design by Nash, by the brother of the late General Gascoigne, who was member of parliament for Liverpool. The style is Gothic, of that character which neither antiquity nor taste combine to recommend; it is a heavy looking edifice, but the prospect from the towers, of which there are two—one surmounted with a smaller turret in the way of the eagle tower at Caernarvon—is very extensive, commanding a plain stretching from Ormskirk



in one direction away to Cheshire in another. This neighbourhood is the haunt of the Liverpool holiday keepers, and possesses an excellent inn, to which they resort in considerable numbers. In this parish is Speke Hall, a view of which, as well as an interior of one of the rooms, is here given; it was built about 350 years ago, is surrounded by a ditch or moat, and possesses every trait interesting to the lover of antiquity. Gigantic yews shed their gloom

over an antique court; the old hall is decorated with a wainscot mantelpiece, said to have been brought from Edinburgh castle after the victory at Flodden Field; and Sir William Norris brought here a part of the

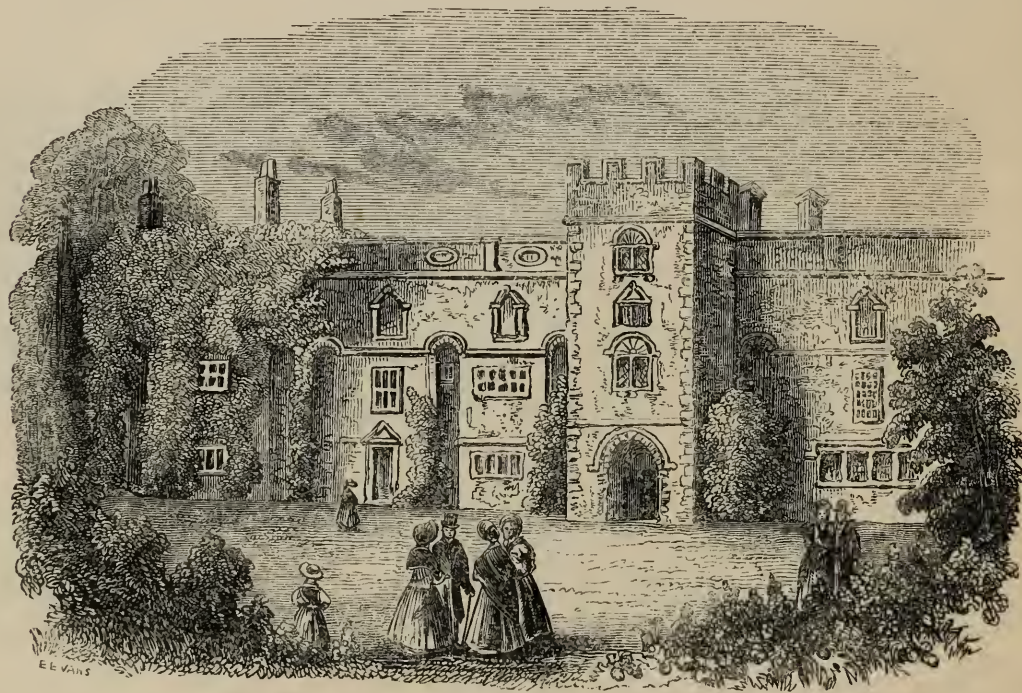


Scotch king's library from Holyrood House. In some of the volumes now in the Athenæum at Liverpool, it is recorded in the hand-writing of Sir William himself: "that Edyes Borow wasse wone y^e viiith daye of Maye, año xxxvi^o H. VIII. et año dñi mccccxliiii and y^t y^{is} boke was gotty and

brought away by me Will'm Norres of y^e Speike K. thys xi daye of Maye." On the wainscoting is inscribed, "Sleep not till thou hast well considered how thou spent the day past: if thou hast done well, thank God for't; if otherwise, repent." The Norris family resided at Speke for many generations before the time when the battle of Flodden Field was fought, in 1513. The old carving affords an example of the taste of the age in which it was done, and is by no means deficient in merit. This ancient house belongs to Mr. Watt, to whose father it was sold by the son of the late Mr. Topham Beauclerk; to whom it descended from the family of Norris.

Wavertree Village, lying on the east of Liverpool upon proceeding by the Edge-hill road, is distant about two miles. This village contains between two and three thousand inhabitants; the manor was called Vauretrea at the Conquest. And here is Wavertree Hall, the residence of Mr. Lawrence; characterized by somewhat of antiquity in its appearance, and this feeling is more strongly impressed by the caving of the numerous rooks that inhabit a number of large elm trees contiguous to the mansion.

Hale Hall is a very ancient house; the estate on which it stands belonged to the Lord of Hale as far back as the Conquest: it next became the property of the Columber family, and from them descended to the Hollands, and thence to the Irelands, with whom it remained until the middle of the last century, when it came into the possession of the Blackburne family, of Orford near Warrington, by marriage, and is now the seat of Mr. Blackburne, who



for many years represented Lancashire in parliament. The house is built of brick, a good deal of it covered with ivy. Upon the tower in front of the house here seen is the date 1674, and the inscription "built by Sir Gilbert

Ireland and Dame Margaret his wife." A new front has been added on the south by Mr. Blackburne, commanding a fine view of the Mersey, three miles across, and part of Cheshire, with several of the Welch mountains. The present view represents the oldest front.

In this chapelry was born, in 1578, the giant called the "Child of Hale," named John Middleton, who was possessed of extraordinary strength. He visited the court of James I., and a portrait of him is preserved in Brazennose College, Oxford. His hand was seventeen inches from the carpus to the end of the middle finger, his palm was eight inches and a half, and his height nine feet three inches! It appears that some Lancashire gentlemen dressed him "with large ruffs about his neck and hands, a striped doublet of crimson and white round his waist, a blue girdle embroidered with gold, large white plush breeches powdered with blue flowers; green stockings; broad shoes of a light colour, having red heels, and tied with large bows of red ribbon; and just below his knees bandages of the same colour, with large bows; and by his side a sword, suspended by a broad belt over his shoulder, and embroidered, as his girdle, with blue and gold, with the addition of gold fringe upon the edge." In such a costume, he must have been a fit match for Gog and Magog in the London Guildhall. His amazing size is said to have frightened away some thieves who came to rob his mother's house.

In Garston chapelry is Aidburgh Hall, once the seat of the Tarleton family; and in the same chapelry Allerton Hall, the residence of Mr. Roscoe during one part of his life, but which ceased to be such long before his decease, owing to the position in which this learned and excellent man

was placed by adverse circumstances. The house commands a fine view over the Mersey at its widest part, and the high lands about Run-corn. The estate formerly belonged to the Lathom family, of Parbold, near the town of Ormskirk, and was sold to an alderman



of Liverpool, from whom Mr. Roscoe purchased it. The connexion with Allerton Hall of a name so distinguished will always make it remembered, for wherever the sons of Genius inhabited, even

“——— the wilderness is beautiful,
And hallowed in all time.”

Woolton Hall is a fine mansion, once the property of the Molyneuxs, and situated in the chapelry known by that name. There is a house called Roby Hall, near Childwall Abbey, occupied by Mr. Edwards, a merchant of Liverpool, said to stand in the place of one very old, which was there previously; and the present mansion was built by Mr. John Williamson of Liverpool, and was sold not a great while ago to William Leigh, Esq., to whose son it now belongs. Mr. Roby, author of those amusing and clever volumes, the "Traditions of Lancashire," is reported to have had an ancestral residence at this place.

North of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway is the parish of Prescott, which contains, with the town and township of that name, the townships of Eccleston, Parr, Windle-with-Hardshaw, and St. Helens town. In Windle township are the remains of a chapel, now called Windleshaw Abbey. Prescott was made a living by royal charter in 1445, is eight miles from Liverpool north-eastward, and contains eleven almshouses, which have an income of 172*l.*; and a grammar-school, endowed with 159*l.*; a town-hall, prison, mechanics' institution, and several subscription charities. The site of the town is high, and much coal is raised in its vicinity; it has manufactories of earthenware, but is more celebrated for manufactures of small files, watch tools and movements, carried on also in the surrounding townships. The church here has a tower which, at no great height above the level of the roof-ridge of the body of the church—up to that point being Gothic, with a window having a pointed arch—meets a broad cornice, and is carried with Doric pilasters,



having a semi-gothic window between them, to the base of a spire with a Palladian balustrade at the top, and urns at the angles; then commences Gothic again in a spire with small windows. This tower and spire, the most extraordinary examples of bad taste we ever saw, were erected, the spire in 1799, the body in 1820. In Prescott was born John Philip Kemble, the greatest actor on the English stage after Garrick; the house in which he first saw

the light is here represented. John Kemble was born in February, 1757, the son of the manager of a company of actors who itinerated the country,

and died February 26, 1823, at Lausanne, where he is buried. South of the railway line, bounded by the Mersey in the opposite direction, are the townships of Cronton, Whiston, Rainhill, Widness, Appleton, Bold, Penketh, Great Sankey, and Ditton. A railway from St. Helens to the Mersey, opposite Runcorn, passes through several of these townships. In Widness the church, or rather chapel, of Farnworth, built before 1433, is dedicated to St. Wilfred; it possesses some ancient memorials; and is here represented.



Great Sankey church in that township was re-built in 1768, and is a neat structure; that of Rainhill was erected in 1838.

The parish of Walton-on-the-Hill, in the Kirkdale division of West Derby, contains the township of Walton, the church of which is said to be of Saxon origin, situated three miles north of Liverpool, and West Derby, Fazakerly, Bootle-with-Linacre, Everton, Kirkdale, Formby, Simonswood, and Kirkby townships. The church at Walton was rebuilt in 1326, and in 1742; and contains a very ancient font; the parish also includes eleven chapels; a market, with a fair, was granted to it in 1212. There are endowed schools at Walton, Formby, West Derby, and Kirkby. Adjoining West Derby is the extra-parochial district of Croxteth Park, containing 840 acres, and Croxteth Hall, a seat of Lord Sefton. East of Croxteth is Knowsley Hall and Park, in the chapelry of Huyton, in which also is the district of Roby: Knowsley is a seat of the Earl of Derby, erected of brick at different periods, and of great size, though an heterogeneous mixture of architectural styles. The park is extensive and well wooded, but the trees exhibit the effect of the prevalent winds, many of them sloping to the north east. The more ancient part of the house is Gothic, and once had round towers, said to have been built by the first Earl of Derby for the reception of Henry VII., but according to other accounts only repaired by the first Earl for that purpose. Henry, who owed so much to the Earl's politic conduct at Bosworth Field, and in gratitude for his services beheaded his brother Sir William Stanley, under the pretext that he was concerned in the conspiracy that caused the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck, although the sordid tyrant

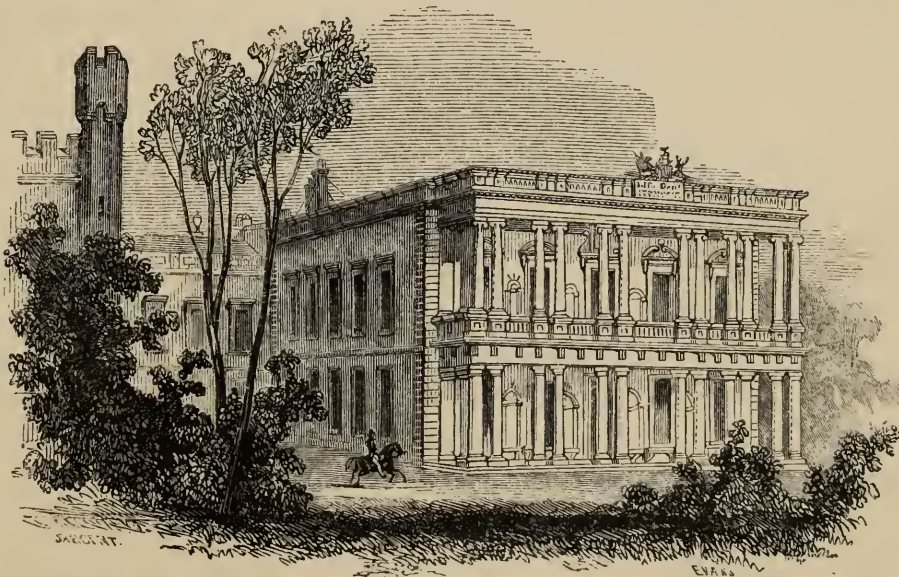
knew that Sir William had two years before raised 3000 men at his own private expense, and greatly contributed to place the crown upon his head. Sir William was one of the richest men in England; and the king, in his ruling passion, which was avarice, lusted after the possession of his wealth, and as the means of obtaining it, beheaded the brother of his mother's husband, his own chamberlain, wholly unsuspecting of offence, and actually pattered with a traitor named Clifford to procure evidence against him, hypocritically affected to believe the evidence untrue, pretended to scruples he did not feel, and then impatient of longer delaying the possession of the property of an innocent man, to whom he in a great measure owed his crown, put him to death. Hume, ever the apologist of despotic power, while he admits the desire of Henry to seize Stanley's property, says that the only thing ever resembling proof brought against Stanley, in the farce denominated a state trial of those times, was, that he said, if Warbeck was really the son of Prince Edward, he would not bear arms against him; although the unfortunate man had been long surrounded by the king's spies, who were endeavouring to entrap him—without one shadow of other proof, and with these admissions, Hume insinuates that it was probable Stanley was a traitor, and had assisted Warbeck with money, “as *some* assert!” After this murder of Stanley by Henry, he paid a visit in the following year to his father-in-law, grieving, report says, that the truth about Stanley had come too late! This visit, according to some, was accompanied with the following incident. When the king had gone over the house at Lathom, his host conducted him to the leads to see the prospect, and the Earl's jester was present; who, observing the king near the verge of the roof, which was unprovided with a railing or parapet, went up to his master, and directing his attention to the fact, said, “*Tom, remember Will.*”^{*} The king heard the words, hastened down, and speedily left his father-in-law's residence. The jester afterwards seemed concerned that the opportunity was omitted of thus punishing the despot—a punishment which would have been well merited; and this was not the only lesson of royal gratitude for almost unparalleled devotion that the Stanley family were destined to learn. When the front of Knowsley was re-erected by the Earl of Derby, who died in 1735; to which house this nobleman made great additions, though not in very good taste, as he built an Ionic and Doric front, with coupled columns, attached to an edifice partially in the old Gothic. He had engraved upon the front the following inscription, commemorative of the treatment the family had received from Charles II. Besides the destruction and loss of property, in the gallant defence of Lathom by the lady of James Earl of Derby in behalf of Charles I., when his son invaded England to try and obtain the throne by arms, the gallant Earl risked his life and joined Charles, certain to be punished as a traitor if taken in a contest that was virtually a rebellion against the established government, had the

^{*} Kennett's MS.

Earl not been before obnoxious to the ruling powers; and after the battle of Worcester, being made prisoner, was ultimately beheaded at Bolton. When the Restoration occurred, both houses of Parliament agreed to restore the Earl of Derby's property to his family; for even those who might not have liked the cause, admired the single-heartedness and devotion of the man who had sealed his principles with his blood; but Charles II. refused to sanction the return of the Derby property, perhaps to favour some courtesan intrigue. "James Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James Earl of Derby, by Charlotte, daughter of Claude Duke of Tremouille, was beheaded at Bolton, the 13th of October 1651, for strenuously adhering to King Charles II., who refused a bill unanimously passed by both houses of Parliament for restoring to the family the estates which he had lost by his loyalty to him." Such is the inscription to which we made allusion above. Mr. Pennant, in his zeal for the deservedly outcast Stuart race, has declared the inscription "calumniating;" though it would be difficult to prove truth in this or any other case to be calumny.

There are paintings here of members of the Stanley family, and among them a portrait of Thomas Lord Stanley, whose conduct at the field of Bosworth decided the fate of the day, and obtained for him the earldom which the family now possesses; he died in 1504. He is represented dressed in black, with a bonnet and a ruff, holding a white wand. The portraits of the mother of Henry VII., and of the third Earl of Derby, renowned for his hospitality, who kept 220 individuals in his pay, and fed threescore daily, besides all comers three times a week, and every Good Friday 2200, "with meat, drink, money, and money's worth;" and the portrait of James Earl of Derby who was beheaded at Bolton, and of his heroic lady, are all here.

There are many interesting historical portraits besides in this princely mansion, and some good pictures by the Italian masters. Annexed is a representation of one of the fronts of Knowsley Hall.

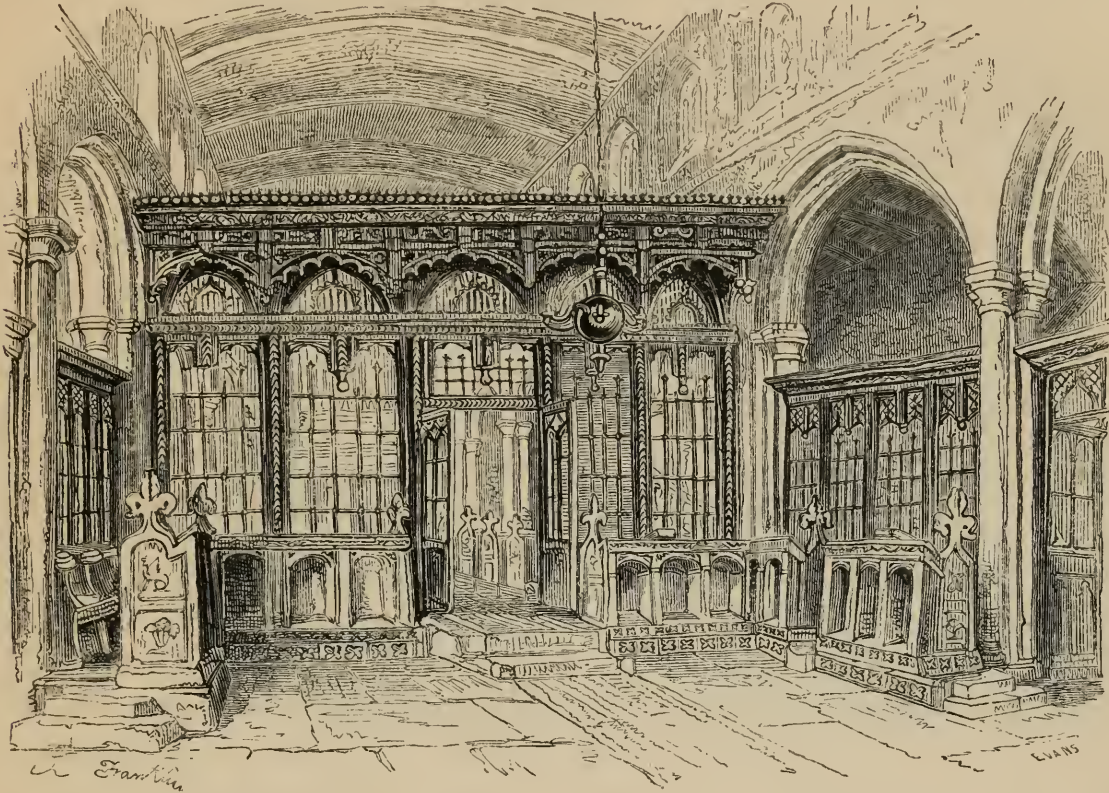


Knowsley possesses a collection of Flemish pictures, that were purchased by James Earl of Derby, who sent Mr. Winstanly, an artist, abroad for the purpose of collecting them, about the commencement of the last century.

Returning into Liverpool, and passing out through the village of Kirkdale, we proceeded along a paved road—for all the roads here are paved with small stones for miles together, and cause the most disagreeable jolting in a carriage, and to the pedestrian a sensation in the feet by no means agreeable—we soon reached the village of Walton, with its church and new tower, having a pleasant view of the country on the right-hand side, stretching far away, well wooded, and relieved by many abodes of mercantile opulence. As we proceeded, the right-hand side of the road increased in interest, until we reached the turnpike-gate on the road to Ormskirk, where some distant scenery burst upon the view; and objects on the left of the road, which before were of little interest, began to mend in some degree, and add to an agreeable though far from striking view of the country. Rivington-Pike, near Chorley, was distinctly visible, and the country about the shallow valley and chapelry of Fazakerly, with Knowsley Hall, the latter embosomed in dense woods. At length we came to the race-ground, between four and five miles from Liverpool, where a commodious inn is situated, called the Sefton Arms, close to the ground. The stand was built in 1829, and is a handsome structure, apparently well adapted for its object, four stories high, and capable of containing a great many spectators, for the leads will hold above two thousand, and must afford a very extensive prospect; the course is a mile and a half round, railed the whole distance. Six thousand persons are accommodated in the interior stands; and we were informed that 20,000*l.* had been expended upon the course and buildings, which are in the parish of Aintree.

Farther upon the left, is Sephton, or Sefton church, “bosomed in tufted trees,” on the border of some fine meadow land. This parish contains the townships of Aintree on the right of the road at about the sixth milestone, Great and Little Crosby close to the sea shore, Litherland, Orrel and Ford, Thornton, Ince Blundell, Netherton, and Lunt, all of which lie on the left of the Liverpool road to Ormskirk, except Aintree. Ince Blundell church, erected in 1111, was rebuilt 1520, and is a very handsome edifice, containing monuments of the Molyneux and Blundell families. There are three episcopal and four catholic chapels in the parish of Sefton; much of the land in which is marsh, yet it lets for sixty shillings an acre. In Great Crosby there are two endowed schools; one for grammar, and one for girls; this parish is visited as a bathing place. Sefton itself is seven miles north from Liverpool, and is both a parish and manor, once belonging to the Molyneux family by inheritance from William de Moulin, an ancestor. The church is large and handsome, consisting of a nave, two aisles, and a tower with a steeple, owing its erection to Anthony Molyneux, a rector here about the time of Henry VIII. This church is separated from the nave by a screen, and contains sixteen stalls, remarkably well executed in carved work, and ornamented with grotesque figures; and there is a fine carved canopy remaining over the pulpit, the workmanship of which is exceedingly beautiful, though much injured by

time. Many of the Molyneux family are interred in this church, which contains a number of fine monuments erected to different members of the family. The following is a faithful representation of a part of the interior of this edifice.

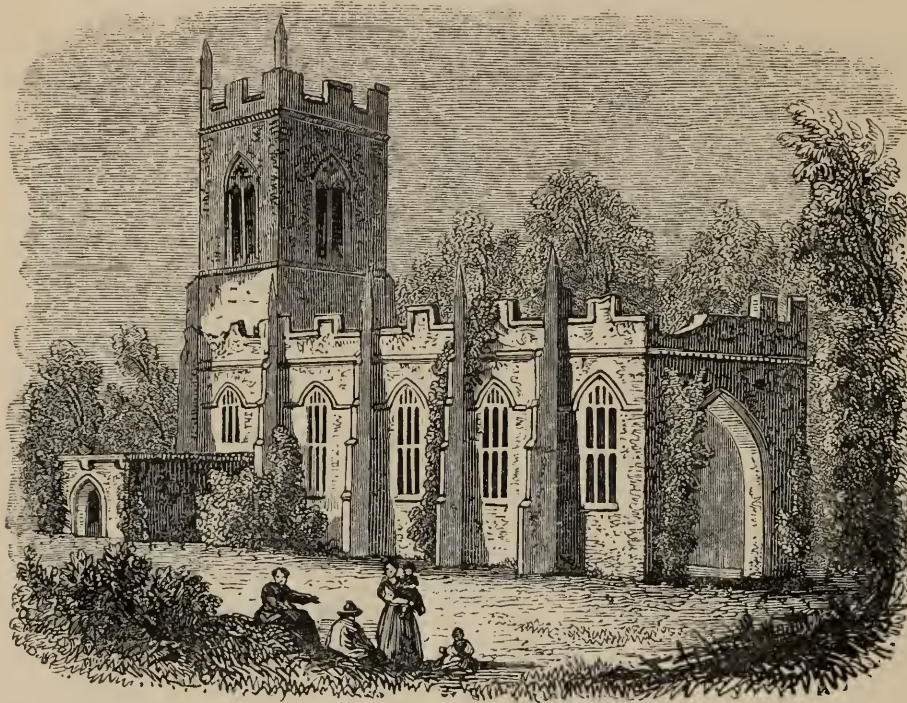


There are two figures of knights templars here, cross-legged, with triangular shields; and there is an altar tomb to the memory of Sir Richard Molyneux and his wife, who died in 1439: Sir Richard was a distinguished combatant at the battle of Agincourt, where he was knighted by Henry V. Sir William Molyneux, who distinguished himself at Flodden Field, with his two wives, also lies interred here; he died in 1548; and here, on brass plates, are recorded the deaths of his son, his two wives, and their children. There is some painted glass yet remaining, inscribed to members of the family.*

* The oldest of these monuments is that to the memory of Richard Molyneux and Joanna his wife. The two monuments of the knights templars exhibit them in chain armour; by their armorial shields they are members of the same family. The monument upon Sir Richard Molyneux who died in 1568, exhibits him placed between his two wives; by the first of whom he had five sons and eight daughters, and by the second, five sons and one daughter, who are all ranged in order near their respective mothers. This tomb has the following inscription:—

Dame Worshope was my guide in life,
 And did my doings guide;
 Dame Wertue left me not alone,
 When soule from bodye hyed.
 And thoughe that deathe with dinte of darte
 Hath brought my corps on sleepe,
 The eternall God, my eternall soule,
 Eternally doethe keepe.

Melling and Maghull, on the right of the road, are townships, together with Lydiate and Down Holland, in the parish of Halsall, the village of which lies three miles west of Ormskirk. The church of Halsall is a rich living, in the gift of the Blundell family, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, erected in 1424,



and containing some effigies and oaken stalls. At Lydiate are the picturesque ruins of a chapel built in 1520, and locally denominated the Abbey, of which the engraving will give a correct idea. It was erected by one of the Ireland family in

the time of Henry VIII. This ruin is richly clothed with ivy, the area is overgrown with brambles, and the long rank grass bends in wild luxuriance upon gravestones which time has rendered illegible, although it was used as a burying-place down to the early part of the last century :—thus

— comes oblivion, and o'er strewn remains
And marr'd resemblances of earth and heaven,
Time strides, and mocks man and his monuments !

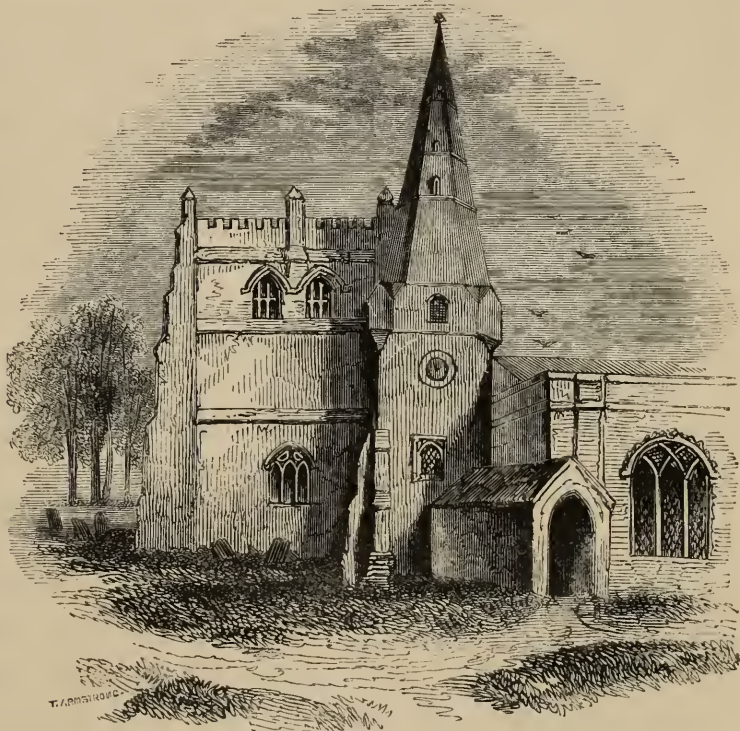
Bordering upon Halsall is the obscure parish of Altcar, situated among marshes. The church was erected in 1746, and exhibits nothing worthy of remark, while the parishioners in this miasmatic district are wholly occupied in agricultural pursuits. There is one school and two charities here, and in Halsall there are three endowed schools ; which parish is further remarkable for its extent of peat mosses.

Aughton is a parish situated about two miles from Ormskirk, divided into Aughton and Uplitherland. The church, built of stone, in the sixteenth century, stands near the road, and the roof, adorned with old carved work, is decorated with a spire ; upon Aughton Common there are remnants of considerable entrenchments. The road, which all the way from Liverpool had been flat, and only occasionally possessed of interest, here begun to ascend, in fact the entire parish of Aughton stands upon ground higher than that to the southward. At the distance from Ormskirk of about two miles, the

western side of the road here and there exhibited a good many trees, and looked better all the way as it trended to the eastward, or in a direction further from the sea. Along the coast, the flat shore terminates in a line of sandhills, dreary and monotonous beyond idea, but they do not spread so far inland as they would otherwise do, from the care taken to plant rushes, and to preserve them from being cut. Some of the sandhills here are large, measuring half a mile at the base, the openings between them looking miserably desolate; and just within these hills, which afford some little shelter in their vicinity, moss or peat land commences. Trees are rarely seen singly; and when grouped, are shorn on one side by the keen western blast; large quantities of timber have notwithstanding been dug up in the peat mosses, and oaks are found embedded just below the surface, with their heads lying in one direction, the whole district abounding with them. It would appear as if the sea had once covered the land here, and that afterwards the land had gained upon the sea. A less interesting line of coast we never saw; while the sea, from its shallowness to a great distance from the shore, exhibits few of its customary attractions.

We entered Ormskirk, thirteen miles from Liverpool, a little after noon, and found it to consist of one principal street, from which the main thoroughfares branch off somewhat like the last letter but one of the alphabet; while there is a fourth small street, joining one of the other three near the termination. It is a parish, township, and market town, in a district considered particularly healthy, and contains besides its own township those of Lathom, Scarisbrick, Burscough, Bickerstaffe, and Skelmersdale. The church was greatly repaired in 1729; it stands on the site of another that existed before the Conquest. The square tower, bold, broad, and massy, probably remained from the ancient edifice, for it is much timeworn, and carries marks of considerable antiquity. The tower and spire, it will be seen, stand separate, if the lower part of what most people would call a spire can be deemed a tower. Still, whenever erected, no satisfactory statement can be given to justify the above monstrosity in architecture.

“Who built this odd-looking church?” we asked a decent-looking farmer-like individual who was reading the tombstones.



"That's more en I naw ; connaw zay, nor no mon elze I spoze."

"You do not know much more about the matter than I do, I perceive, friend ; you are not of this part of the county?"

"Naw, Ize be fro' o'er Morcom zands."

This was no satisfactory answer ; and directing our steps to a second and more intelligent person, we were informed that two maiden ladies repaired or reconstructed the church in the present grotesque manner, because they could not agree about connecting the towers together. Some of the windows have circular arches and the window-frames terminate in Gothic points, evidently of recent date, while over each is a narrow rim, sculptured with angels and cupids ; from which execrable taste we suspect that the steeple was placed as it stands, under the idea that it was a happy thought, "a grace beyond the reach of art." There is a burial vault in this church in a chapel belonging to the Derby family, built after the dissolution of Burscough Priory ; some of the monuments of the Stanleys, first erected at Burscough, are said to have been brought here ; and there are effigies of ladies, supposed to be of that house. This church is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul ; the chapel of the Stanleys is on the south-east part. There is much modern work in the way of repair mixed up with the old, in architectural confusion ; here an old Saxon door, and there a pointed or a modern round arch. The bells were brought from Burscough Priory, being divided between this church and Cronton. The spire has been several times rebuilt. There are many dilapidated monuments ; and near the stairs of the pulpit is a memorial to Mr. Ashton of Panketh, who died in 1707, and was six feet seven inches in height ; and besides the effigies of the ladies already alluded to in the Stanley chapel, there is the figure of a knight recumbent, half destroyed by time. Here lies too the heroic Charlotte de Tremouille and her brave and headless husband. There is a free grammar school in Ormskirk, and an English one established by the Earl of Derby, together with several charitable benefactions ; a town-hall, market, and court-house, are among the other public buildings.

The township of Bickerstaffe in this parish contains nothing worthy of remark, and is entirely agricultural ; the same may be said of Skelmersdale and Scarisbrick. Lathom also, in Ormskirk parish, was the source of great disappointment to us. We went to the spot of which we had read an account with the hope of seeing some traces of the house distinguished for the defence made by the Countess of Derby, Charlotte de Tremouille, on behalf of the Stuarts, for which the Stanleys were so right royally requited ; we expected to find some fragment upon which to connect an association with female heroism, but we were never more disappointed in any day-dream of our lives. The site of Lathom House, once the seat of the ancient family of that name, who possessed it before the Stanleys, stood on an uninteresting, extensive flat, upon which there is now a modern house with wings connected by a colonnade, erected by Sir Thomas Boothe, who obtained the land by purchase, about the

year 1724, the very antithesis of the picturesque or antique, than which we had rather have met with one fragment of the old building, one solitary turret, that might have cemented in some degree the present and the past. One tower did stand until 1714, when Lathom passed by marriage to those who seem to have had no feeling for its celebrity, and no value for ground hallowed by proud recollections of female spirit. We speak not here of the side espoused by the defenders of Lathom, it is enough that the sincerity of the actors in the deed performed was not to be impugned. It was in 1644 that Sir Thomas Fairfax, on the part of the people of England, summoned Lathom, the seat of the Earl of Derby, the Countess alone being at home. She demanded a week to consider, wondering "Sir Thomas Fairfax should require her to give up her lord's house in his absence," and she employed that time in strengthening the defences, continuing to parley, and rejecting ultimately all the conditions tendered. Fairfax at last insisted that the house should be evacuated by ten o'clock the next morning, and a flat refusal was the result; the Countess declaring that though "a woman and a stranger, divorced from her friends and robbed of her estate, she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God for protection and deliverance." The siege endured from the commencement of March to the twenty-third of May without success; the besieged making effective sallies, and the besiegers displaying a want of skill in the use of their artillery which seems unaccountable. Fairfax had left the conduct of the siege to Colonel Rigby, and, on sending in a summons to the Countess, she ordered the messenger to her presence, and told him he deserved to be hanged up at the gate. "Carry," said she, "this answer back to Rigby (tearing the paper), and tell that insolent rebel, he shall have neither persons, goods, nor house. When our strength and provisions are spent, we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby; and then, if the providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight; and myself, children, and soldiers, rather than fall into his hands will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flames." The last summons was sent to this heroic woman on the twenty-third of May, after nearly three months of alarm and danger. She replied, "the mercies of the wicked are cruel," and that unless they treated with her lord, "they should never take her, nor any of her friends alive." Prince Rupert raised the siege soon afterwards, and the Countess with her family withdrew to the Isle of Man. The house was taken in the following year by General Egerton, and its defences ruined. It stood upon a mossy flat, surrounded by a wall six feet thick, having nine towers, and in each tower six cannons; and there was a high tower called "the eagle tower" in the centre. The gatehouse was strong and high, upon all the towers were placed the best marksmen of the Earl, with their fowling-pieces, taking off the officers; the besiegers were unable to make any impression upon the walls; and it is said they suffered severely. A good deal of the township of Lathom still belongs to the Stanleys, the residence of some of that family having been once

at Cross Hall. Blythe Hall, in Ormskirk township, is the residence of Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, whose father, Lord Skelmersdale, resides at Lathom.

The north-west end of the town of Ormskirk commands an extensive prospect over a level fertile country. The principal manufactories are for cotton weaving, silk winding, and hat making. The best potatoes and carrots in Lancashire are said to be grown here, and we can vouch for the fabrication of the best gingerbread, for scarcely had we alighted at the Talbot inn, when we were offered by half-a-dozen fair hands together, little packets of gingerbread, in the way of purchase. "Buy my fine Ormskirk gingerbread—the best is made here," was an appeal impossible to be resisted; and we, in confessing its excellence afterwards at Preston, were told that it was a confection of far-spread notoriety. Some of the females who offered it too, came nearer the idea we had formed of Lancashire witches, from their witchery, than any of the sex we had before seen north of the Mersey, rather than their positive beauty. The Lancasterians may contend with the Yorkists for crowns and be victors, but must submit to be rivalled by them in the question of the Roses.

Burscough Township is chiefly noted for a priory of black canons of that name, which stood there on the foundation of the Earls of Derby. It was dilapidated by Henry VIII. with the other religious houses, for the sake of its revenues; but the Prior was fortunate enough to secure a pension, which refutes the story of the king's having dissolved the house because its Prior was declared to be incontinent—the crime charged on almost all the heads of houses to disguise the real object: that unprincipled despot would have been glad of such a plea against the Prior, to refuse him a provision afterwards, had it been sustainable. The revenues were 129*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, and the establishment had existed for three hundred and fifty years. Previous to the dissolution, the ancestry of the Derby family had made Burscough their burying-place, but they, as well as the brotherhood of Burscough, slept too soundly to be disturbed by the pickaxe of the royal plunderer, as the fragments of walls and monuments fell from the position of ages upon their unconscious ashes.

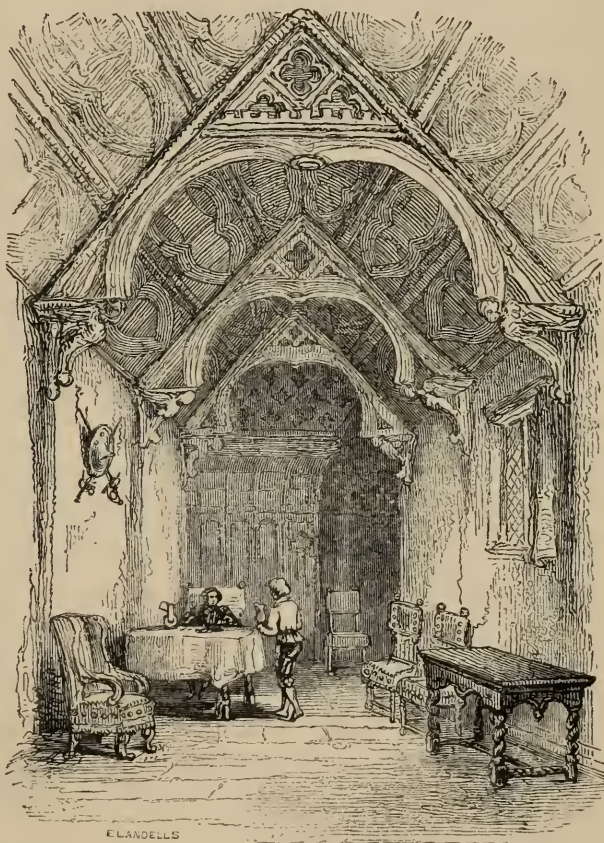
It was evening when we walked from Ormskirk to Burscough, along the road that leads towards Preston, paved with round stones, the ground being too spongy, from its ancient moorland character, to sustain heavy carriages and remain in a tolerable state of repair. We thought of the "Pilgrims and the Peas" just after we left Ormskirk, looking in vain for a smooth track of mother earth, if only six inches wide, as a relief to feet defended with something much more susceptible of the inconvenience than a Lancashire sabot. The weather was calm and autumnal almost to sadness; the foliage "in the scar and yellow leaf;" the shadows projected far into the road, and the sun was near the horizon; in short it was an evening formed for a visit where "Ruin, ruthless king," mocked man and his monuments. At less than two miles from Ormskirk we discovered all that was left of the Priory, standing in a very agreeable seclusion, not far from a little stream of water, and

observed the grass growing as verdantly, and sheep feeding as undisturbedly upon what had been hallowed ground, as they did upon the vulgar surface elsewhere; upon ground hallowed for 350 years before the reign of the "Defender of the Faith," by generation after generation of voices raised in worship to the skies. There too had been chanted for an equal time, in behalf of the long train of departed lords of that soil, as they were deposited in succession in the last resting-place of their fathers, the solemn soul-thrilling hymn for the departed used by the Catholics, of which Sir Walter Scott was so fond.*

From the time of Richard Cœur de Lion to the reign of Henry VIII. had those sounds been heard, incense ascended, and the pomp of the Catholic worship been displayed here; and of all this circumstance and locality, we found remaining but two mouldering fragments of walls, left like sepulchral stones in seclusion and solitude, to tell a tale of departed men and things! they were but a few feet high, and they cast a shadow in the evening sun, diminutive and weak indeed to the mass of gloom and grandeur once flung down by tower and pinnacle, pointed arch and solid buttress. These remains are so slight as not to be worth a visit for themselves, but mighty for recalling those undying recollections of the past that cling to the heart and intertwine in every fibre of being.

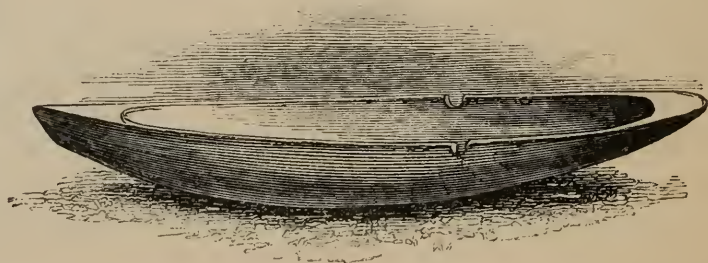
The parish of Rufford lies to the northward of Ormskirk, bounded on the west by that of North Meols, while the river Douglas limits it on the east; the whole, with the exception of some church property, belonging to Sir Thomas Hesketh of Rufford Hall. The church, once a chapel, is an ancient building, containing several monuments of the Heskeths. The improvements of late years in draining land have reduced to comparatively narrow boundaries the existence of the agues and intermit-tents with which, from the marshy nature of the soil, this parish was once much afflicted.

Rufford Old Hall, a remnant of Elizabethan architecture, built of wood filled in with brick and plastered, is a very picturesque object; the rooms are paneled and ornamented with wood carving: it is the residence



* *Dies iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla,
Solvat seclum in favilla!*

of Mr. Thomas Henry Hesketh. The New Hall, occupied by Sir Thomas the father, was built in 1708, and has nothing remarkable in its appearance; the entrance is by a portico of four Ionic columns. There is another fine old house in this parish, called Holmeswood House, occupied by a farmer. This flat country consists for the most part of drained mosses covered with vegetable loam, beneath which lie large trees, many seeming as if they had been burned, all as if they had been torn up by the roots, and laid across each other in every direction. North of Rufford is Tarleton parish, which contains no object worthy of notice. Hesketh and Beconsall parish lie north-west of Tarleton, bounded itself north-west by the Ribble river, which at high water is full three miles across, but fordable when the tide is out. The parish church is best known as Beconsall Chapel. Fleetwood, recorder of London in 1560, was born in this parish; he published "*Ducatus Lancastrea*," and several law works. North Meols is a village by the sea side, and a parish nine miles north-west from Ormskirk, and south of Hesketh and Beconsall, containing a division called Birkdale. The church, built in 1571, is small, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and possesses memorials of the Hesketh and Fleetwood families. That the sea covered this part of Lancashire formerly is evident, as layers of shells are found only four or five feet beneath the surface in digging the graves in the churchyard. Meols Hall, a fine old building here, is tenanted by a farmer. Two miles from North Meols is Southport, a bathing place, nearly opposite to Lytham, on the northern bank of the Ribble. This town, now a fashionable bathing-place among the Lancastrians, is situated amid dreary sand-banks, having no recommendation from nature beyond a pure sea air. The houses have increased from 38 in 1809, to 350, and the population to about 1000. Birkdale is the southern division of North Meols, the coast of which is covered with sand-hills, and contains a part of Merton, vulgarly "*Martin Meer*," once an extensive morass passing into five or six neighbouring parishes. In Leland's time, it was four miles long and two broad, and emptied itself into the sea. About 1692, Mr. Fleetwood of Bank Hall commenced draining this meer by a sluice shutting and opening with the tide, and died with the idea that he had completed the work. When the water was drained off, eight canoes were found, scooped out of the trunks of trees in the same mode as they are made among the Indians of the Pacific at this day, one of them had plates of iron fixed upon it, and all were anterior perhaps to the wicker boats covered with skins, found to be used by the natives of these islands upon their invasion by the Romans. We have given a sketch of one of these rude barks, constructed when the



war-ship of a hundred guns, made by the descendants of the same natives, could not have been imaged in the wildest dream of those who fabricated such rude craft. The connexion between the two occupying a space of 1800 years of progressive art, co-extensive with the march from barbarism to civilization—from naked painted bodies, or raw sheepskin clothing, to robes of cotton and satin, Indian muslins and Cashmere shawls.

In 1755 the Meer was again inundated by a very high tide, owing to the insufficiency of the sluice gates, and Mr. Eccleston, of Scarisbrick, made a second attempt to drain it and succeeded, until 1789, when a partial inundation happened from a breach in the banks of the river Douglas, but extensive injury was prevented by the action of some stopgates, which had been providentially set up to guard against such an accident. In 1813 the sea gates were swept away, and the stopgates again saved the land. Since that year a great deal has been effectually done for a portion of the Meer, which is become good land. The landowners were not for a long time able to agree so as to undertake the task themselves, or to accept the terms of others, who offered to undertake the task upon having the land granted to them for a term of years.

Returning to Ormskirk, and passing by Skelmersdale, leaving Dalton, a township of Wigan, upon the left of our route, in which the principal building is Ashhurst Hall, with an ancient gateway, now held by a farmer, we reached Upholland, another township in Wigan parish; one of the most old-fashioned looking places, with breakneck streets, down which we were ever driven. It stands on the side of a steep hill, which the streets descend, and where the carriage road zigzags in no manner agreeable. Upholland is thought to have been once the seat of a Saxon chief; and some antiquities, believed to be Roman, particularly the figure of an idol, have been found here. In the reign of Edward I. it was held of Edmund Earl of Lancaster, and the Earl's successor gave it to Sir Robert de Holland, who endowed a chapel here, dedicated to St. Thomas, afterwards changed into a priory of Benedictine monks. Passing from the Hollands to the Lovells, by whom being forfeited, it came to the Earl of Derby; it was sold by the daughter of the ninth earl of that name to the Ashurst family, and subsequently purchased by Sir Thomas Bootle. Leland speaks of the Priory as one of "Blake Monkes, a two miles from Wigan. The Wottons were founders there." The Hollands were a family marked out by misfortune: the last of the race, during the first depositions of Henry VI., became a fugitive in Flanders, though just before he was possessed of great power; and is said to have been seen running barefooted to ask alms in a foreign land. He fought for his master at the battle of Barnet, became dependent upon a servant for subsistence, and at last was picked up a corpse floating in the sea off Dover. The present ruins of the Priory consist of ivied walls, in which some of the stone-work of the windows yet remains shrouded in the richest green. Here and there around, in many places,

are to be traced foundations, with fragments of arches. The church or chapel, which is extra-parochial, is a fine old building, having a solid tower, over which the ivy creeps, and renders it a highly picturesque object. One of the windows is a beautiful specimen of skill and taste, most ingeniously designed, and filled with painted glass put together in confusion, it is probable, from all parts of the Priory; the windows are all more or less adorned with this material, and some of the colours are exceedingly rich. The interior exhibits a nave, side aisles, and chancel; and before it was deteriorated by modern additions, must have had a very striking effect, from the loftiness and massive construction of the different parts.

A little north of Upholland is the township of Orrel, lying on the Douglas river, which rises near Wigan, and falls into the estuary of the Ribble. There are extensive coal mines in this parish, which contains a mansion of Elizabeth's time, called Orrel Hall, used as a farmhouse; and a nunnery of forty-two French ladies, who, flying to England during the Revolution, first settled in Yorkshire, and then removed to Orrel. Pemberton is another township near Wigan, very populous; to the marvel of our forefathers it contained a well, the site of which is now unknown, like that at Hindley, near Hindley Hall, renowned for taking fire upon a lighted candle being brought in contact with the surface. As there are at present one or two places whence carburetted hydrogen issues from the ground, which will take fire in the same manner, the phenomenon was, in all probability, precisely similar in origin. Winstanley, a district lying south-west of Wigan, and rich in coal mines, has on its border the township of Billinge, composed of two hamlets, and possessing, from the top of an eminence called Billinge chapel, a prospect extending over sixteen counties, serving too as a landmark for shipping. South-east of this township lie those of Ashton in Makerfield, and Haydock; the latter calling for no particular notice, other than that it was partly the property of the unfortunate family of Holland. Ashton in Makerfield is the largest township in Winwick parish, and this whole township once belonged to the Bryns of Bryn Hall, from whence it came to the present Sir John Gerard, whose family is one of the oldest in England. The hall is said to have been a fine old place of residence, and is connected with the persecution of a Roman Catholic priest, and his execution by hanging, drawing and quartering, as late as the reign of Charles I. in 1628.* He was executed on the charge of crediting the

* Mr. Roby, in his *Traditions of Lancashire*, professing to give the *fact* upon which he founded one of his tales, accuses the unfortunate priest of rape, and states that he was executed for that crime in the reign of William III. That gentleman says—"not less devoid of truth is the tradition that Arrowsmith was hanged for *making a good confession*. Having been found guilty of a rape, in all probability this story of his martyrdom and miraculous attestation to the truth of the cause for which he suffered, *were contrived* for the purpose of preventing the scandal that might come upon the church through the delinquency of an unworthy member." All this Mr. Roby gives as from himself, and mentions a curse pronounced by Father Arrowsmith upon the under-sheriff, who executed him, in the reign of William III. Now Arrowsmith was hung, under sanction of an atrocious law, for no other

faith of his forefathers, and of prevailing upon others to give credit to the same belief. The hand of the Father Arrowsmith thus executed, for that was his name, was believed by the vulgar in Lancashire to be as capable of working cures as the royal touch, and is said to have been applied to that superstitious purpose at a later period; and truly if any miserable fragment of mutilated humanity were capable of performing such absurdities upon the ground of perfect freedom from stain, in the sight of heaven, for what a flagitious act of legislation had constituted a crime, it would be that of one judicially assassinated for his conscientious belief in his own creed—a creed too which had been that of his country for more than a thousand preceding years. We were spared, owing to a want of room in another part of this work,* from giving the revolting details of a similar case, involving the fate of a man of consideration in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose fortune was the marked prey of rapacious courtiers,—when we too truly observed that the only difference between the parties of those times was, that one of them burned and the other only hung their victims.

We entered the town of Wigan on a market-day, when the weather was warm and the hue of the houses anything but cheerful, the coal smoke being amply seconded in dinginess by the pavement covered thickly with dark dust which the feet of the crowd of passengers kept continually in motion. Although a place of considerable antiquity, and remarkable, more particularly, as the arena of several contests during the wars between the Stuarts and the people. Wigan is now chiefly known as a seat of peaceful manufacture, both of cotton and metals, being situated among coal mines. The neighbourhood is noted for producing the species well known as Cannal or Gannal coal, which may be turned in a lathe, and gives out a bright light when burning; it is found in beds about three feet thick, deep in the earth, compared with other kinds of the same mineral.

The parish of Wigan, ten miles long and six broad, once afforded a singular proof of the abuses of the old times in the administration of the law when committing temporal authority to spiritual men. The rector being lord of the manor of Wigan, was cited to the assizes for acts committed in the latter character, which he had carried beyond all bounds of justice, and it would appear of common decency, in matters of that nature, even in those days.

reason but because he had taken orders as a Catholic priest, and had endeavoured to prevail upon others to be of his own faith. For this offence, and for this offence alone, in 1628, in the reign, not of William III., but of Charles I., was he tried at Lancaster assizes, and hanged, drawn and quartered, in the same year that Edmund Ashton, Esq. was sheriff. Mr. Roby might have seen what was the real state of the case in the same History of Lancashire as that which he repeatedly quotes. It is no unfounded charge against modern novel writing that it tends to invalidate the truths of history. Those who read books superficially, or merely for amusement at first, and turn afterwards from romance to cold fact, find it difficult to divest the mind of what has been previously impressed upon it in the warm colouring of the writer of fiction.

* Southern Division—Cornwall, p. 77.

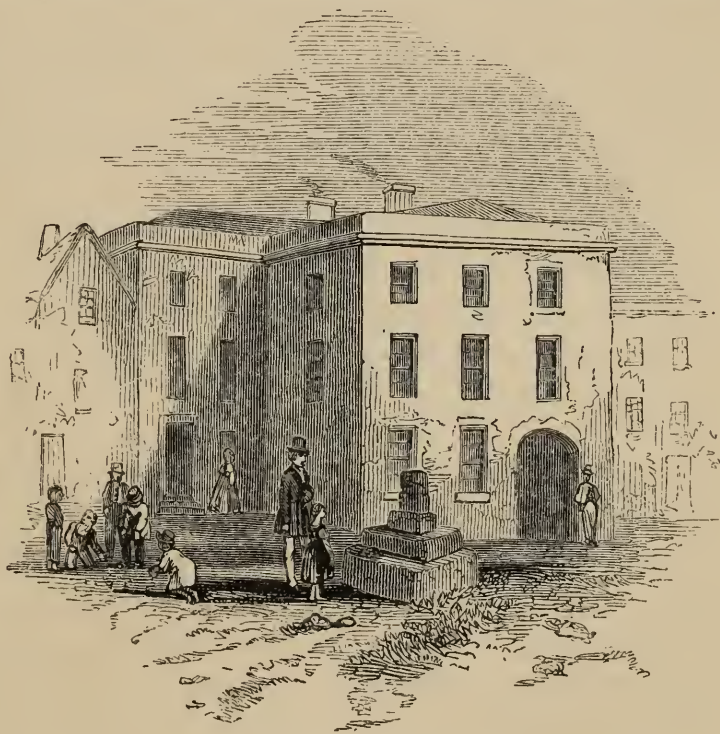
He took assize of bread and beer, tried men out of the jurisdiction of a lord of the manor, by whom he pleased, acquitting felons and condemning the innocent. The rector pleaded the charters, and a jury of five knights and seven gentlemen was impaneled, by whose verdict it was shewn that the rector had accepted as surety for a man who had stolen a bull, another man called Crowe, and that when the time of trial came, the thief was acquitted, and the surety hanged in his place, by the suitors of the court and the town burgesses, who let the thief go unpunished. For this the borough and liberties were seized into the king's hands, and the rector, De Waleton, adjudged to the king's mercy; the liberties of the borough were afterwards restored.

There is a commercial hall at Wigan, situated in the market-place, having a number of shops on each side, and a large room over all for the sale of cloth, while in the front is a newsroom, well adapted for that object, but during fairs applied to commercial purposes. The church is a very fine pile of building, erected about the commencement of the fifteenth century, in the place of one which stood there before the year 1246. The tower, broad and massy, is admirably proportioned, having fine arched windows just beneath the battlements: the body consists of two side aisles, a nave, and chancel; and contains two chapels belonging to the Bradshaighe and Gerard families. This church exhibits a fine interior, in the style of architecture common about the time of its erection; strong pillars support the arches; the roof is lofty, and lighted north and south by ranges of small pointed windows. There is some tapestry at the altar representing the story of Ananias; and two mutilated figures are shewn, said to be those of Sir William Bradshaighe and Mabell his wife. The customary exhibition of parochial bad taste is exhibited here in the removal of the beautifully carved font into a cellar of rubbish. There are several other places of worship in Wigan, including an Episcopal chapel, two Catholic chapels, a Presbyterian, Wesleyan, two Independent, two Baptist chapels, and an Independent Methodist, and Swedenborgian place of worship. There are one or two mansions yet left in this town of the Elizabethan date. During the last civil war a remarkable instance took place at Wigan of the profligacy of the Cavaliers, which in the west of England, under Goring and others of the generals of Charles, was yet more notorious. At Wigan the Cavaliers obtained an advantage over their opponents, and entered the chapel at Hindley, pulled down the pulpit, played cards in the pews, tore the Bible to pieces, and stuck the leaves on posts about the town. Near Wigan the supporters of the Stuart party under the Earl of Derby, who was on his way from the Isle of Man to join Charles II., were routed by Colonel Lilburne, when Sir Thomas Tildesley was slain; the Earl of Derby escaped, and fled towards Worcester with only two or three followers: and a pillar in Wigan-lane still marks the place where Sir Thomas fell, erected by one of his officers in 1679, with an appropriate inscription. Sir Thomas appears to have been a chivalrous gentleman, as well as a determined friend of the Stuarts: his last supposed

male heir joined the Pretender's standard in 1745. There is a picture of him extant, dressed in a cuirass with a buff jacket, his hair over his shoulders in the manner of his time. It bears the stamp of a gentlemanly carriage, with agreeable and good features, the very sight of which causes regret that such men should have ever been arrayed against each other on their own ground. In the contest in Wigan-lane, besides Sir Thomas Tyldesley, Lord Widdrington, one colonel, two majors, and a number of other officers, fell; and five colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, a major, four captains, two lieutenants, and four hundred men, were made prisoners. The Pretender remained in Wigan for one night in 1745, and levied contributions; but it does not appear that any other occurrence of moment took place, as he was on his retreat to the North, with the Duke of Cumberland moving in pursuit.

The charities of Wigan are numerous, and do great honour to the inhabitants, being directed to almost every praiseworthy object; and there are among them no less than thirty-five Sunday and Charity schools, instructing nearly 8000 children. The town-hall, which is built of brick, was erected in 1720; the sessions-house was rebuilt in 1829; while the borough gaol bears as old a date as the reign of Henry VIII. Wigan has a public dispensary, a barrack formed out of the old Cloth-hall, and a hundred and fifteen steam-engines, with a united power of 2113 horses; it keeps two weekly markets and three annual fairs.

Near Standish Gate, on the left-hand side going out of the town, is the remnant of an ancient cross, which seems, from some engravings of no very old date, to be recently altered, or the pavement raised round it and the houses behind it reconstructed. We have given the representation as it now stands. This is the remnant of Mab's Cross, connected with a singular story. We have already alluded to a mutilated monument in Wigan church over the remains of Sir William Bradshaighe, a military man, and his lady Mabell. Sir William, who was fond of travelling, lived in the reign of Edward III., and having gone away from home as it was supposed to the wars, and nothing being heard of him for ten years, his wife Mabell, heiress of Hugh Norris de Haighe and



Blackrode, having given up her husband for dead, as she very well might have done, married a Welch knight. At length Sir William made his appearance at home in a pilgrim's garb, and came to Haighe among the poor, who were in the habit of going there for alms. The Lady Mabell seeing him, his resemblance to her husband, whom she thought dead, struck her so much that she wept; for which very natural feeling her new spouse chastised her in that choler to which Welchmen are said to be rather prone. Upon this Sir William went round to his tenantry and made himself known to them, when the Welch knight betook himself to his heels, was overtaken by Sir William near Newton Park, and killed. The confessor of Dame Mabell, in consequence of her involuntary offence, enjoined her to go once a week while she lived, barefooted and barelegged, from the Haighe where she resided to the cross which is called Mab's Cross to this day, in memory of the circumstance. This, it must be confessed, was a hard sentence after a ten years supposed widowhood, at least it would be thought so in modern times, when the grief of widowhood is generally much shorter lived. It is said that Sir William and Lady Mabell, the weekly pilgrimage notwithstanding, lived very happily together afterwards. Haighe, the place of their residence, is called Hawe by Leland, who says, "Mr. Bradeshau hath a place called Hawe about a myle from Wigan. He hath founde moche canel like se coole, in his ground, very profitable to him, and Gerade of Ynse dwelleth in that paroch." Haighe Hall had been the seat of the Norris family down to the reign of Edward III., the heiress of which family marrying Sir William Bradshaighe, it came by a more recent marriage to the sixth Earl of Balcarras, Baron Wigan, and is the property of the present earl. There is an old picture extant of the hall and gardens, as laid out in the Flemish fashion, at the beginning of the last century.*

Proceeding towards Preston town, we find on the western side of the railroad going northward from Wigan, part of the parish of Standish, in Leyland hundred, containing in all ten townships. Standish Hall, the seat of the family of that name, has been modernized, and is remarkable as being the place where the "Lancashire Plot" of 1694 was concocted, for replacing the Stuarts on the British throne. There were once thirty-two halls in this parish, of which Langtree and Bradley are the principal that are left. There are some antique crosses here, and the church is a handsome structure, in the Tuscan order of architecture, erected in 1584, by Richard Moodi, who had been a monk, and whose figure lies recumbent upon a tomb within. The advowson of this church has been in the Standish family for 700 years. The church spire was blown down in 1806; there is a chapel of the Standishes within the church, and numerous monuments and inscriptions, one of which, to the memory of Mr. Watt of Oakhill, executed by the elder Bacon, is a pleasing piece of sculpture. The townships in this parish do not call for

* Baines' Lancashire, vol. iii.

particular notice, but in that of Coppull is Blainsco Hall, once the residence of the ancient family of the name. Eccleston parish, to the north of Standish, comprises the townships of Parbold, Heskin, and Wrightington, and is watered by the Yarrow river, which rises near Chorley, and joining the Lostock more to the northward, falls into the Douglas. It has a church of considerable antiquity lying in some flat meadows a little way from the village, having one aisle, a nave, and chancel—the eastern window decorated with painted glass; the date of its erection it is difficult to discover amid the modern reparations. Here the curfew continues to be rung. Parbold and Wrightington townships contain good coal mines and stone quarries;—Wrightington Hall is almost wholly an edifice of the last century, with a few portions of the ancient house, standing in a fine park. Horrock Hall, the seat of the Rigby family, is an old stone edifice, and belonged to the Colonel Rigby distinguished during the wars in the time of Charles I. Croston parish lies on the north-west, clipped of the township of Hoole in 1642, which was made a distinct parish; of Chorley, cut off in 1793, at the instance of the rector, as well as Rufford, to provide two livings for two of his sons; of Tarleton, and of Hesketh, with Beconsall, taken away in 1821, by which means the rector and vicar of Croston was enabled to hold these parishes for his life. Croston parish, beside its own township, was reduced to those of Bispham, Bretherton, Mawdsley, and Ulnes Walton. Croston borders on the river Douglas, which falls into the estuary of the Ribble; the parish church is a large building, containing the two chapels of Rufford and Beconsall, with a square tower of a construction exceedingly solid; the roof within is flat and paneled. This church was built upon the site of one of an older date, in the 16th century. The village of Croston stands on the banks of the river Yarrow, and there is much low land in its vicinity. The townships of Mawdsley, Bispham, Bretherton, and Ulnes, do not possess any object worthy of remark, except Bank Hall, a fine old brick mansion in the style of Elizabeth, erected in 1608, once the residence of the family of Banastre, and now the property of Mr. Leigh Keck. Much Hoole parish contains nothing of interest, and the same may be said of Little Hoole; agues are prevalent over all this district, from the marshy nature of the soil.

Leyland, which lies north of Eccleston, gives name to the hundred of Leyland, and contains nine townships: of these, Euxton stands on the high road to Preston from Wigan, having the river Yarrow on the south; the manor belonging to Mr. Longworth of Liverpool, by purchase; the other townships in this parish lying to the eastward of the road to Preston, we pass over for the moment. Edward the Confessor is said to have held the manor of Leyland: the church stands on high ground on one side of the village, a roomy fabric, the body in the modern taste, erected in 1816, but the tower is a remnant of the former structure, which was of old English architecture more than commonly imposing. A stone in the churchyard marks where rest the ashes of

the last of the family of the Weardens, and is dated in the 14th century. There were two Edward Shakespears, vicars here. The principal old residences are Warden Hall, belonging to the Farrington family, erected in 1509; an old hall, a seat of the Charnocks, of whom the divine Edward Charnock was one. Penwortham is a township and parish comprising those of Longton, Howick, Farrington, and Hutton. The parish church is within a mile and a half of the populous town of Preston, and there was here a monastery of Benedictines established from Evesham very soon after the Norman Conquest, which came into the Fleetwood family upon the suppression of the monastic establishments in the 15th century, and was fitted up and inhabited by them until they sold it. After passing through several hands, it came to the Rev. R. A. Rawstone by purchase. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and was erected about the commencement of the 15th century; it has been recently repaired in the modern taste, we had rather it had been restored to its pristine architectural state. Penwortham Hall is a modern edifice, erected by Mr. Lawrence Rawstone, in 1832, and commands a fine view of the Ribble, with the adjacent shores. Howick is a small township, and with Hutton, Farrington, and Langton, exhibits nothing remarkable; but some Roman antiquities and part of a Roman road have been found in the vicinity of these townships. The buried timber, or more properly subterranean forest, to which we have already adverted as existing in the west of Lancashire, is frequently disclosed by the removal of the sand, and trees are abstracted from beneath it, but not of so large a size as those found more to the southward.

Passing Walton le Dale, after crossing the Derwent, the road leading over rich low meadow ground, we come to the Ribble, here a noble stream, flowing along parallel with, and not far from the hill which, rising abruptly from the level beneath, carries upon its summit Preston, or as the Lancastrians term it "Proud Preston." The site is imposing and beautiful from the southern approach, even the chimneys of the cotton manufactories, that rival the church tower in height, do not appear so unsightly as in other places; the smoke too, from the elevated situation of the town, seems to hang about it much less than about other manufacturing places not so happy in position. On entering the town, the streets are found to be spacious and well built, but the customary hue of a southern Lancashire town is everywhere discovered, as if the blackness of the coal and the whiteness of the cotton were blended, to form that prevalent dinginess of external objects, which is so unsightly, monotonous, and wearisome to the vision, in the towns of this county.

Preston, in the centre of Lancashire and hundred of Amounderness, is a place of great antiquity, and until the commencement of the last century appears to have stood first in the county for wealth, although inferior to Manchester in population. Charles I. made a greater demand upon Preston for ship-money, than upon any other town in the county. It derives its name from having been once much occupied by ecclesiastics, at the time when the



PRESTON,

1845



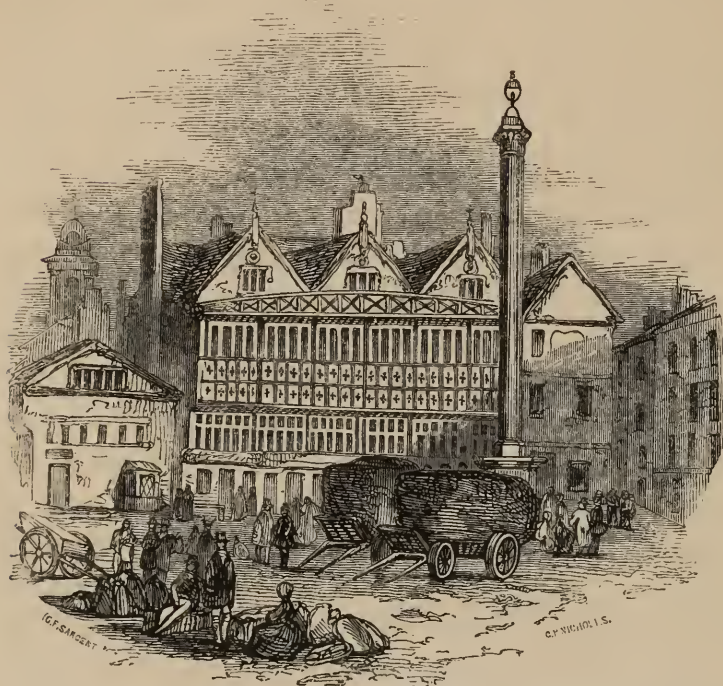
hundred of Amounderness belonged to the Cathedral of York. The celebrated guild of merchants, called Preston Guild, had its origin about 1329, though some think it to be of a much older date; and the Custumale of this town is a curious document, securing privileges, some of them of a very singular kind, nor are the penalties annexed much less so. Debtors, being burgesses, were it appears to be ducked on the cuckstool for the fourth offence; but to be at mercy for the sum of twelvepence for three offences, provided the debt were incurred for bread and ale. If a man's wife be lying-in of a son, and he pleaded it, he was excused from obeying a justice's summons to go upon an expedition. If any one called a married woman a naughty name, and no witnesses were forthcoming, she might clear herself upon oath; and then he who was guilty of so calling her, was "to take himself by the nose, and say he had spoken a lie."* The document, 700 years old, declares it to be the law of Preston "which they have from the law of the Bretons." There were formerly two monastic institutions in Preston, one called the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, the other a monastery of grey friars; the last was a prison until about fifty years ago, and traces of it yet remain. In the war between Charles I. and the people of England, Preston was first occupied by the royal party, but was quickly captured by the Parliament forces, and the mayor killed in the storm. The Earl of Derby afterwards retook it, and demolished the defences, and it was close to Preston that Cromwell routed the Scotch army in 1648, after Sir Marmaduke Longdale had joined. The battle was fought by the Ribble, and though Cromwell's strength was not half that of his opponents, they lost in two days 15,000 men out of 26,000, the remainder being nearly all taken or slain soon afterwards.

Preston received several charters, and two in the reign of Charles II. Among other superstitions of the time, the corporation in 1680 voted five shillings to support the expense of two daughters of indigent burgesses going to Chester to get cured by the royal touch. In 1715, the town being occupied by the Pretender's forces, it was attacked and partly carried by storm, when the garrison surrendered. In 1745, the Pretender remained but a very short time at Preston on his retreat.

There was once established in Preston a Jacobite club, under the name of the "Mayor and Corporation of the Ancient Borough of Walton;" it possessed all the insignia of a corporate body, and was continued long after the political object which created it had ceased,* most probably out of good fellowship. Richard Arkwright was born at Preston in 1732; and here, in a tattered dress, he commenced in conjunction with a mechanic named John Kay, in 1768, some of his improvements in the cotton-spinning mechanism, which afterwards he followed up with so much success. The first cotton manufactory in Preston was established in 1777. There are fifty-two steam-engines in the town, having an aggregate power of about fifteen hundred horses. There is also a good deal of flax spinning executed here.

* Baines' Lancashire, vol. iv.

Preston consisted originally of a good street, running nearly east and west, on the right side of which, going westwards, was the market-place, and out of this Fryer-street led north westwards. The main street was called Fisher-



street, and eastwards entered Church-street, which was a continuation of the right line, having the church at the commencement, below which edifice, on the opposite side, is the present gaol. Time has not changed the plan of the town, for the great additions made are only branches from this centre; the streets are wide and commodious, the houses well built, and the approaches good in all directions. The engraving shews the market place.

The gaol is a large building, seemingly well adapted for the purposes for which it was erected, and contains a hundred and eighty cells; there is a chapel and treadmill, and adjoining are a convenient court-house and sessions-hall. This prison is said to be very well regulated; but we were somewhat startled in seeing cannon mounted upon the angles of the building, and pointed up and down the streets. We were told that they were placed there some time ago, upon an apprehension of violence in the town; but that apprehension over, they should have been removed from a building where the moral force of the laws alone should be exhibited, not instruments of violence.

There are several churches in Preston; the old, or parish church, is dedicated to St. Wilfred; and we never saw an ecclesiastical structure with so little about it that is interesting; the registers are of no earlier date than 1611. In all there are four churches and one Episcopal chapel, two Roman Catholic, and thirteen other chapels belonging to different denominations of dissenters.

There is a guildhall, built about 1762; the town-hall was completed in 1782; and there is a corn exchange, a cloth and a market hall. There are gas and water works, by which the town is well lit and supplied with water; and it possesses a library, called the "Palatine" library; a "Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge," with a library and museum; a law library, an agricultural society, a theatre, and public walks. Preston is a port; vessels of 150 tons ascending nearly to the town, and about 30,000 tons of goods are entered, both inwards and outwards, annually. There is a fishery too in

the Ribble, belonging to the borough; the population of which is reckoned about 40,000.

Preston possessed no less than seven charters, including the two before mentioned, some of which seem to have conferred upon it the impolitic and tyrannical power, too common, of excluding from living in towns or cities and carrying on business in them, all not freemen, or who do not pay large sums of money for the permission, to be expended in corporation feastings. In matters connected with municipal affairs, Preston was long distinguished before the Municipal Reform Act. What are called the Guilds of Preston, at which the corporation enacted bye-laws and confirmed their privileges, is peculiar. These are held every twenty years, when the Trades, as they are called, meet with banners and music, form a procession, and keep up a species of carnival, at considerable cost to the town. The ladies of all degrees equally partake in the festival; and balls and feastings are the order of the day. It is said that this species of municipal jubilee has been kept up for two centuries and half, and that it is wholly a local custom. The different companies or trades, after the amusements of the time are over, attend to some formalities before the corporation officers, and the guild adjourns for twenty years.

The inhabitants of Preston, according to rumour, assume an air of the *ton* and of high breeding, which has conferred upon the town the epithet of "proud," already mentioned; even beardless young gentlemen make an effort to appear something, and among both sexes there is a perpetual effort to walk upon stilts. We saw nothing of the kind in the place, and must attribute the slander to the jealousy of those domiciliated in some less fortunate town of the county than Preston in building and situation, and in addition perhaps to a rival feeling, where cotton is less successfully manufactured.

The borough of Preston, comprising Fishwick, returns two members to Parliament; the parish includes nine townships, namely—Preston, Barton, Fishwick, Elston, Broughton, Grimsargh with Brockholes, Haighton, Lea, Ashton, Ingol and Cottam, and Ribbleton. In the town are fifty-five day, seventeen Sunday, and nine boarding schools; and the Sunday scholars, gratuitously educated, are said to be 10,000 in number; there are also several charities, and societies for charitable purposes, in the town and parish.

We shall now change our ground a little south-eastwards, in order to finish our itinerary of the hundreds of Salford and Leyland, and then proceed northwards into those of Blackburn and Amounderness. For this purpose we set out early in the dusk of a February morning, from the northern suburb of Manchester, intending to survey a district comprehended by a line drawn from Manchester to Colne, from Colne to Clitheroe, from Clitheroe to Blackburn, from Blackburn to Chorley, and thence to Wigan, including Haslingden, Bury, and Bolton—a part of Lancashire which has other claims to attention besides being the great seat of the cotton manufacture, and in which the antiquarian, the historian, and the lover of the picturesque, may find abundant

sources of gratification. As we passed along the streets we were much struck by thousands of lights proceeding from the windows of the factories, which opened out before us in the shape of a crescent, skirting the dark horizon. The streets themselves were bare and silent, except that every now and then we came upon a gin-shop—last to close and first to open of all the other marts—which shone bright and looked invitingly, but mostly presented a dark contrast in the squalid figures and sad countenances of the pitiable frequenters. Passing on we saw a group, which is no unusual sight in this manufacturing metropolis, a family of Irish peasants just entering the town. It consisted of father, mother, and three children. Like the ancient philosopher, they, in appearance, carried all their treasures with them. The man—a gaunt figure, trod on before, with a huge stick for his support, and rags alone for his covering; barefooted, and looking as keen with fasting and hoping as his own mountain air. The woman, scarcely above four feet, bore in the hood of her tattered cloak, a huge fat child of two years old, who was devouring a lump of bread. The little creature, short, thin, and wan, seemed to totter under her load. Some distance behind, almost naked and footworn, came a boy of ten years of age, followed by a girl somewhat his senior, equally weary, and nearly as badly clad. There they were, going to establish themselves in some dark damp cellar, and make another painful experiment in the art of subsisting on the least possible sustenance, and in the worst possible condition.

It was pleasing to find ourselves drawing near to the fresh air of the country, and ere long we found other and more pleasing objects of contempla-



tion. Pursuing an agreeable walk, through a country diversified with well wooded inequalities, rivulets, and handsome mansions, we arrived at a gate on the right of the road, which, not far from the village of Blakeley, led to the “Boggart’s-clough,” or as it is generally termed by the natives “Boggart-hole.” The word appears to be a corruption of *Burgheist*.* Certainly the ideal being itself is even still well known, and no little feared in the rural districts

of Lancashire. The “clough” is a long cleft or dell between two rocks,

* The etymology of *Boggart* is uncertain. *Bug* and *Bogle* are probably other forms of it. Both of these words are of Celtic origin, and signify to frighten. In Matthew’s Bible, Psalm xci. 5, is

the sides of which rise abruptly, and leave a narrow pass, widening a little here and there, through which flows a small brook. In spite of the repeated invasions of trade, with its unpicturesque accompaniments, the place presents some interesting not to say romantic points of view, and affords in the midst of summer a cool shady retreat, which the good people of Manchester seem strangely to neglect. In days of yore however, an honest farmer, who resided on the top of the "Clough," was sorely annoyed by its unearthly tenant. Night after night the sprite paid his unwelcome visits. Tricks of all kinds were played; sometimes the milk was churned, at others it was overset; the beds were stripped of their covering; the maids found themselves in the morning either on the floor, or with their heels on the pillows;

rendered, "Thou shalt not be afraid for any *Bugs* by night." *Boh* was the name of a fierce Gothic general, son of Odin.

The hobgoblin mentioned in the text bears some resemblance to Robin-Good-Fellow, concerning whose pranks there is an eminently beautiful poem ascribed to Ben Jonson ("Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iv."), a stanza or two of which we quote, if only to shew how admirably the rhythm is adapted to the subject—

From Oberon, in fairye land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'er see
 And merry bee,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
 About this aery welkin soone,
 And in a minute's space descrye
 Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
 There's not a hag
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry, "ware goblins," where I go;
 But Robin I
 There feates will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Then follows a description of his doings, which shew that he could tease and terrify as well as amuse. The sprite in our legend, however, seems more like a brother of his—not so generally known—*Robin-Bad-Fellow*, thus set forth in an old tract:

We meet with Robin-Bad-Fellow a-nights,
 That enters houses secret in the dark,
 And only comes to pilfer, steale and sharke,
 And as the one made dishes clean (they say)
 The other takes them quite and cleane away.
 What 'ere it be that is within his reach,
 The filching tricke he doth his fingers teach.

the children started in their sleep, their hair bristled up, their eyeballs rolled, they woke and wept! The master of the house tried every remedy, patience last of all; and when this failed him, he made up his mind to "flit." All was soon ready for the removal; the wagons were loaded over night, only a few more fearful hours and they would be far enough from the goblin and his "hole." The family for once contented themselves with straw beds. In the morning they were surprised to find how comfortably they had all slept, and now congratulated each other that as the Boggart saw they were in earnest, he had made up his mind to part company in a quiet, friendly manner. Breakfast was soon over, the horses were yoked, the carriages moved. "Thank God," said the farmer, "we are flitting at last." "Yes," cried a voice (but too well known) as from the top of the first wagon, "and I'm flitting wi' ye."



We entered the cleft, and looked in vain for the abode of the Boggart, but were abundantly repaid by the beauty of the scenery. Coming from the other end of the dell, a boy met us of the true Lancashire breed, his breast uncovered, his head bare and uncombed, his eyes and mouth full of broad quiet fun, with something like cunning in his look, and signs of health and strength from head to foot. "Hast thou seen the Boggart?" we inquired. "There's noa Boggart

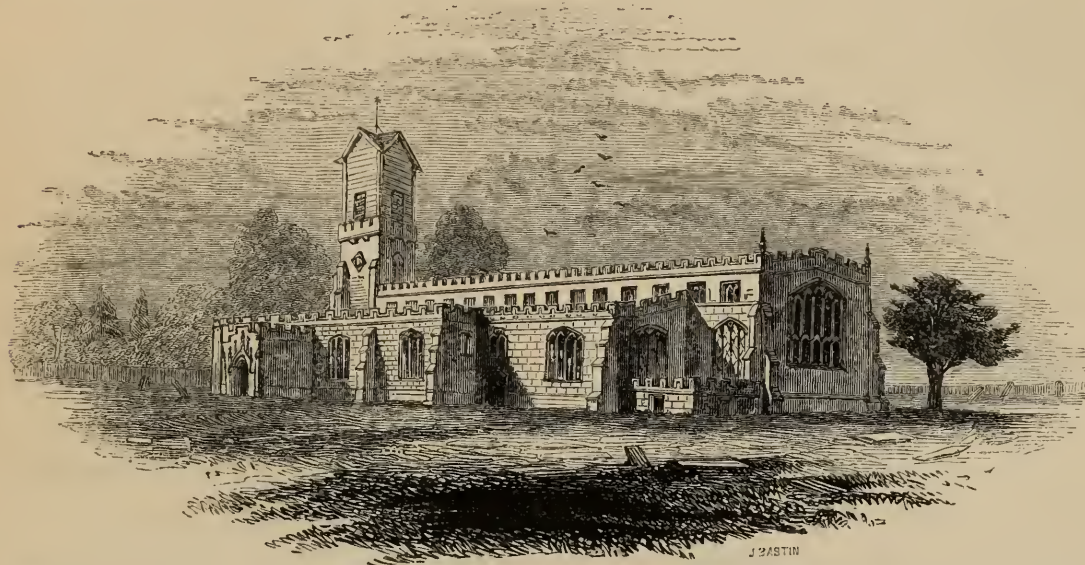
neaw," replied he, with an archness of meaning that language is quite unable to convey.

We next reached Middleton, a neat village, with a picturesque church well situated on the brow of a hill by the road side, forming an interesting object from many points of the surrounding country. The manor of Middleton, originally part of the honor of Clitheroe, and held by the Lacies, passed in the reign of Henry VI. into the family of Assheton.

The parish church of Middleton, here shewn, is of great antiquity. In this churchyard the gravestones are not erect, as is customary in the more southern counties, but lie on the ground, as is generally the case throughout Lancashire and the North. Brand says,* referring to a passage in Cicero,

* Popular Antiquities, p. 202, vol. ii.

that "this custom has been derived from very ancient times." We wish it were honoured in the breach rather than the observance, for more than any other thing the practice derogates from picturesque effect, and perhaps is that which constitutes the great difference between the churchyards of the South and those of the North.



The church tower is surmounted by a structure of wood; some have imagined from deficiency in the strength of the substratum—which is of clay, and could bear anything; others have assigned considerations of economy—but why lay out any money, unless some reason required the tower to be heightened? We have no doubt the addition was made to improve the proportions and appearance of the building. There remains in the north windows of this church a group of figures, representing persons of note in the neighbourhood, to whom is assigned the honour of having led the famous Middleton bowmen in the battle of Flodden Field. On the floor of a niche in the north wall, now covered, may be traced the outlines of an ancient cross. The stained glass, which forms the ornament of the chancel window, was removed hither from an ancient room in the rectory house, called "The Hall," where may be seen a very curious specimen of a carved oak screen. This house is an antique structure, supported in part by buttresses. Some of the old inhabitants of the last generation remembered when it was surrounded by a moat with a drawbridge; part of the moat remains, and loop-holes for the discharge of arrows are still visible in the walls of the house. In the year 1812, when the spirit of Luddism, having for its object the destruction of machinery, spread from the county of Nottingham into Yorkshire and Lancashire, it broke out with great violence in Middleton. A factory here was surrounded by several thousands of persons in menacing array. Loss of life did not deter the rioters, and peace was restored only by the arrival of a large body of cavalry from Manchester.

Dr. Assheton, rector of Middleton, born 1641, was the first projector of

the scheme for providing a maintenance for clergymen's widows ; which may be considered as the origin of many systems of assurance in this kingdom.

Crossing the country towards the east, we came to Oldham. The road leading hence to Manchester we found lined with carts conveying coal to Manchester from Oldham, where the best house coal of the neighbourhood is obtained.

Oldham is a parochial chapelry in the parish of Prestwich. The church placed on an eminence near the centre of the town, overlooks the surrounding country. A Saxon origin is claimed for the first erection. In this place marriages were proclaimed by a magistrate in the market-place, during the time of the Commonwealth.

Oldham has the distinction of giving name, if not birth, to Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, collated in 1501. He founded and endowed the Free Grammar School of Manchester.

No town in this vicinity has grown in size and numbers more rapidly than Oldham. Its vicinity to Manchester, the advantages of water carriage, the industry of the inhabitants, and above all, its mineral resources, have constituted this one of the most extensive seats of the staple manufacture in the county. An improvement in manners and intellectual cultivation is beginning to be visible. The goods chiefly made here are fustians, velveteens, calicoes, and cotton and woollen cords. The silk manufacture is making progress. The original staple trade is the manufacture of hats, which still prevails to a very large extent. The town is situated on an eminence, near the source of the Irk, and is washed on the east by a branch of the Medlock. In Plumpton and Plumpton Clough, a woody glen, the remains of an iron forge were found, supposed to be the work of the Saxons.

In the township of Chadderton, lying to the west of Oldham, near the front door of the Hall, is a tumulus, near which a number of ancient relics have been found.

A few miles brought us to Rochdale,* and we found ourselves entering on a more elevated country; in fact the high hills, which branch off from the English Apennines, run down near Rochdale in long ridges into the level country of Manchester and its vicinity. Now for the first time we became sensible of the cold keen air we should have to encounter in skirting, as was our intention, the base of the mountains which separate Yorkshire from Lancashire, and form part of that extensive range which has been not inaptly

* It is the inhabitants of this district whom *Camden* had chiefly in view, when, in his prefatory remarks to his account of Lancashire, he says : " Whom I feel some secret reluctance to visit, if they will forgive me the expression. I fear I shall give little satisfaction to myself or my readers here, so little encouragement did I meet with when I surveyed much the greater part of this county, so completely has time destroyed the original names everywhere. But that I may not seem to neglect Lancashire, I must attempt the task, not doubting but Providence, which has hitherto favoured me, will assist me here." How different is Lancashire "in the nineteenth century" from this unknown and barbarous land on which the hardy topographer trembled to set his foot !

denominated “the backbone of the island.” On drawing near to the town we were struck by the hard cold appearance which the custom of covering the dwellings with stone, instead of slates or tiles, gives to all the places in this part of the county. Nor, on entering it did we find any beauty in the buildings, or arrangements of the streets, to remove the unfavourable effect. On our right we passed the Roch, a river which gives its name to the town. On a height, to our left, was the church. If the building which it replaced had no better architectural pretensions than the present edifice, it was hardly worth the while for spiritual beings to take the trouble they are said to have given themselves in fixing its site.* The materials laid for the building on the spot fixed upon by Gamel the Saxon thane, are said to have been removed by supernatural agency. This Gamel, it appears, held two hides in Recedham or Rochdale, under Edward the Confessor, and afterwards, by a gift of Roger de Poictou, he had two carucates of land: he is conjectured to be the progenitor of Agnes de Rachdale, who married Sir John Saville, according to the pedigree of the Saville family;† but to proceed—the necessary preparations were made, the banks of the river groaned under the huge beams and massy stones, and all seemed to promise a speedy and successful termination. But there were those—not the less powerful because invisible to eyes of flesh and blood—who did not approve of the site, having resolved that the edifice should raise its head on the neighbouring hill. Accordingly, in one night all was transferred to its summit. The spectacle was beheld in the morning with universal dismay! But the lord was not a man to be easily foiled; at his command the materials were brought down to their former station. A watch was set, and all now appeared safe. In the morning, however, the ground was once more bare! Another attempt was rewarded by another failure. The spirits had conquered. One who knew more of them than he should have done, made his appearance, and after detailing what he chose of the doings of the sprites, presented to the lord a massy ring, bearing an inscription of this purport:

The Norman shall rule on the Saxon's heel,
And the stranger shall rule o'er England's weal;
Through castle and hall, by night or by day,
The stranger shall thrive for ever and aye;
But in Racheds above the rest,
The stranger shall thrive the best!

In accordance with this ratiocination runs the old and now nearly obsolete remark, that “strangers prosper, but natives are unfortunate.”

Rochdale came into the possession of the Byron family in the reign of Elizabeth, who demised it to Sir John Byron. After undergoing some change of masters, the manor is found in 1660 in the hands of Richard Lord Byron. William, the fifth Lord Byron, killed William Chaworth, esq. in a duel, for which he was tried before the House of Peers, and convicted of manslaughter.

* Roby's Traditions of Lancashire, vol. i.

† History of Lancashire, vol. ii.

He obtained his discharge by pleading his privilege as a Peer, under the statute of Edward VI. Admiral John Byron, the brother of the Baron, sailed in his youth with Commodore Anson, the circumnavigator, and was cast away on an uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean, where for five years he endured hardships unheard of, except in the pages of romance. His son John married Catherine Gordon, lineally descended from the Earl of Huntley and the Princess Jane Stuart. The issue of this marriage was George Gordon, the late Lord Byron, who died at Missolonghi on the 19th April, 1824. His cousin, George Anson, succeeded to the title, and is the present Baron of Rochdale. The title is all that remains; since the illustrious poet sold the manor and estate of Rochdale, the rights of which extend over 32,000 statute acres of land, to the late James Dearden, esq., whose son, bearing his father's name, now holds these princely domains.

There are many spots in the neighbourhood of Rochdale which will repay a visit. Among these we selected one near "Healey Hall," and bending our steps towards the township of Spotland, were not long in arriving at our destination. We had to ascend and pass through a hilly and unsheltered tract of country, and soon became aware that we had now got into a district where the leaven of the old Saxon tongue, customs, and character, is less adulterated than in most other parts of Lancashire. As we passed on, these words, on a placard, struck our eye, "A Motty for Women held here." "A Motty" is Lancashire for a club. The mills were just "loosing," and the clatter made by the clogs of the workmen as they hurried to their dinner, reminded us of France, and assured us that Baines* was not correct in saying, in relation to Rochdale, "wooden shoes, since called clogs, now so general in this neighbourhood, are gradually falling into disuse." Indeed, it is not many years ago that, on entering the house, we might have said mansion, of a very wealthy manufacturer residing not far from this place, we had our ears saluted by that which was at first an inexplicable noise within such walls, but which proved to be the sound and echoes of his children's clogs as they scampered through the hall into their nursery, scared at the unusual sight of a stranger.

The cottages which we passed on our road, though unpicturesque, as all Lancashire cottages are, gave signs, both within and without, of good housewifery. Oaten cake was to be seen everywhere, suspended by lines from the ceilings. This species of food is to be found in perfection in the east of Lancashire, and is in high repute with the natives. Nor can we affirm that its fame is wholly undeserved. A regiment of soldiers raised in those parts, and in the west of Yorkshire, at the beginning of the last war, took the name of the "Oatencake Lads," assuming as their badge an oat-cake, which was placed, for the purpose of attraction, on the point of the recruiting serjeant's sword.

Proceeding along, up a hilly country, we suddenly came to a most beauti-

* History of Lancashire, vol. iv. p. 635.

ful spot, on the left side of the road. It was the place of which we were in search, "The Thrutch." The name is descriptive of the character of the spot.

To thrutch, in the Lancashire *patois*, is to thrust with violence, and the division between the two sides of the rock has the appearance of having been produced by a sudden and resistless thrust of nature. On the top, as you turn in from the road, stands Healey Hall which, like many houses dignified with the name of Hall, in these parts, has little but age, size, and solidity, to distinguish it from an ordinary farm-house. It is now inhabited by Mr. Tweedale, a



partner in the firm of Leech and Tweedale, woollen manufacturers, whose works, together with those of another tradesman, occupy this cleft. In running the eye over the map which accompanies Dr. Whitaker's History of Whalley, one is surprised to mark the great number of Halls scattered over the district we are now surveying. Relics of most of these remain, but in general the houses are turned to manufacturing or agricultural purposes. The fear expressed by that learned, acute, but prejudiced writer, has to a great extent been realised. "A new principle is now introduced, which threatens gradually to absorb the whole property of the district within its own vortex. I mean the principle of manufactures, aided by the discoveries lately made in the two *dangerous* (!) sciences of Chemistry and Mechanics. The operation of this principle is accompanied with another effect, of which it is impossible to speak but in the language of sorrow and indignation. In great manufactories human corruption, accumulated in large masses, seems to undergo a kind of fermentation, which sublimates it to a degree of malignity not to be exceeded out of hell."* The property *has* changed hands; socially, the change is, we think, for the better, for we entirely disapprove of the unqualified terms in which the historian condemns manufactures; at the same time we have too often been painfully struck with the devastations which "the principle of manufactures" has committed on many, if not most of the venerable or picturesque spots in the Manchester district, not to lament the good old days when neither steam, nor smoke, nor tall chimneys, nor "unwashed artificers," defiled the beauties of nature. As it is, however, one finds it an almost impos-

* Hist. Whit. p. 484.

sibility to escape from the unsightly objects which manufactures have planted alike in the lowest dell and on the loftiest mountain of the country. Dr. Whitaker himself, however, seems to admit that the picture has its lights. As an instance of the inconvenience arising from the dispersion of society, he speaks of a blacksmith having been called to bleed a Duchess. There is no fear that so lamentable an event should take place in any part of Lancashire in these days.

But never were we more grieved at witnessing how manufactures have disfigured and destroyed the fairer features of our mother earth, than when we stood near Healey Hall and cast our eyes over "The Thrutch." Nevertheless, the place is still lovely. Wood and water combine with the position of the rocks to surprise and enchant the spectator. At the top the land wears the appearance of having been separated by a different kind of influence from that which forced apart the bottom; for it slopes, especially on the right side, easily down for some distance, when the rocks are suddenly riven, and stand in long succession one over against the other, in huge and threatening projections. Down this lengthened cleft the river Spodden, which rises in the mountains some two miles higher up, bursts, hurries and falls, forming more than one cascade, and, with its sparkling white foam, presenting a strong contrast against the dark grey sides of the ravine and the deep foliage of the trees.

It is said that the monks shewed, by the localities which they chose for their abodes, that they had a true and vivid sense of natural beauty. This is



at least equally true with beings who were once yet more spiritual than they. Some way or other, all the pretty spots, at least in Lancashire, were haunted by ideal beings. The noise of the steam-engine seems to have scared them away; but he who loves to study human nature,—in what it was, as well as in what it is, and who knows that the present is only the past over again—the garb, not the body, being altered,—will not disdain to linger around

the places to which our ancestors attached a feeling little less respectable than that of religious awe. Under the influence of some such sentiment as this we went in search of the "Fairies' Chapel," shewn in the above cut. We found it hidden behind a ledge of rocks, at the base of which it lies, a sort of natural

excavation formed by the attrition of the waters undermining the rock; and like other spots of the same secluded character, it has its "legendary lore."

Returning from the glen in order to pursue our journey, we were arrested by observing the extent of view which presents itself from the height on which the mansion stands. There, on one side, we saw Lime Park, in Cheshire; there, Cloud End, in Staffordshire; and there, the Derbyshire Hills. Nay, even Moel Famma, truly Mother of Mountains, darkened on the sight. On a bleak moor, called Monstone Edge, in this hamlet, is a huge stone which is said to have been quoited hither by Robin Hood, from his bed on Blackstone Edge, about six miles off. Were it not a pity to spoil so romantic a story, one would be tempted to pronounce the stone a simple boundary mark. In the township in which we have now detained the reader (Spotland), there prevails an old primitive custom which the "Temperance Movement" of the present day may soon deprive of its peculiarity. On the first Sunday in May the young people assemble at Knott Hill annually, for the purpose of presenting to each other their mutual greetings on the return of the season, and of pledging each other in the pure beverage which flows from the mountain springs.

Along the high and barren ridge of hills which separate the valley of the Roch from that of Spodden, extending from the spot to which we have brought our narrative to Todmorden and Cliviger, and forming the line which we had to follow in our journey, are several elevations whose names or appearances indicate their situation, or the uses to which they were anciently applied. "Wardle" was evidently the hill where "watch and ward" was kept. "Tooter Hill" is a local name for the Hornblower's Hill. "Hades Hill" sends its waters to the "great gulf" of the Eastern and the Western Sea. We may so far anticipate our narrative as to add that Hades Hill and Thieveley Pike, formed the connecting links between Pendle Hill and Buckton Castle; the beacons on which were all successively fired in the "Pilgrimage of Grace," an event which was the immediate occasion of the ignominious death of Paslew, the last abbot of Whalley, and of the destruction of the magnificent "House" over which he presided.

Returning into the centre of Rochdale, we paid a visit to the churchyard in order to see the stone placed above the remains of Tim Bobbin* and his wife. We read and copied the following:—

"Here lies John, and with him Mary,
Cheek-by-jowl, and never vary;
No wonder that they so agree,
John wants no punch and Moll no tea."

* "The works of Tim Bobbin, Esq., in prose and verse, with a Memoir of the Author by John Corry, Rochdale, 1819." This is the best edition of Tim Bobbin's works, but it is not a complete collection, and is moreover very scarce. A new and critical edition of this sole Lancashire classic is a desideratum. The original plates are in existence, whence the illustrations of "Tummus and Meary," as well as of the "Human Passions" were taken, and may, we have reason to know, be purchased for no very large

John Collier, bearing the sobriquet of *Tim Bobbin*, who united in himself the qualities of Hogarth and those of Swift—

A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
And in the course of one revolving moon
Was teacher, piper, patriot, and buffoon;
Then all for painting, quipping, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking—

was born at a house called, according to the peculiar manner of the country, *Richard o' Jones's*, in Urmston, near Manchester, December 16th, 1708. His father, a clergyman, intended him for the church, but was unable from want of pecuniary means to fulfil his purpose. The boy accordingly, to quote his own words, "went 'prentice in May 1772, to one Johnson, a Dutch loom-weaver, on Newton Moor, in the parish of Mottram; but hating slavery in all shapes, I by Divine Providence (railing my old scull-hat to the mitres), on November 19th, 1729, commenced schoolmaster at Milnrow." Here in time he became a man of some consequence. He studied drawing and music, and soon began to teach these accomplishments to others. He excelled in painting landscapes and caricatures. His superior knowledge, and the skill he displayed in the decoration of his person, made him the "envy and admiration" of his neighbourhood. The young farmers courted and imitated him. On one occasion he appeared at the church with a necklace, put on in jest, and retained through forgetfulness. Shortly after, the beaux of the place shewed themselves bedecked with similar ornaments. Like greater men, he appears to have commenced authorship with satire.*

From the ease and humour of some of his letters to his friends, it is evident that he was an entertaining companion as well as humourist; but as in many other cases, his conviviality cost him dearly, leading as it did, to habits of intemperance which never left him. A rising family induced him to try sum. We add the full title of Tim Bobbin's chief work just now referred to, "A View of the Lancashire Dialect by way of Dialogue, between Tummus o' Willims's, o' Margit o' Roaph's, an o' Meary o' Dick's, o' Tummy o' Peggy's," (such is the pedigree on both sides), "showing in that speech the comical adventures and misfortunes of a *Lancashire clown*. To which is prefixed (by way of preface) a Dialogue between the Author and his Pamphlet; with a few Observations for the better Pronunciation of the Dialect; with a Glossary of all the Lancashire Words and Phrases therein used: By *Tim Bobbin*, Fellow of the Sisyphean Society of Dutch Loom Weavers, and an old adept in the Dialect.

— Heaw arse wood wur I, eh this Wark!—*Glooar o' monny o' Beck.*

The edition from which we transcribe (Rochdale, 1819) is itself a reprint. There is another, "Manchester, 1819." These two differ in their contents, but are the only ones that are worth purchasing; the Manchester edition is much inferior to the Rochdale. Some London publisher has lately put out an edition which has no literary value. We have never been able to meet with an entire copy of an edition published under the supervision of Tim himself.

* — me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juvenia
Frevor et in celeres iambos
Misit furentem.

Horatius Restitutus, by James Tate, M.A., p. 46, Prelim. Diss.

his skill in oil painting, and he gained much provincial celebrity. In time, indeed, his pictures were sought for, even from the West Indies and North America. He principally excelled in painting the ludicrous. In the midst of his fame and dissipation, he put forth his famous work, the "View of the Lancashire Dialect;" the popularity of which the author saw and enjoyed.* Tim Bobbin, as he was now called, had attained the zenith of his fame; his society was sought by persons of station. Prompted by the hope of bettering his worldly condition, he migrated over the hills to Yorkshire; but finding the employment irksome, he soon returned to Milnrow, resuming his old arm-chair, and with it his freedom and authority. He now began to put forth his "Human Passions;" in which, if he has outraged nature, he has also taught many useful lessons. Squibs and satires also engaged the attention of his ambling Muse. Occasionally he gratified his friends by an epistle in rhyme. We subjoin, as a specimen, an extract from a letter to his friend Mr. Cowper, a wine merchant in Liverpool.

Perhaps your pictures you expect,
Before I feel the warm effect
Of your care-killing liquor!
But hark you, sir! the days are dark,
And cold; *on then I hete aw wark*,†
As ill as any vicar.

But in a month, or two, at least,
Except the sun wheel back to th' east,
You may expect your beauties;
But in the meantime must I fast?
Or guzzle ale not to my taste?
Nay, hang me on some yew trees!

I from my cot, this Christmas-eve,
Write with a troubled mind—believe,
And wife in doleful dumps;
For who can merry be, that's wise,
While what he wants in *Lerpo* ‡ lies,
And vexed with jeers and frumps?

Pray send a line, that I may say,
To my *crook'd rib*, on such a day,
Your gossip's nose shall job in
A tankard made of mountain wine,
Sweet water, nutmeg, sugar fine,
And set at rest

TIM BOBBIN.

He retained his humour, and continued a facetious companion in his old age, the infirmities of which he bore with equanimity, though the free life he had led, made them in his case very numerous and severe.

One piece he wrote, entitled "A Codicil to the last Will and Testament of James Clegg, Conjuror," contains directions which serve to illustrate, not only his own peculiar vein, but the customs and habits of the county.§

* He lived to see a fifth edition.

† Lancashire for—and then I hate all work.

‡ Liverpool.

§ "I will that they invite to my funeral sixty of my friends, or best acquaintance, and also five fiddlers, to be there exactly at two o'clock.

That no women be invited, no man that wears a white cap or apron; that no tobacco or snuff be there, to prevent any sneezing.

That they provide sixty-two spiced cakes, value two shillings, and twenty shillings' worth of the best ale that is within two miles, allowing the best ruby-noses present, Roger Taylor and John Booth, to be judges. ("O monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.")

That if my next relations think a wooden jump too chargeable, then I will that my executors cause me to be dressed in my roast-meat clothes, lay me on a bier, stangs, or the like; give all present a sprig of rosemary, hollies, or gorses, and a cake. That no tears be shed, but be merry for two hours.

That all shall drink a gill bumper, and the fiddlers play *Britons strike Home*, whilst they are bring-

At the end of the codicil come sundry bequests, conceived in a still more openly satirical mood. One of these bequests is so goodhumouredly satirical that we may be pardoned for quoting it:—"Item, I give my forty-five minute sand-glass (on which is painted old Time sleeping) unto that clergyman living within three miles of my house who is most noted for preaching long-winded, tautologizing sermons, provided he never turn it twice at one heat."

Collier's satire has not eradicated the practice of feasting at funerals. Entertainments at burial are of ancient date. "Juvenal," says Brand in his *Popular Antiquities*, "mentions the *Cæna feralis*, which was intended to appease the ghosts of the dead. The modern arvals, however, are intended to appease the appetites of the living." And certainly the sight of such a feast among the people in Lancashire cannot fail to impress the beholder with the feeling that the main concern is care for the living under the pretext of bewailing the dead. Nor is it possible to see the handsome manner in which, not seldom funeral carriages are decorated without suspecting that ostentation has its share in the ceremony. Nor, if more is now eaten than the allowance in the "codicil" would seem to imply, is there any diminution in the quantity drunk, while tobacco is a luxury that is never wanting. And not seldom have we experienced to our cost that no less incongruity still prevails between the music and the occasion, than is implied in *Britons strike Home* and *O clap your Hands* performed at an interment.

Dr. Whitaker observes, speaking of the Lancashire gentry in the "good old times," "It required the economy of half a life, to enable men in this rank to afford to die, for their funerals were scenes of prodigality not to be described. I have seen the accounts of an executor in the 'sober' times of
ing me out and covering me. Then the bier and attendants, none riding on horseback but face to tail, except Mr. George Stansfield of Sowerby (which privilege I allow him, for reasons best known to myself), then the C—— of S— C—l shall bring up the rear, dressed in his pontificalibus, and riding on an ass; the which if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual office, then my executors shall *nem. con.* pay him twenty-one shillings.

If the singers at Shaw meet me fifty yards from the chapel, and sing the anthem *O clap your Hands*, pay them five shillings.

Next I will that I be laid near the huge ruins of James Wolfenden, late landlord of *Shaw Chapel*, which done, pay the sexton half-a-crown.

Then let all go to the alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the shot amount to thirty shillings; the fiddlers playing the *Conjuror's gone Home*, with other tunes at discretion, to which I leave them; and then pay the fiddlers two shillings and sixpence each.

If my next relations think it worth their cost and pains to lay a stone over me, then I will that *John Collier of Milnrow* cut the following epitaph on it:—

Here Conjuror Clegg, beneath this stone,
By his best friends was laid;
Weep, O ye fiddlers, now he's gone,
Who loved the tweedling trade!
Mourn all ye brewers of good ale,
Sellers of books and news;
But smile ye jolly priests—he's pale,
Who grudged your power and dues!

the Commonwealth, from which it appears that at the funeral of an ordinary gentleman in the chapelry of Burnley, 47*l.* (more than treble that sum at present), were consumed almost entirely in meat and drink; 10*s.* indeed were allowed to the preacher for a sermon, by which his congregation no doubt were well prepared to edify in the evening, and 5*s.* to scholars for verses on the deceased.”*

The following lines by a living poet, poet in truth, though of the same craft as Bobbin himself, are worthy both of the subject on whom they are written and of the writer. They are also eminently characteristic, certainly of the first, perhaps of the second as well; and, being written in the Lancashire tongue, may serve as a less unintelligible specimen of it than many we have seen:

TIM BOBBIN' GRAVE.

I stoode beside Tim Bobbin' grave,
 'At looks o'er Ratchda' teawn,
 An' th' owd lad 'woke within his yerth,
 An' sed wheer arto' beawn.

Om gooin' into th' Packer street,
 As far as th' Gowden Bell,
 To taste o' Daniel Kesmus ale.

Tim.— I cud like a saup mysel'.

An' by this hont o' my reet arm,
 If fro' that hole theaw'll reawk,
 Theaw'st have a saup o' th' best breawn ale
 'At ever lips did seawk.

The greawn'd it sturr'd beneath my feet,
 An' then I yerd a groan,
 He shook the dust fro' off his skull,
 An' rowlt away the stone.

I brought him op o' a deep breawn jug,
 'At a gallon did contain,
 An' he took it at one blessed draught,
 'An laid him deawn again.

BAMFORD.

On a bleak hill, to the north of Milnrow, is the scattered village of Gallows, formerly the site of the ancient baronial executions. Many old family mansions, more or less in a state of decay, are found in the vicinity of Rochdale. We name Howard Hall, in Hundersfield, anciently a stately mansion, but now a plain substantial stone building, because it has the reputation of being the noble spring whence came

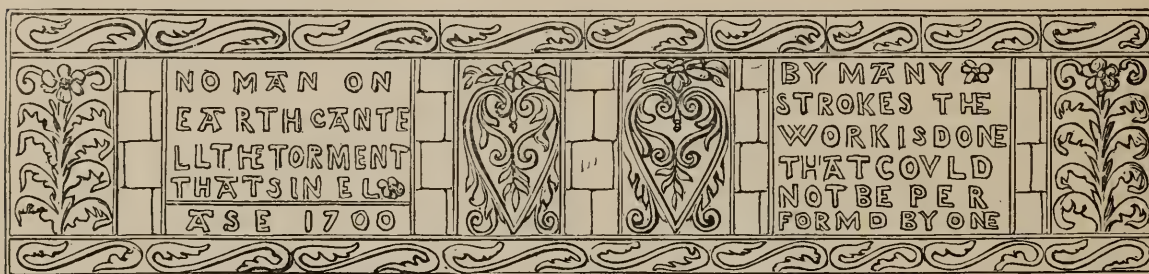
“All the blood of all the Howards.”

We left Rochdale by the Manchester and Leeds Railway, which connecting together the Irish Sea and German Ocean, allows a journey from Liverpool to Hull to be performed in a few hours. The features of the

* Hist. Whalley, p. 479.

country began to improve. The unsightly symbols of manufacturing industry became "few and far between." A noble range of hills stretched along on our right, at the base of which we were hurrying along, ascending as we went, through a pleasant vale. The celebrated Blackstone-edge soon broke on our view, one of the haunts of Robin Hood, and, since his time, of more of the "minions of the moon" than we should choose to encounter. From the top of this mountain there is an extensive and magnificent view both of Yorkshire and of Lancashire; but we have more than once found ourselves disappointed, owing to the prevalence of bad weather, for the moisture which is drawn up out of both the eastern and western seas, being intercepted by this lofty ridge, is condensed into fogs, or falls in rain, and leaves but comparatively few days on which the traveller can enjoy the fine prospects to be had from it. On the summit of Blackstone-edge is a reservoir of great capacity, which serves as a feeder of the Rochdale Canal; and near its eastern extremity runs the division line between York and Lancaster.

Near the summit of the Rochdale Canal, at a place called Steaner Bottom, stands an old house now in decay, of some antiquity, attracting notice from its carved inscription in relief, running the whole length of the building, and expressed in these terms :



We shortly arrived at Littleborough, which is celebrated as a Roman station. The remains of the Roman camp have nearly disappeared; but the site of the works rears its lofty front a little to the east of the village, and bears on its summit the ancient mansion of Windy-Bank, overlooking the numerous picturesque objects which present themselves in the valley near the junction of the roads at the foot of Blackstone-edge. Towards the close of the last century a number of coins, some of them as early as Claudius, were dug up at Castlemoor, in this vicinity.

About two miles to the north-east, the right arm of a silver statue of Victory was discovered in the year 1793, supposed by Dr. Whitaker to have been the arm of a votive statue of Valerius Rufus, broken off, and lost by the Roman army in one of their marches from York to Manchester.

One of the first chapels in the parish of Rochdale was built at Littleborough. It was licensed for mass by the Abbey of Whalley in 1476. In the year 1815 this venerable edifice was replaced by a neat modern erection, whose site, placed as it is, just in front of two well wooded brows, with lofty mountains for a background, is peculiarly striking.

On our left lay Stubley Hall, originally built by Nicholas de Stubley, an early residence of the Holts. The name of Holt has for centuries been associated with dignity and opulence in this parish. The Holts were strongly attached to the cause of the Stuarts; and, in the list of knights in the projected order of the "Royal Oak," on the restoration of Charles I., the names both of Thomas and of Robert Holte appear.

The general decay of native woods occasioned an universal disuse of timber in buildings about the latter end of Henry VIII.'s time. The first instance of an entire hall-house of brick and stone is Stubley. The reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth constituted a new era in domestic architecture; numbers of old timber halls having gone to decay, were replaced by strong and plain mansions of stone. Stubley Hall, in the time of Whitaker, contained much carving in wood. He particularises a rich and beautiful screen between the hall and parlour, with a number of crests, ciphers, and cognizances, belonging to the Holts and other families of the neighbourhood.

Quitting Littleborough we found ourselves almost flying up and through the mountains. The country became bolder. We had entered the vale of Todmorden, whose beauty has not been improved by the formation of the Railway. Nor do we think that the Lancashire portion ever justified the high encomiums which have been lavished upon it. Our passage through the "Summit Tunnel" was attended by most impressive circumstances. The rapidity of our flight, the screech of the warning-signal from the engine, the overhanging column of mingled smoke and steam, the rush of air, together with the lurid glare and innumerable sparks thrown by the flambeaux which the train carried, and others borne by persons stationed in the tunnel, conspired, with the feeling that we were passing through the body of a huge mountain, to excite and to awe our mind; for there were we, if out of peril, yet in the very midst of the stupendous works of nature, and the highest triumphs of human enterprise.

The formation of this tunnel was a long, costly, and perilous work, involving the loss of twenty-eight lives.

We came out of the tunnel not far from Todmorden, when we found ourselves surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains, with the town lying between them, on the eastern and western banks of the Calder. This river, which takes its rise on the margin of the forest of Rossendale, at the north-western extremity of the township, serves to divide the two counties. The stream hurries through the midst of the place, which is irregularly built, being scattered up and down on the two opposite sides of the mountain in a straggling manner, which accords not amiss with the wild appearance of the country.

The three great requisites for manufacturing prosperity are found in the vale of Todmorden in perfection—building materials, coal and water communication. Under these favourable circumstances Todmorden has become a

place of great importance in the manufacture of cotton, and can offer more than one instance, among thousands to be found in other localities, of the elevation to opulence of persons whose intellectual culture was no less humble than their origin.

In order to find a position whence we might take a full view of Todmorden and its immediate vicinity, we climbed up what is termed "The Ridge," rising directly above the railway. We were repaid for our trouble. In the bottom, on our left, the road to Burnley took its gently sweeping course. Following the line of the railway, our eyes were met by the river and the canal, which conducted our view up to the lofty hills leading into Yorkshire. In our front, and on our right, lay the *disjecta membra* of the town itself, with the Church, the Hall, the Unitarian Chapel, and the works of Mr. Fielden, as prominent and striking objects. One feature must not be omitted. A factory chimney rose out of the mountain far up its side—no unusual sight in these parts; the chimney is run up the hill for a considerable length, when it takes a vertical position, and ascends to the necessary height. By this singular contrivance a more powerful draft is obtained, in consequence of the facility with which the chimney can be lengthened out.

Immediately above the town the mountains rose in long, high, and successive sweeps, the summits being finely rounded, and vegetation stretching along the sides nearly up to the very top.

Turning round on our left, we entered on the road leading from Todmorden to Burnley, and found ourselves in a lengthened winding gorge, running between the Lancashire mountains on the left, and the Yorkshire on the right side. We had now, of a truth, got into Cliviger, *the rocky district*, as the word implies. The mountains on the Lancashire side rise precipitously to a great height, are broken by deep ravines, and form, by the peculiar curves which they take, a series of huge bowls. At present, the road on both sides is well covered with vegetation; larch, mountain-ash, and birch trees appear at every step—the result, for the most part, of a laudable effort, on the part of Dr. Whitaker, who, in the interval between the years 1784 and 1799, planted 422,000 trees on his estate of Holme, cutting, at the same time, pathways along the plantations several miles in circuit, which exhibit many interesting views. As the district abounds in coal, the works which are built, and the employments which proceed for procuring that mineral, have in a measure driven away the crowds of hawks which had from time immemorial inhabited there as a secure retreat; and even the pair of noble "rock eagles," mentioned by Whitaker as having, far "longer than the memory of man runneth," defied what time, age, and yet more destructive sportsmen could do against them, have disappeared before the unsparing spirit of trade.

In travelling through this most picturesque vale, we met at every bend of the hills new groups and combinations of sublime or pleasing objects. Sometimes the mountains closed in and seemed to intercept our passage. The

next minute they opened, and winding round, threw before our sight a wide circular plain, with the narrow Calder trickling at their base. Still more remarkable was the bold and sudden sweep with which the mountains ran down one upon another, or into the strips of plain below—now in one vast unbroken curve, and now riven into clefts, which gave pathways to cascades, whose waters contrasted pleasingly with the deep blue around them. The

most imposing of all was the mountain commonly termed “The Eagle’s Crag,” which rose almost perpendicularly above us, clothed with vegetation. A slender mist overspread the hillside, and aided the imagi-



nation in conceiving the shape of a huge eagle (hence the name), whose half uplifted wings the dark foliage aided the fancy to shadow out. It was impossible to stand below the tremendous crag, whilst feeling the loneliness and impressive silence of the place, calling also to mind how many a traveller had looked on the scene with fears that chilled his frame, without being conscious of emotions which, if akin to superstition, partook of the awful and the sublime.

Most suitable spot, we exclaimed, for the haunts and revels of evil spirits. And in this witching place, accordingly, tradition has placed a legend—

Wearily had Giles Robinson been toiling all night long through the narrow pass we have attempted to describe. Most unwillingly had he undertaken the journey; but a payment which he had to make by nine o’clock in the morning had deprived him of all choice. His destination was a few miles on the road towards Burnley, and he hoped, as it was All Saints Day, that he should be able to reach his home in Pendle Forest by nightfall. Vexed by the difficulties he had experienced in procuring the money which he carried, and enraged at what he accounted an injustice, in relation to the claim he was about to liquidate, the worthy farmer—such was his profession—pursued his lonely and rugged path in no very amiable state of mind, when, of a sudden, a flash of light passed across his eyes, and immediately after a crash, as if the mountain at his side were of a sudden rent, passed through his ears, striking him with amazement. The first idea which came into his confused mind was that he was beset by robbers. He folded his arms round his body,

and seemed by his action, to imply that the enemy should take his life before they found their way to his carefully hidden treasure.

Recovering in a degree from his alarm, he directed his eyes upwards on the left, and there beheld that which all but smote him to the earth in dismay. It was Loynd, indeed, the witch, whose name was a terror throughout the forest of Blackburnshire. Before he could again raise his trembling eyes, he found himself in a terrific storm. The thunder roared and echoed on all sides, around, through, and over the mountains. The rain fell in torrents. Poor Giles was near sinking with fatigue and dread. He was just on the point of returning, in hope of finding shelter, when he felt something hard and smooth rub against his legs. Looking down, he saw a huge black cat, whose eyes emitted sparks of fire. On a sudden, a voice came forth, as if from his mouth—"Thou cursed my mistress two days ago, she will meet thee again at Malkin Tower." The familiar disappeared, darting more quickly than thought to the top of the precipice, when Robinson, in following his flight, saw him alight immediately on the shoulders of "Loynd Wife," who was sitting astride the Eagle's crag. The moment the cat had taken his place, the witch drew a huge flambeau, as it were, from the beak of the eagle, and waving it round and round in her hand, flew away as swiftly and securely as an eagle itself, in a north-west direction.

"True enough," ejaculated Giles, "she is gone to Pendle Forest. Horrid scenes, doubtless, will take place there before the sun is high in the heavens."

On the previous evening Giles' son had left his home, and wandered forth in an idle mood. Meeting a neighbour, he asked of him to go and gather berries in his small enclosure. Obtaining permission, he darted into the thicket and was soon lost from sight. After proceeding a few hundred yards, he saw two greyhounds come running towards him over the next field. They approached and fawned on him; and then he saw with astonishment that their collars were of gold. Gratified at so fine an opportunity, he determined to hunt with them. Most opportunely a hare at that moment rose just in front. "Loo! loo!" he shouted, but not a step would the animals take. He was naturally enraged, and, having a cudgel in his hand, he did not hesitate to bestow it upon them. The stick produced a miraculous effect; for, instead of one hound, he saw, with his own eyes, Moll Dickenson; and, instead of the other, a little boy. Ned—such was the appellation by which he usually went—endeavoured to take to his heels, but the woman's hand was cast on his shoulder, and seemed to pin him to the ground. "Here," said she, offering him a purse of silver, "take this, and hold thy peace."

"Aroint thee, witch!" replied the boy, "thinkest I know thee not?" On which Moll took from her pocket a string, and threw it on her attendant's neck, who at once was changed into a white horse. Poor Ned felt himself the next moment on the neck of the horse, seated before the witch. Before he had recovered from his surprise he found they had arrived at a new house

called Hoarestones, higher up the mountain. The door was beset by beings human in shape but demoniacal in aspect. Others of similar appearance were coming up on fiery horses from all quarters, but in greatest number from the Cliviger side of the county. The boy had heard of "the Witches' Sabbath," and he was now convinced he was about to witness their horrid rites. Alas! he witnessed more that night than it befitted a boy to see or any modest tongue to tell. Threescore hags crowded the place. They first prepared a feast. At a word fires were kindled, and whole carcasses were roasting before them. Ere he could well turn his eyes to the table the meat was ready for the carver's knife, and the witches were in the midst of their carnival. Not two minutes had elapsed before they all arose as if at a secret signal, and uttered a shriek which might have been heard down to the lowest depths of the mountain's base. "Feed him, feed the wretch!" cried she who had brought him. A young comely woman forthwith tripped up to him bearing a delicious steak in a golden dish. Ned's eyes glistened, and his mouth watered. He took a portion within his lips and fell backward, overcome with disgust. What was his astonishment to find himself the next minute on his legs in a barn! Before him six hags knelt, and pulled at six ropes fastened to the roof. Down the ropes immediately ran roasted lambs, lumps of butter, and the richest cream, falling into dishes and basins placed to receive them. These witches were soon replaced by six others, who applied themselves to the same work. But who can describe the hideous features which they all wore, or the horrid discord, which came as from twelve church-bells all broken, while owls hooted in secluded corners of the barn, and shrieks and groans thickened around it from without.

Of a sudden a vast cauldron rose upon the barn floor, surrounded both on the inside and the out with lurid and scorching flames. A number of the foulest hags appeared, who, acting under the orders of one whom he recognised as "Loynd Wife," threw various things into the cauldron, as they said—

1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.
Loynd. Put in that, O put in that.
2d Witch. Here's libbard's bane.
Loynd. Put in again.
1st Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
2d Witch. That will make the yonker madder.
Loynd. Put in; there's all, and rid the stench.
Firestone. Nay here's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.
All. Round, around, around.

"It takes!" they all suddenly shrieked. "Her flesh has done it." On which the trembling boy saw his father and his mother rise in the opposite corner of the room.

"Wretches!" exclaimed Loynd, "we know, and can punish our enemies. You are here to see the fate of your own boy;"—but before the sentence was terminated Ned had darted from the barn, and was hurrying towards his home

at his utmost speed, "Could I," he thought, "but get past the 'Boggart-hole' I should be safe." After him, however, came a troop of witches, led by Loynd. She was nearly on his heels, and had stretched out her long bony hand to seize him, when he leaped like a wounded deer, and sunk full two yards lower down the mountain than the Boggart-hole. That moment two horsemen came up; the witches scampered into the forest, and Ned was conducted to his home. For a whole week the poor boy did nothing but rave. His father arrived a short time after Ned, and found that one object of the gathering of the witches had indeed been to punish him and his house.

For days did Giles remain unemployed, and almost speechless, plotting revenge; till at last he suddenly broke forth, "Wife, there is law against these demons, and I will have it; the lad is getting better, and his evidence with mine will hang them all."

In truth eighteen persons were brought up for trial at Lancaster, seventeen of whom were found guilty on the oath of Giles and his son, and condemned to suffer death. For some reason, however, the judge thought fit to grant the prisoners a reprieve, and reported the case to the king in council. They were next remitted to the Bishop of Chester. His opinion was given, and four of them were sent to London, and there examined, first by the king's physicians, and afterwards by Charles I. in person.

Suspicious arose, Giles and his son were subjected to a very searching investigation, when it appeared that whether the father had been scared by a thunder-storm or not, certainly the boy had been suborned to give false witness, in order to serve as an instrument of revenge.

Not the least extraordinary fact remains to be mentioned. One of the accused, by name Margaret Johnson, had actually confessed her guilt, stating in the most particular manner how, when, where, and for what purpose, and with what experience she had of her own free will become a witch.* So overpowering is the force of popular prejudice when arrayed in the awful power of the invisible world; and so small is the worth of confessions of guilt when the mind is full of false notions, the imagination morbid, and the passions in a flame.†

* Dodsworth's MSS. vol. lxi. p. 47.

† "This story," Dr. Whitaker informs us, "made so much noise, that in the following year (1634) was acted and published a play, entitled the 'Witches of Lancashire,' which has been applied by Mr. Stephens to the illustration of Shakspeare. The term has since been transferred to a gentler species of fascination, which my fair countrywomen still continue to exert in full force, without any apprehension of the county magistrate or even of the king in council." The females of these parts deserve their reputation, which indeed is not of recent date. Drayton thus speaks of the "Lancashire Witches" of his day—

First that most precious thing and pleasing most to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
His sheself, woman; which the goodliest of this isle
This county hath brought forth, that much doth grace my stile;
Why should those ancients else, which so much knowing were,
When they the Blazons gave to every several shire,
Faire woman as mine own, have titled due to me?

The whole of this part of the country was eminently fitted to originate and foster superstition among an ignorant people. With forests extending on all sides, lofty mountains, deep and shady glens, dark and unsightly dwellings, the imaginary beings which alarmed and harassed our forefathers may well have found a refuge and a shelter here, when they had been compelled to retire from other parts of the country by the increasing light of day. Nor was it a mere inspiration of fancy that prevailed. In these times we can form no idea of the terrible power which the belief in goblins and witches carried with it of old, productive as it was of the most slavish disquietude. Every principal house had a ghost, and every death was preceded by secret signs and warnings. Whitaker mentions what he designates "one practical superstition," as being peculiar to the district. "The hydrocephalus is a disease incident to adolescent animals, and is supposed by the shepherds and herdsmen to be contagious; but in order to arrest the progress of the disease, whenever a young beast had died of this complaint, it was usual, and it has I believe been practised by farmers yet alive, to cut off the head, and convey it for interment into the nearest part of the adjoining county. Stiperden, a desert plain upon the border of Yorkshire, was the place of skulls." The learned historian accounts for the disappearance of witches on the ground, not of the spread of increased intelligence, but of an alleged diminution of social intercourse, and of the friendly feelings which it originates; seeming to point to what is the great

Nor is it possible to see the fine straight well-proportioned frames of the present girls of the county without admiration. A bevy of Lancashire girls issuing from a factory, or beheld at their employment, provided it be in the country, for the town populations are of the most medley character, cannot fail both to strike and gratify the spectator.

It is one among a thousand of the acts of injustice done by "the lord of the creation" against his weaker but better self, that the violence of superstition should have been made to fall with peculiar and almost exclusive force upon females. The very name witchcraft, not wizardcraft, shews that women have had to bear this grievous burden. And by a sort of superfluity of wrong doing, the aged were almost the sole parties against whom the popular disfavour was directed.

That pattern of wisdom and paragon of philosophy, King James, in his "Demonology," assigns the following as his explanation of the supposed fact, that witches exist to wizards, in the proportion of twenty to one:

"The reason is easy, for as the sex is frailer than man is, so is it easier to be entrapped in these grosse snares of the devill, as was over well proved to be true, by the Serpent's deceiving of Eve, at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sex sensine."

The events of which we have given above the leading features, happened in 1633. Previous to this, another similar tragedy had been enacted. This county—we quote the curious and learned old antiquarian work, "British Topography, 1780,"—so fertile in sorcery and witchcraft, produced "The wonderful discoverie, with the arrainment and trial of nineteen notorious witches, at the assizes and general gaol delivery, holden at Lancaster Castle, Munday, Aug. 6, 1612, before Sir James Altham and Sir Edw. Bromley, with the arrainment and trial of Janet Preston at the assizes held at Yorke, with her execution for the murder of master Lister by witchcraft, published by command of his Majesty's justices of assize in the northern parte, by Thomas Potts, Esq." 1613, 4to.: and "A particular declaration of the most barbarous and damnable practises, murtherous, wicked, and devilish conspiracies practised and exercised by the most dangerous and malicious witch Elizabeth Sowthernes, *alias* Demdike, of the forest of Pendle, in the county of Lancaster, widow, who died in Lancaster Castle before her trial." 1612, 4to.

object of his dislike, and which had in his day begun to make palpable inroads on the seclusion if not the beauty of the country, namely, manufactures; and certainly, while it may admit of a question whether manufactures on the whole have not softened as well as enlightened private life, they have indirectly served to liberate society from many distressing illusions. Commerce has, however, still a work, in the way of disenchantment, to perform among the rural population, and in the mountainous parts of the country. The number is not small, whom no consideration could induce either to trust themselves to the perils of a railway carriage, or dispense with that sure protection against witchcraft, a horse-shoe nailed over the entrance door of their houses. Having fallen into conversation with a working man on our road near Holme Chapel, we asked him if people in those parts were now ever annoyed by beings of another world. Affecting the *esprit fort*, he boldly answered "Noa, the country is too full of folk;" while his whole manner, and especially his countenance, as plainly said "Yes." A boy who stood near was more honest: "O yes!" he exclaimed, turning pale, "the Boggart has driven William Clarke out of his house; he flitted last Friday."

"Why," I asked, "what did the Boggart do?"

"O, he wouldn't let 'em sleep: he stript off the clothes."

"Was that all?"

"I canna say," answered the lad, in a tone which shewed he was afraid to repeat all he had heard; "but they are gone, and the house is empty. You can go and see for yoursell if ye loike: Will is a plasterer, and the house is in Burnley Wood, on Brown Hills." So particular an account, however, required no investigation.

In this neighbourhood we arrived at the spot where the Calder takes its rise, sending off one branch to the east, another to the west. The fountain was not long since visible; but the person who farms the land having found the water dangerous to his lambs, had covered it over, but we experienced no difficulty in discovering its site by the superior freshness of the greensward.

A short ride brought us to Portsmouth, a place which lies just under a side of the mountain, rising abruptly in a precipice from its very base, and a little farther on, descending in a series of lesser mountains, formed in the shape of bastions. We had felt some curiosity to see this Portsmouth among the mountains. We found it to be a solitary inn. Near at hand are also Whitehaven and Chatham. What could this mean? This is the interpretation:—Each place was but a house or two. A sailor, returning to the spot where he drew his birth, after many long years spent in the service of his king and country, pleased his fancy by giving these names to places as dissimilar as can be conceived to those which bear them of right; and while he gratified his whim, astounded the villagers by the wondrous tales he told, occasionally chuckling at the thought that tradition would give him a sort of immortality by bearing down the names, if not their origin, to distant ages.

Glad were we, however, to put into port, without being too critical as to the propriety of the borrowed appellation. The Roebuck gave us hospitality—such hospitality as can be experienced nowhere but in Cliviger. Shivering with cold, we entered a large kitchen, where was a true Lancashire fire; and stools, tables, platters, nay, the floor itself, of a shining whiteness resembling the purest snow. But what language can do justice to the ham? Not fewer than fifty fine hams hung suspended from the ceiling! And then, who would know how delicious a flavour a well cooked potatoe has, must first visit Lancashire, and then proceed to Cliviger. Lancashire is said to be the first English county which grew the potatoe. The finest kinds it still produces. The ox-noble potatoe, though it has had its day, retains a celebrity which even a Wellington does not disown, for the memorial of the one may be seen suspended not far from that of the other before many a village inn in Lancashire.

We passed one or two fine sheets of water, in which is good fishing, and came to Holme Chapel.

The scenery here is less wild, and has a warmer as well as a more pleasing aspect. Looking towards Burnley we saw a number of interesting objects, spread over a country gradually opening and sinking down into the plains. The vegetation was rich; the brook, whose head we had just passed, was here and there confined and dammed up, making good pools for the angler, and adding to the beauty of the country. A small hill lying somewhat to the left attracted our attention. It was in shape something like a large truncated cone, and being planted with a tuft of trees, made a singular and pleasing object in the prospect. Its name is Dyneley Knoll.

Holme Chapel is a comparatively modern building erected in 1788, on the spot where a rude but picturesque edifice formerly stood. This was originally a chantry, founded upon the dissolution of Whalley Abbey, which came into the possession of the Whitaker family in the reign of Elizabeth. The chantry was soon dissolved, and the place, by a singular fate, remained without a minister for the space of two hundred years. In 1796, Thomas



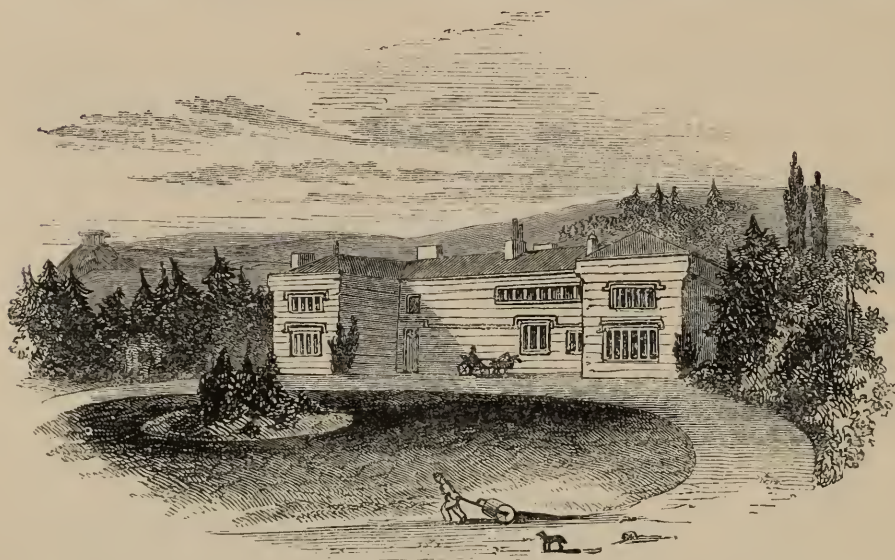
Dunham Whitaker was licensed to it on his own petition. The old structure

was diminutive but venerable, and was surrounded by a grove of sycamores swarming with rooks; "so," to cite the words of Dr. Whitaker himself, "that when there was any competition of voices at all, *cawing drowned the parson's saw.*" The parents of the historian of Whalley lie buried in this chapel. Dr. William Whitaker, his father, was a clergyman of multifarious learning, a rigid Calvinist, and a most prolific writer on controversial and dogmatical subjects. These are the terms in which Bishop Hall characterises him:—"The honour of our schools, and the angel of our church, than whom our age saw nothing more memorable;—what clearness of judgment, what sweetness of style, what gravity of person, what grace of carriage was in that man! Who ever saw him without reverence, or heard him without wonder?" The Whitakers are descended from the first families of Lancashire—the Sherburnes, Townleys, Stanleys, and Harringtons.

The hall was originally of wood. The centre and eastern wing were re-

built in 1603.

The west remained of wood till 1717, and had one or more private closets for the concealment of priests, the family having continued recusants, at least to the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth.



The accompanying sketch will afford an idea of what the house is at present.

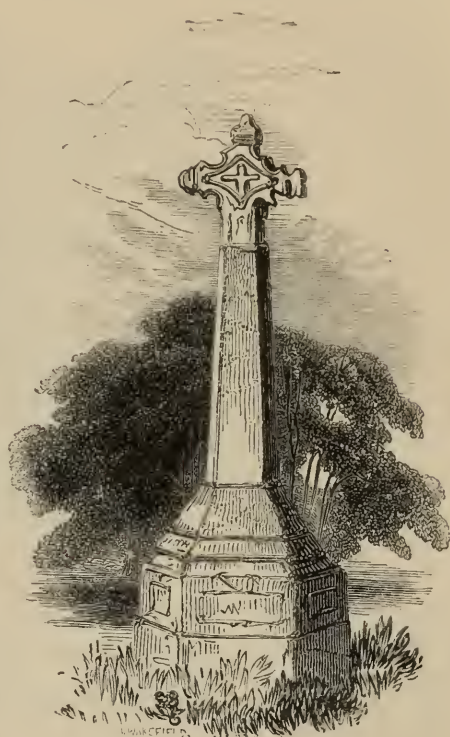
From Holme we passed through a less elevated but pleasing district to Ormerod. "In this township," relates Dr. Whitaker, "is still preserved an instrument of ancient and approved efficacy in suppressing the license of female tongues, namely a Brank. With this unenviable head-dress the culprit in the olden time was led about in a disgraceful state of penal silence.

In passing along we made diligent inquiry for this extraordinary machine, but to no purpose; all with whom we spoke, declared that use for many such instruments could be found in the neighbourhood, and seemed to regret that it was not within their reach. According to Plott, this "artifice is much to be preferred to the ducking-stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip; to neither of which is this at all liable, it being such a bridle for the tongue as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression and humility thereupon before 't is taken off; which being put upon the offender

by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer, to her shame; nor is it taken off till after the party begins to shew all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment.”*

The Cross of Holme yet remains, of which the annexed cut is a representation. It has escaped the ravages of time with less detriment than many similar objects of the same kind in that neighbourhood, some of which have received more injury from wanton bad usage than from a long course of years; it is pleasing to reflect, that a better spirit seems now to have arisen, and we sincerely hope it will become universal.

The next hamlet we entered was Haberg-ham Eaves, where the scenery, yet remaining agreeable, has lost its mountainous character. This place was once the residence of a respectable family, the last representative of which wasted the patrimonial property, came to ruin, and was not joined to his ancestors in burial. His wife has left a memorial of herself and her sorrows in some not inelegant verses, in which, under the emblem of flowers, she strove to commemorate her experience and soothe her grief.



The gardener standing by,
Proffered to choose for me,
The pink, the primrose, and the rose,
But I refused the three.

The primrose I forsook,
Because it came too soon,
The violet I overlooked,
And vowed to wait till June.

In June the red rose sprung,
But was no flower for me;
I plucked it up, lo! by the stalk,
And planted the willow tree.

The willow I now must wear,
With sorrows twined among,
That all the world may know
I falsehood loved too long.

We turned off the high road on the right, and came into Towneley Park. It is a spacious inclosure, wearing a rather neglected aspect, but presenting beautiful views, and knolls of fine trees, especially many venerable oaks. The hall lies in a well sheltered spot under cover of a hill at the back, and is enclosed nearly all round with high land. The original site was a tall and

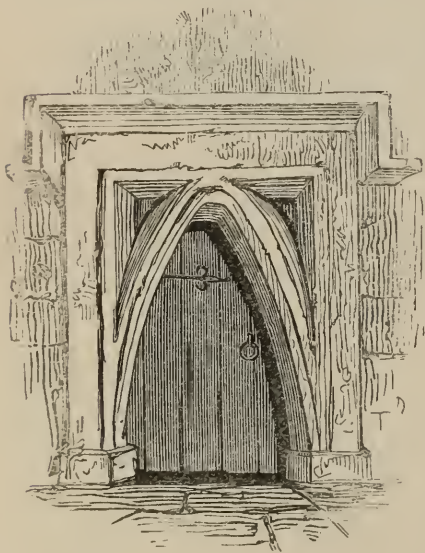
* Since writing the above, we have learned that the late Dr. Whitaker was in possession of a “Brank, or Lucy’s Muzzle,” when he wrote the History of Whalley, but the present occupier of Holme, T. H. Whitaker, Esq., a grandson of Dr. Whitaker, is ignorant of what has become of it.

There is a classical fable which wears a similar aspect as the machine mentioned in the text. Poor Chione! She was not satisfied with being loved by Apollo; she must needs allow her tongue a license against Diana. The goddess would not endure the scorn, and shot an arrow right through the pccant member. The expedient was more effective than merciful.

shapely knoll, southward from the present mansion, still named Castlehill, on the eastern side of which are obscure remains of trenches. The mansion wears a noble aspect, worthy of the family to whom it belongs.



Till some hundred years ago, it was a complete quadrangle, with two turrets at the angles, of which the south side, still remaining, has walls more than six feet thick. In the eastern wing we noticed a doorway with an arch of singular construction.



Entering the house by a curious old door made of carved oak, we found ourselves in a fine hall, furnished with a billiard table, sofas, and other conveniences, and adorned by casts from the antique, antlers, etc. In the drawing-room, besides some good pictures, are four busts; two of the late Charles Towneley, one of the late John Towneley, father of the present occupant, and the fourth, a copy of Isis rising out of the sunflower, by Nollekens. In the dining-room is a very fine portrait by Vandyke, of Lord Widdington, who was killed in the battle of Wigan-lane. There have also recently been brought to the house from Stella, near Newcastle, nearly sixty portraits, chiefly of the Widdington branch of the family, painted by Lely, Kneller, Dobson, Van Loo, Wessing, and Houseman. One, that of a female in rich silk drapery, by Lely, is admirably executed. A sort of picture gallery running the whole length of the eastern wing, contains a great number of family portraits inserted in the panels of the wainscot, offering in the successive changes of costume and of expression, an interesting subject of contemplation to the philosophical student of history. Among these we

noticed particularly John Towneley, the translator into French of *Hudibras*, who lived so long in France that, but for his bearing an English name, he would from his dress and air, be undoubtedly taken by a spectator for a Frenchman. As if to make his peculiarities more striking, there is placed by the side of him a good-humoured rubicund countenance, of the true English gentleman sort, whose wearer looks no less well satisfied with himself than with all about him. We must name Richard Towneley also, born in 1528, who was so long in foreign countries that it was only by his dog that he was recognised on his return, and this faithful companion is painted at his side. Charles Towneley, the celebrated antiquary, we cannot in justice pass without a brief record.

The premature death of his father, William Towneley, caused him to succeed to the family estate when quite a child, and in combination with religious considerations, induced his guardians to send him for education to the College of Douay in France; the chief resort of young men of rank, heirs of the Catholic gentry in England. His progress was distinguished. Under the auspices of Chevalier Towneley, whom we have before named as the translator of *Hudibras*, and who was also a friend of Voltaire, young Towneley was initiated into most of the graces and some of the follies of the French capital. About 1758 he took possession of the family residence, and gained no small acceptance by bearing part in the athletic sports of the field, and the boisterous hospitality for which country gentlemen were then often distinguished.

In 1765 he visited Rome and Florence, and commenced those researches and studies which raised him to the first rank among connoisseurs, and gave him at once the desire and the skill to make the collection of Marbles by which he has connected his name permanently with the history of his country. The ardour with which he gave himself to this laudable pursuit, may be conjectured from the fact, that on arriving at Syracuse, after a long and fatiguing journey, he could take neither rest nor refreshment till he had visited the fountain of Arethusa.

The strong attachment of his family for the Pretender, secured Mr. Towneley a favourable reception in Rome, and greatly facilitated his researches. The era was, next to that of Leo X., the most interesting and propitious in relation to the discovery of antiquities. Aided by Gavin Hamilton, and others, Mr. Towneley accumulated the best assemblage of Grecian and Roman marbles which had been seen in England. These precious treasures he exhibited in a residence which he purchased in Park-street, Westminster, where the favoured visitor might contemplate a scene realized from the descriptions of Cicero and Pliny, being at the same time gratified by the urbanity and intelligence of the accomplished owner. His collection comprised, in addition to splendid marbles, ancient bronze figures and utensils, coins, gems, antique pastes, drawings, a Greek manuscript of the

Iliad of the twelfth century. On his decease his executors offered to the nation his marbles and terracottas, which by authority of Parliament were purchased for the sum of 20,000*l.*, and received into a building at the British Museum, erected for the purpose. A second purchase was made under the sanction of another act of Parliament, at a cost of 8200*l.*

From this Gallery of Portraits, we were conducted into a bedchamber, where stand an ancient chest of drawers and an ancient bedstead of carved oak, the latter executed in a very bold style, and both in good preservation.

Before quitting the house, we paid a visit to the chapel, a small neat room fitted up with what is requisite for the celebration of the Catholic rites.

Large portions of the mansion are unoccupied, or resigned to menials.

On reviewing our impressions of the interior of this truly baronial hall, we agree with the historian of Whalley, in the opinion that the chief object of interest is to be found in "the noble woods, principally of ancient oak, finely disposed and scattered over the park and demesnes to a great extent."

There seems reason to think that some rigour may have been of old employed in widening the lands which surround this mansion, as an old tradition bears on the point.*

Sir John Towneley was neither a hard hearted nor a bad man. No one could justly impute to him any infraction of the laws of his country. On occasions he was even capable of performing acts of generosity. Yet he was not beloved by his neighbours, and the poor feared rather than respected him. As a boy, he was known for a love of making petty accumulations. When he grew up to the period of youth, he seemed beset by a restlessness of disposition which never let him remain contented with what he possessed. If he saw a superior hound, or a high-spirited horse, he scarcely slept by night, or rested by day, till he had made them his own.

Nor, in the opinion of rigid judges, was he over scrupulous about the means of procuring these gratifications. If persuasion sufficed, to persuasion he limited his efforts. When, however, good words and solid gold had proved ineffectual, threats were not spared; nor were suspicions wanting which hinted that some way or other evil befel those who resisted his inclinations. Certain it is, that he had the reputation of being the best at a bargain in the whole country, while the largesses he bestowed were not always free from the taint of selfishness.

Those who knew him best, remarked that his love of acquisition became stronger in his breast every passing year; and but that he had a large family, and possessed some warm feelings, they would have expected him to prove a thorough miser at the last. After he had passed the age of fifty, he manifested a most determined disposition to enlarge his paternal domains. Ready money was procured, negotiations set on foot, lawyers employed, every resource called into request, in order to effect his purpose.

* Whitaker.

A large tract of land in the vicinity of his residence, remained unappropriated. The peasantry enjoyed it in common; cottages were scattered up and down it; the cows and the swine of the people found subsistence there; and in truth it was not without valuable qualities. Master John had long known its capabilities, and seen its lovely scenery with an envious eye. At length he resolved to "lay it in," as the phrase went. Procuring the needful authority, he issued notice that the property was his; that the people should no longer, under any pretext, feed their cattle thereon; and that they must all have quitted their houses within the space of three months.

This behest created the greatest discontent in Horelaw and Hollinhey Clough. Resistance was contemplated; in whatever direction Master John took his way, he met with sullen or threatening looks. "They had," declared a village Hampden, "as much right to their bits of land, as John Towneley had to his acres. Nay, the ancestors of most of them had been there long before his name was known, at least in those parts. Would they yield their own without a struggle?"

It was all in vain: not a family removed indeed; but just three days after the limited day, all were alarmed in the dead of the night by noises of operations they could not comprehend. It was a band of labourers, brought from a distance, who, attended by a number of men at arms, were busily engaged in demolishing the cottages. The next morning saw a dismal ruin. The land was taken in, and made a part of Towneley Park. But who can tell the dislike, not to say detestation, which this act called forth against its author? Bitterly painful were the feelings of the fathers, mothers, and children, who were thus rudely driven from their homesteads. A poor woman above sixty years of age died of the fright and grief which the expulsion occasioned her. She had buried her husband a week before, with whom she had lived on that spot eight and thirty years, and whom she had known from her earliest childhood. "It was hard," she said, "to quit the auld place; father and mother were here before me; and my poor auld man not yet cold in his grave."

It was noticed by those who knew Sir John best, that he never after this transaction seemed quite at his ease. He was heard to talk to himself. He gave over superintending the alterations required by the appropriation. He died calling out, "lay out, lay out," that is "disappropriate."

No wonder the credulous peasantry should have formed the conviction, and given out the report that the old knight's spirit, being unable to rest, wandered about the mansion, and might be heard over the very parts that had been taken in, crying in most piteous tones—

Be warned! lay out! lay out! be warned!
 Around Horelaw and Hollinhey Clough;
 To her children give back the widow's cot,
 For you and yours there's still enough!*

* Whitaker's Whalley.

We next proceeded to Burnley—most unpicturesque of towns, with a hard, cold appearance, tall chimneys, smoke, and a population looking as little pleasing as their place of residence; though parts of the town lie in situations which afford scope for much architectural effect, were the taste and the resources furnished which are essential for so desirable a result. With the true antiquarian spirit, we at once made our way to the “Old Church,” but found nothing to suit our purpose. We had heard of an old cross, and knowing that no few Catholics were still found in Burnley, we expected to find a choice relic of antiquity; but in this too we were destined to meet with disappointment. Something which was once a cross, a nearly unshapen stone eight feet in height, bearing marks of having stood much rough weather, was all that remained—unless indeed we add the stories we heard by its side, of bones being discovered, and other evidences that we were standing on the site of an old Catholic chapel.

Burnley—an important division of the parish of Whalley—stands on a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Burn, or Brun, with the Calder, which passing on through Padiham and Whalley, falls into the Ribble. This town appears to have been a Roman station, lying on a vicinal way, between Ribchester and Almondbury.

From Burnley we drove in a ss.e. direction, over high, bleak moors, towards Padiham, passing, as we quitted the town, the barracks, lately erected for an aid in preserving the peace. Leaving a place termed Cheapside, we reached Padiham, not long since the poorest village in Lancashire, having for years been dependent for its support almost entirely on handloom weaving, and that of the coarsest and worst paid fabrics. The introduction of “power,” to use the technical term for mills driven by steam, has partially improved the condition of the inhabitants, but the place still wears a mean appearance. Indeed no few of the Lancashire villages have the unsightly, not to say squalid, look of too many of its towns, without the indications of their opulence. No sight is more refreshing than the sight of a village in Lancashire, as all villages ought to be, and as they mostly are in the southern counties, with cottages of brick and thatch, small gardens before the door, a bright stream trickling through or near the place, and a sprinkling of good old houses, betokening cultivation if not gentility; not to omit the neat old church, and a smiling parsonage.

Glad were we to leave behind us the cold tract and poor vegetation we had just passed, and descend into this warm bosom of the earth. The country had indeed improved in appearance as we drew nearer Whalley, and immediately above it presented some highly interesting views; but we were too wearied with our day’s labour to give them any particular attention, or record the seats and halls—most of which deserve the neglect in which we left them—that we passed on our road.

Pinched with cold and famished with hunger, we alighted at the Swan

Inn, kept by Mrs. Francis Silverwood, which we particularise thus for the benefit of those who, like ourselves, may hereafter wish for the comforts of a home when far from their own firesides. We shall not attempt to describe our sensations on finding our foot once more on this spot, rendered venerable and almost sacred by so many historical memories. At first, however, other demands required satisfaction than those of the head or the heart. No sooner had we partaken of the good things of "mine hostess," than we sallied out, late as it was, if only to assure ourselves that the abbey and the church were in reality where we had left them some twelvemonth since, and to resume our acquaintance with the most intelligent and obliging of all village clerks in the kingdom. The moon was up, the village still, the air, for the season of the year, soft and agreeable; the hills lay in immense shadows; and the Abbey and the Church—yes, there they were, immediately under the light of the moon. We stood gazing in calm satisfaction, ideas and feelings crowding on our mind, which was sensible even to a footfall, yet left in almost unbroken tranquillity, when of a sudden the church bells broke into a peal, and with their silver notes broke up the charm. We proceeded to our inn, and soon retired to our chamber, but though fatigued were for hours unable to sink to sleep, so busily occupied was our imagination under the immediate influence of the genius of the place. Monks in their cowls, barons in their armour, all "the pomp and pride" of chivalry, and all the gorgeous ceremonial of the old religion in its palmy state, passed in review before us, image after image succeeding each other, till our fancy was fairly wearied out, and we slept—and in sleeping, again lived in the very press and bustle of the "olden time."

We were up with the sun. It was a fine spring morning, rather frosty. Our intention was to ascend some height, and take a view of the surrounding country. As the church lay in our way—the road to it up an entrance to the right as you go towards the little picturesque bridge—we could not resist the inclination to look into its venerable cemetery. A few sheep were nibbling a surface of luxuriant grass, thickly covered with mounds, the separate resting-places of long generations. And how tranquilly the sleepers rest—Protestant and Catholic, regular and secular, men of all ages and many conditions, side by side till the last great day! How brief was each one's span of life! How idle many of his solitudes, and his joys how hollow! Yet did they experience deep, real, and satisfactory emotions; at least those who had undergone the gentle passion, and from lovers had passed into parents. Even those who never knew the delights, fears, and pains which the parental relation brings, may still have felt the pure gratification of earnest devotion or of self-denying philanthropy. All true feeling is satisfactory, all true and intense feeling approaches the sublime—

"Not a hillock moulders near that spot
By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot."

Those are the Crosses;—yes, there Paulinus stood and taught the gospel of peace and love. This humble churchyard is a memorial of a great national event.

These interesting remains commemorate the preaching in this place of Paulinus, and the conversion of Northumbria, in which Whalley was included, to the faith of Christ. It was a difficult labour that the missionary undertook. It is never easy, especially when religion has intertwined itself with the influences of even a low degree of civilization; but in this case the teachers and the faith itself, the whole circle of ideas and appliances, were of foreign extraction, and wore a foreign appearance. The upper classes, indeed, appear to have outgrown the existing system. In a conference which Edwin held with his great men, in order to learn their opinion as to the adoption of the new religion, Coifé, the high-priest, seems to have played the *philosophe*. “No one,” said he in substance, “has served the gods more sedulously than myself; no one has received fewer favours from them. My opinion is, that they are not worth the attention they receive. Is the new religion better?” The council determines in its favour—but who should signify the same to the people? Coifé offers himself. It was impious for the high-priest to ride on anything but a mare. He demands of the king a war-horse and a spear, gallops to the idol fane, transfixes the image, profanes the temple, and thus breaks the charm. A stone church is erected on the spot where the temple had stood.

And what were the arms which they brought for effecting the conquest of the nation? Augustin was in England. To his aid Pope Gregory sent four priests, Milletus, Justus, Rufinianus, and Paulinus; and, with them,* in plain English, he sent a pastoral letter to Augustin, and ordered for the Missionaries a goodly assortment of canonicals, relics, censers, etc. with special request not to forget “the parchments.” Yes, mark the emphasis in the last words of our quotation, “especially very many manuscripts.”

Paulinus reaped success. He converted Edwin, king of Northumberland. Cautious were his steps, and wise his plan. Edwin was, as yet, not king, but an exile; his life was in peril; his breast was full of solicitude. While in this mood, he was addressed, under cover of the shades of evening, “What wilt thou give to have thy wishes fulfilled?” “The highest rewards in my power.” Thrice was the question put, and thrice answered, with increasing emphasis. A hand fell on Edwin’s head, while he heard the words “remember that sign.” Edwin then knew that the being he had conversed with was not a man but a spirit. He overcame, and ascended the throne. Still he is not a Christian. Paulinus procures him a wife—but no conversion ensues.

* Not—Arma virosque—but—Quæ ad cultum erant ac ministerium Ecclesiæ necessaria, vasa videlicet sacra, et vestimenta altarium, ornamenta quoque Ecclesiarum, et sacerdotalia vel clericalia indumenta, sanctorum etiam apostolorum et martyrum reliquias, nec non et codices plurimos.—*Bede Historia Eccles. lib. i.*

Eumer, an assassin, is sent by a king of Essex to kill Edwin with a poisoned dagger. The blow is received by a noble, who saw the villain's aim, but the king is wounded. His wife, at the same time, is delivered of a daughter. This rescue, and this blessing, Paulinus assures the king he had obtained of the Almighty by his prayers. Edwin begins to give way, and promises to become a Christian if his life is saved from the effects of the poison, and victory given him over his royal but base assailant. These favours are also granted, but the king is yet a Pagan. However, he begins to study Christianity, consults his wise men—but state policy probably stood in his way, and he hesitates still. “Hours together,” says Bede, “would he sit in solitude, deliberating what he ought to do. On one such occasion the man of God, entering to the king, placed his right hand on the king's head, and asked him if he recognised the sign. The king fell, trembling, at the Missionary's feet, who raised him, and addressed him in a friendly voice, “Lo! thou hast escaped from the hands of the enemies whom thou didst fear, through the grace of God: Lo! by his favour thou hast received the kingdom which thou didst desire; remember thy promise, and receive the faith of Him who has snatched thee from thy adversities, and will, if thou obey Him, save thee from the perpetual torments of the wicked, and make thee a partaker with himself in the heavens of his eternal kingdom.” Edwin now knew from what source the divine oracle had come to him, and, on consulting his nobles, became Christian (627). His subjects followed their monarch. Paulinus baptized twelve thousand converts in one day, and became Archbishop of York. This was the Paulinus whose preaching here, in Whalley, is commemorated by the crosses that you behold.

“There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear;
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.”

Paulinus appears, from the description of him left by the Venerable Bede, to have had the power to alarm as well as to soothe, to terrify and to conciliate. “He was,” says the graphic old chronicler, “a man tall of stature, slightly bent, with black hair, emaciated countenance, a curved and very slender nose, alike venerable and terrible in his aspect.” This literal translation from the Ecclesiastical historian will aid the visitor's imagination to body forth the figure of the preacher, and the details into which we have gone may serve to bring up before him somewhat of the form and manners of the age. Paulinus, measured by his contemporaries, was in himself a great man, and the work which he performed was likewise great.

We left the pleasure of exploring the interior of the small and venerable building for another opportunity, and proceeded towards Nab's Hill. We passed two or three good houses on our right; but Whalley is celebrated not

for its grandeur but its antiquity; and a truly neat village-like place it is, with a pure atmosphere and balmy air. One from the south country finds in it most of the features which make up his idea of an English village; and but for the clatter, worse than the croaking of Homer's frogs—of those abominable clogs, coming from that group of boys at play—could easily fancy himself in some sequestered nook of Sussex or Kent.

We were now making our way up Nab's Hill; and heavy work we found, though we literally circumverted it, in order to gain our purpose, ascending through a narrow sort of cleft which had the appearance of being "a water-gait," as a watercourse is called in Lancashire. Beguiling our way, in conversation with our guide, we learned that Whalley was almost exclusively dependent on calico-weaving. We knew, therefore, that its population must be wretchedly poor. The average earnings of a weaver here is three shillings and sixpence a-week, not more than four men in the place can make five shillings. And yet see how rich a land it is! what signs of abundance! what noble mansions and "broad acres," loaded with the bounties of Providence! Nor here, at least, is there any foreign or redundant population to bring down wages—the population has long been on the decrease.

We had more than one fine view in ascending Nab's Hill, which amply repaid our labour. The hill is intersected with lines of trees, which much improve its appearance. It is indeed a fine object from the plains below, though of small account as compared with other hills in its neighbourhood. If planting should proceed as rapidly and well as it has done within the last half century, this country may regain something of its old character, and be once more a forest. Nab's Hill has been planted, Cliviger has been planted, Langridge Fell, away yonder to the north west, has been planted. We scarcely need add, that the beauty of the scenery has been immeasurably enhanced. Equally improved has agriculture been in those parts of late; the breed of cattle also; doubtless, the happy result of the residence on their estates of a number of country gentlemen, who are thus occupying their time and talents in a way which benefits the nation, while it augments their own resources.

Making our way through a thicket of trees we at last reached the top of the hill, and choosing our position carefully, were gratified by the subjoined view of the northern part of Ribblesdale.

In the bottom, and at our feet, ran the Calder—a sweet bubbling stream. Carrying the eye to the right, we passed the sole street, a curved one, of the village of Whalley. Just above it, in the same direction, runs the road to Manchester. Wiswall Moor then rises up, with the mansion of Clark Hill, the residence of Mr. Whalley. But will old Pendle look on us? Wait; yes, the mist is gone, you now see his hunchback, and, further to the left, his brawny nose. Well may the inhabitants of the country be proud of this splendid hill. It is one of those which are celebrated in the following rude distich:

"Pendlehill and Pennygent, and *little* Ingleborough,
Are three such hills as you'll not find by searching England thorough."

Follow Pendle as he runs suddenly down, and before you get to his base you meet with Langridge Fell, a descriptive name, for it is a long ridge and high. Immediately in front of Langridge stands the princely Stonyhurst, with its fine new chapel and new seminary. In a line stretching south, in the midst of the scene, is Clithero Castle, placed on a piece of limestone rock heaved abruptly out of the surrounding plain. Bring your eye back to the river and you are again at Whalley, the church lying to the north east, the



body of the abbey on the margin of the Calder below, and its north-west entrance on your extreme left. A finer champaign country, hills with nobler sweeps, objects of deeper interest, you have rarely seen. You there behold the type of almost all the states of civilization that our country has passed through down to the present. The church may carry your mind back to the period when our forefathers worshipped stocks and stones; for where it stands there was, beyond a doubt, a Saxon church, since, agreeably to the instructions

of Pope Gregory, Augustin and his associates, who brought over the island to Christianity, were accustomed to convert the old Pagan edifices to the purposes of the new religion, or to supplant them when decayed by buildings raised on the same spot. Clithero reminds us of the Norman Barons and the days of chivalry—Stonyhurst, of new Roman Catholicism; and the Abbey of the old. What changes has old Pendle there witnessed, “himself unchanged;” what joyous shows and sad arrays, “knightes fair and ladies gay;” splendid retinues of gallant chevaliers, a hawking; country gentlemen, well fed and thick, a hunting; the cowl and the crown; the bridal festivity, and “the passing bell;” horse dashed against horse, and man breasting man!!—but there is no end of the story, so we will at once stop with a sigh and a “so passes away the world’s glory:” only we beg the courteous reader to observe, that it *was* glory. “The dark ages,” forsooth! It is time we knew enough to eschew these vulgar prejudices. We believe and grant that chemistry was not known, nor animal magnetism. The world suffered for want of the first; but how much it was better off by knowing nought of the second, and a herd of other kindred “sciences,” we will not attempt to determine; nor will we affirm that “the days of old” were better than the present; enough for us that they are allowed to have had their light and done their work, and contributed something to the ever increasing volume of human good.

If, however, you would find some things to put into the scale against the evils of by-gone times, you need only seat yourself on that coach—the emblem of that important and disdainful abstraction, “the present times;” you will soon be in Manchester, and may in a few hours find more sorrows than you will like to witness.

We did our duty that morning at the breakfast table. Mountain air and a long walk are excellent sharpeners of the appetite. So good a breakfast naturally reminded us of dinner; the rather as we intended to labour till nightfall for the special benefit of the reader.

“Let us,” we said, to the comely mistress of the house, “have a couple of chickens and a bit of bacon for dinner, at six o’clock.”

“I have,” she replied, “plenty of bacon, but no fowls.”

“What! no poultry in this country place?”

“No, sir; was there time, I could get it by sending to Manchester or Preston.”

“What! send from here to Manchester for poultry! Why I thought they were born and bred here?”

“Yes, sir, but like our girls and boys, they are off as soon as they can run.”

“Times are changed!” we added, “and we must do as well as we can.”

“Beg your pardon, sir,” she added, looking with all her eyes, “what did you say you would have instead?”

“O anything;” but I merely remarked it was not so in the days of the monks; there was no lack of fowls in Whalley under their reign.

Quitting our inn, we first made a survey of the village. “What a small place,” said our companion.

“Yes; but this is the mere village.”

Whalley is a name which once covered, and indeed still covers, a vast extent of ground. The word Whalley, in its Saxon original, signifies the Field of Wells, an allusion to its more restricted locality, as placed “upon the skirts of Pendle.” Whalley is a parish, township, and village, in the hundred and wapentake of Blackburn, and the honor of Clithero. It is the largest parish in the county, and one of the most considerable in the kingdom. It contains forty-seven townships; has an area of one hundred and eighty square miles, or nearly a ninth part of Lancashire. The original parish, from its formation about A. D. 628, to its dismemberment before 1220, comprised the parishes of Blackburn, Rochdale, Ribchester, Chipping, Mitton, and Slaidburn, an area of four hundred square miles. The original of the church there was founded about A.D. 628, rebuilt 1100, and in the fifteenth century dedicated to All Saints. The parish church was at first styled “the White Church under the Leigh.” The early clergymen were styled deans, not as now, vicars; but the church has suffered both in honour and in emoluments by being under the shade of the abbey.

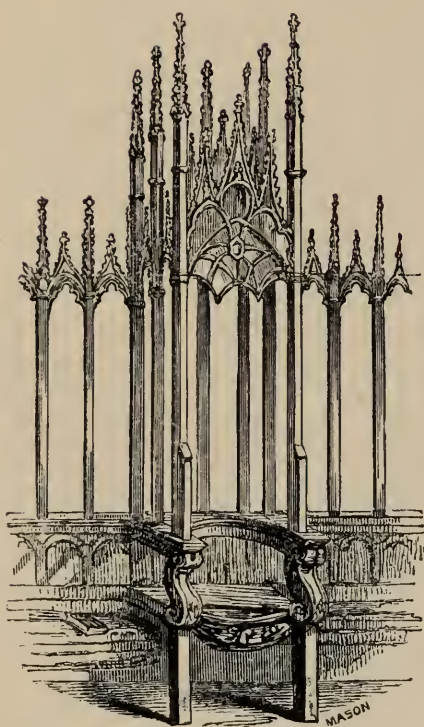
But let us enter the venerable pile. The interior is in keeping with what you have already seen. There is the nave, there the choir; here are side aisles, and above, the galleries; notice also that neatly carved screen. But if you would see splendid carving, turn to this lofty pew, which stands like a monarch apart from the vulgar herd. It was built in 1610 by Roger Nowell, of Read Hall. You see on it the inscription:

J F	I T
R	M
1830	1830

These cyphers record a sort of judicial decision. The first set signify John Fort of Read; the second John Taylor of Morton. The pew belonged of old to the Hall, but the father of Mr. Fort and the uncle of Mr. Taylor are said to have consented to divide it. This Mr. Fort would not consent to, alleging it went with his property. A reference was made to the Bishop of Chester, who decided it should be divided; and tradition says, the then clerk tossed up a penny, in order to determine which of the two should have the preference in choosing his side. The inscription on the mural monument is elegant. It was composed by the Rev. Thomas Wilson, late Master of Clithero Grammar School. It is, you see, in memory of Elizabeth, wife of James Whalley, Esq. of Clark Hill, daughter of Dr. Assheton, of Manchester:

Here sleeps Eliza—let the marble tell
 How young, how sudden, and how dear she fell;
 How bless'd and blessing in the nuptial tie,
 How form'd for every gentle sympathy.
 Her life, by Heaven approved, by earth admired,
 Amidst the brightest happiness—expired.
 Short was the nuptial gleam, the hour that gave
 A parent's name consigned her to the grave,

And left her husband fix'd in grief to mourn,
Widow'd of all her virtues—o'er her urn.
Yet whilst he feels and bends beneath the rod,
Meek resignation lifts his eye to God,
And shews within the blest, eternal sphere,
The partner of his bosom sainted there.
He bows, and breathes (so Faith has train'd her son),
“ Great Sovereign of the world—Thy will be done.”



Those stalls are beautiful; they were taken from the abbey, and are at least four hundred years old. We give a delineation of the Abbot's stall.

There are four stalls (but destitute of the fine work above the choir, these four also taken from the Abbey) in Blackburn church. This seat, where sat the abbot, will repay your attention. Mark the admirable carving, and the old letters. The subject is a man forcibly shoeing a goose. These holy men seemed to have loved a joke. This is the inscription:

Whoso melles of wat men dos,
Let hym cum hier and shoe the ghos.

Which may be rendered thus, keeping the spirit of the original:

That fool to shoe a goose should try
Who pokes his nose in each man's pie.

On another seat are these
Latin words:

*Semper gaudentes sint ista sede
sedentes.*

In the vernacular tongue:

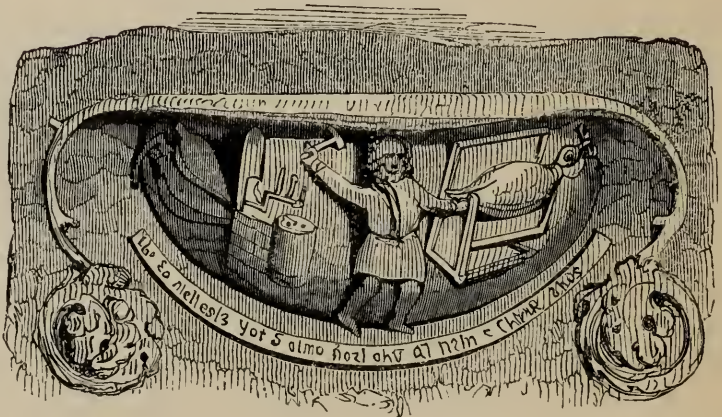
Good luck betide you all
That sit within this stall.

The seats in other stalls are similarly decorated. Here is a singular one: a figure, part man and part beast, making love to an unwilling female; the expression on both faces how characteristic; he labours to win, she is determined to repulse. That inscription, carved on the side of the pew, is simple and touching:

Ora pro anima Thomæ Cawe Monachi.

“Pray for the soul of Father Thomas.” Of a similar character is the stone over the remains of Paslew, the last abbot:

Jesu, Fili Dei, Miseri mei. J. P.



Need had he of pity on high, for he found none below. Having been concerned in an insurrection designed to resist the proceedings of Henry VIII. against religious houses, he was convicted of high-treason at Lancaster, and executed in his native place, March 12, 1536-7.

Over that pew against the wall is not the least curious piece of antiquity; a brass plate, with father and mother and twenty children, nine boys and eleven girls. Be

careful, or you will hardly make out the inscription. It is however the old story, "a family picture." The date is 1515. "Raffe Catterall, Esquyer, and Elizabeth hys wyfe," had long disappeared from



the church. Dr. Whitaker, however, had a good antiquarian nose, and found the plate in Garstang church. It is now replaced; and there it is, in what is termed Little Mitton Chapel.

Before we leave, go and observe that very fine window, executed in a masterly style of workmanship, at the east end of the church. All the titles are in old black letter. The ornamental paintings are various. Next to Dr. Whitaker's coat-of-arms, near the top of the window, is the rebus of Ashton—an ash in a tun; on the opposite side is that of Bolton—a bolt in a tun. The four Apostles are in the four central compartments. At the top of the compartment on the left is the Lancastrian rose, crowned upon four azure leaves; and corresponding on the right is the portcullis, crowned on an azure ground. Immediately beneath the window stands a beautiful picture of our Saviour by Northcote, presented as an altar-piece by Adam Cottam of Whalley, who had previously given a fine-toned organ.*

Quitting the church we proceeded to our inn, in order to make preparations for visiting the Abbey. It was a Cistercian establishment.

The Cistercians were a branch of the Benedictines, and denominated Cistercians, from Cistertium, the Latin name for Cisteaux in Burgundy, where the order was instituted A.D. 1098, by Robert, abbot of Molesme. The order was brought into repute in England by Stephen Harding, an Englishman, third abbot of Cisteaux, who on that account is considered the principal founder. They were also called White Monks, from the colour of their garments, which were a white cassock with a narrow scapulary, and over that a black gown

* Gregson's Fragments.

worn when they went abroad, but a white one when they went to church. Their monasteries, which became very numerous in a short time, were generally founded in solitary and uncultivated places; nor is it now easy to say how much they contributed to redeem from their abandoned and unfruitful condition the large tracts of country given them in the north east of Lancashire. Their houses were dedicated to the Virgin.

These monks came into England in 1128, and had their first house at Waverley in Surrey. Before the violent dissolution of religious houses under Henry VIII., they numbered eighty-five establishments in this kingdom. The depredations committed by Henry VIII., were certainly of a regal magnitude. Tanner, in his *Notitia Monastica*,* tells us that no fewer than 608 establishments, having the annual income of 140,785*l.*, were destroyed and devoured by him and his courtiers. But even this legalized plunder we could forgive them, in comparison of the devastations in art and antiquity which they ruthlessly perpetrated.

Immediately after the suppression, under Henry VIII., of the minor religious houses (those whose net income was under 200*l.* a year) two rebellions broke out, which in their issue and more indirect results hastened and facilitated the downfall of the rest. The first was in Lincolnshire, where Dr. Makerel, disguised like a cobbler, and calling himself Captain Cobbler, drew after him a great body of men, who were dispersed by the Duke of Suffolk. Within six days the second broke out, in Yorkshire. It was designated "The Pilgrimage of Grace." This grew to be very formidable, and was not easily put down. The part taken in this outbreak by Paslew, then abbot of Whalley, was the immediate occasion of the suppression of the house over which he presided.

In 1172, John Constable of Chester, founded a monastery of Cistercians at Stanlaw in Cheshire. But it little merited the name he gave it, of Locus Benedictus, the situation being low and unpleasant, and liable to floods both from the river and the sea. The monks, with true native instinct, looked abroad for a better site. Whalley was the object of their choice, a place as they describe it—"greatly convenient for a habitation."† What indeed could they well want more than they found here? The glebe was fertile, warm and spacious; the fishery extensive and productive; the forests full of excellent game; and withal the patron bountiful. Whalley was even then venerable for ecclesiastical antiquity, it now became distinguished as the seat of a splendid monastic institution; "which continued," says its historian, "for two centuries and a half to exercise unbounded hospitality and charity, to adorn the site which had been chosen with a succession of magnificent buildings, to protect the tenants of its ample domains in the enjoyment of independence and

* "*Notitia Monastica*, or an Account of all the Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Friars formerly in England and Wales," etc. etc. 1787, p. 23 of the Preface.

† "*Habitationi admodum idoneum.*"

plenty, to employ, clothe, feed, and pay many labourers, herdsmen, and shepherds, to exercise the arts, and cultivate the learning of the times;" the arts unsurpassable, if the learning was obscure—yet though obscure, still useful, as the seed in the soil.

The claims upon the hospitality of the establishment were great. The peculiar situation of Whalley, almost at an equal distance between Manchester and Lancaster, in the great route of pilgrims from north to south, rendered these demands no little oppressive. Nor were the largesses inconsiderable which its Superiors bestowed. Strange, yet characteristic of the times! shewing who then had the upper hand—the nobility and gentry of the county received pensions from the monks. Some curious facts are preserved in accounts of the receipts and disbursements of the establishment. Under the head "given away,"* occur the names of many of the chief families of the county as recipients, and an ancestor of the Stanleys, Lord Stanley, stands convicted of having accepted the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* And curious to note, just before is a record, stating how that 4*s.* had been given to four friars. Yes, the lord's influence at the court in London was worth far more than that of even four friars in the court of Heaven! Between these two items stands one, 36*s.* 7*d.* for minstrels!—4*s.* for charity; 36*s.* for music; 133*s.* for ambition! We fear these holy men, do what they could, were after all unable to keep the world out of their heads, and satan out of their hearts. But what shall we say, when we learn that even the boisterous and cruel sports of the bear garden were not unknown to them? Plenty of good venison does it appear they eat, since the forests in general were theirs at a period when a large part of the country was nothing but forest. Evidences also appear in these accounts of the gradual relaxation of discipline. Traveling was a great luxury to monks; and the last abbot, Paslew, seems to have spent most of his time abroad. In 1504, the mean consumption of the Abbey in wine was eight pipes per annum, besides white wine; about a bottle a-day to each monk! Then of malt 150 quarters were annually brewed; nor was there any lack of other substantials, wheat 200 quarters. Merely for the abbot's table were slaughtered each year seventy-five oxen, eighty sheep, forty calves, twenty lambs, and four porkers. For the refectory and inferior tables, fifty-seven oxen, forty sheep, twenty calves, ten lambs; the total number of mouths was 120. Certainly they must have been well employed. Nor could so large a proportion of animal food have been anything but detrimental to health. Fasting would indeed be necessary from time to time—if only to gain an appetite. But health would require it in the case of men who fed so grossly, especially since cleanliness was not within the virtues recognised by the order; for, to quote Dr. Whitaker, "they had no sheets to their beds, nor shirts to their backs, and they slept in their ordinary dresses of woollen;" nor did they frequent the bath. "In us," he adds, "it would produce a strange

* De donis.

mixture of feelings to be repelled from the conversation of a man of learning or elegance by stench and vermin."

The monastery was not erected at once, but by degrees, as the house found resources. The original cost was 3000*l.*, at a time when the wages of an artisan were twopence a-day, when much of the timber used in the erection was obtained in the neighbouring woods, and when the stone was supplied in abundance near at hand in the quarries of Read and Lymstone. There could be no difficulty in obtaining labourers, for the people were serfs. Gregory de Norbury, the abbot who died in 1309, made merchandise of his property in the native families, and conveyed the transfer of one of them in the following terms, which we cite as being a curiosity to Englishmen.

"To all, etc., Gregory, Abbot of the Convent of Whalley, etc., health. You shall know that we for ourselves and each of our successors have given, granted, and delivered to our beloved in Christ, John G. and his assignees R. son of I. son of A. de W., our native, with all his family and all his effects, for 100 shillings sterling, to us by the said John delivered and paid; so that the said John with all his family be free, discharged, and quit of all challenge; so that neither we nor our successors, for the future, shall be able to claim any right in the aforesaid, on account of his nativity, saving to us our right and challenge with respect to any others our natives. In witness whereof, we have affixed our seals."

In order to give the visitor of the abbey a just idea of these interesting



remains, and make him independent of ignorant or misinformed guides,* we ask him to bear us company from our inn to the ruin. Proceeding in a westerly direction, winding to the left, we soon came upon the spot. You enter by a noble archway. A still more stately gateway, the outer entrance, lies 200 yards to the north west in advance. On passing within the inclosure, you see opposite to you an old respectable-looking house. This was the abbot's own abode. It

was renovated and inhabited by the Asshetons. A suite of rooms used to be

* Even Baines, in his "History of Lancashire," is incorrect when he leaves off quoting Whitaker. Vol. iii. p. 191.

reserved here for the occasional residence of Earl Howe. His Lordship, not long since, sold a portion of the abbey remains to John Taylor, Esq., of Morton House, whose tenant, Mr. Hargreaves, is the present occupant. Notice that handsome flight of steps; and see over the door, the Whalley arms. And now say, do you not join in the indignation which we felt when, some time ago, we first surveyed this comparatively modern building? What! must everything in this country be appropriated? Cannot Englishmen contemplate even the ruins of the land—of their own land, without having the idea of mine and thine thrust before them?

We make no apology for this warmth, because we care not to have you as a companion unless you “feel it too.” You see yonder small gate to the right.

Let us try if we can get through it without being apprehended as trespassers.

Well, you now behold before you the remains of the Chapter-house and Vestry; mark those three beautiful arches, and tell me were men ignorant or ill-employed who could give birth to such work.



Mark the sward you tread on—how deep and rich the green! That cherry tree on the left has the reputation of being the finest in England. What soil too have we here—how full of

vegetable matter!—the product and gift of ages of cultivation. Look at the ivy—what splendid branches and width of leaf! those old ivy roots too; did you ever see any so fine? Let us pace the distance between these two walls. The divisions by which different apartments were once made, have been destroyed; and now what a fine double arcade! Fifty yards in length! The last generation made use of this place for their rustic balls and other amusements. Now pass through the arches you have admired; you are in the Cloister Court. Not a vestige of the church is now left; though it is true you may by digging and close inspection, discover the foundations of the parts which have perished, and trace out the whole area of the Close; it contained thirty-six acres, three roods, and fourteen poles.

The spot on which you are standing was the monks' cemetery. Turn to your left, towards the river, and you behold the remains of a tomb; what a span the arch has, eighteen feet at the least! Truly these monks were as splendid in their burials as in their hospitalities.

A different sight will strike your eyes if you look at these corbels just at your back in the chapter-house building. What! even near their tombs and under the wing of their church, to shew that they could unite the grotesque with the lascivious, as well as the sublime with the tender.

Follow us through that old door. This garden looks well; there is the river. Take care you do not slip from the plank. Well, you have crossed the Calder. What a fine row of old yew trees! Listen to the noise from yonder rookery. There is a beautiful bit of dilapidated wall and broken arches; we must sketch that.



This was the abbot's private chapel. Good man! he performed his devotions very near his kitchen, for there it is. Pray pace the length of those three splendid fireplaces. What smoking hecatombs were here offered up! Before you leave, cast your eyes in the direction of the river, towards the east; is that not a fine view? How tranquil is every thing—air, water, meadows, mountains. But for the cawing of these rooks, some of whose voices sound so hoarse as to

make you think they were contemporaneous with the monks, one would hardly have a consciousness of life.

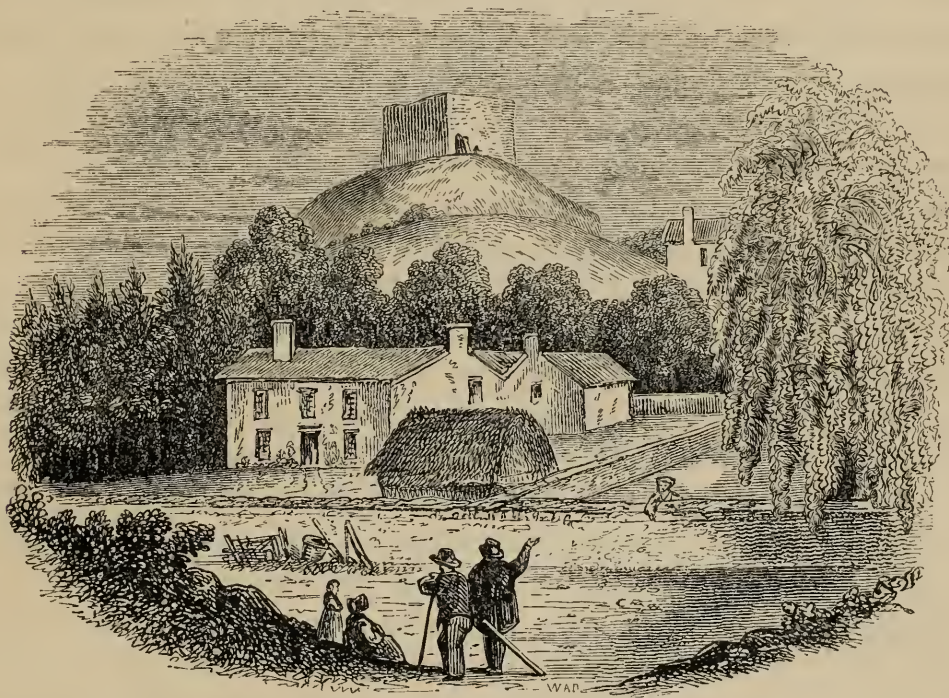
A hermitage once existed near the monastery, too near probably for the morals of its holy inhabitants. Under the general description of a recluse, votaries of both sexes were included. The lady hermits, however, do not appear to have been always spotless in their lives. Of such a character was Isold de Heton. A representation of her conduct was made to the king, from which we cite as follows:

“Be hit remembryd that the please and habitacion of the seyd recluse is within place halowed and nere to the gate of the seyde monastre, and that the weemen that have been attendyng to the seyde recluse have recorse dailly into the seyde monastre for the levere of brede, ale, kychin and other thyngs: the whyche is not accordyng to be had withyn such religyous plases: and how that dyvers that been anchores in the seyde plase have broken owte and departed: and in especyal how that now Isold of Heton is broken owte, and so livyng at her own liberte by this

two yere and mor, like as she had never bin professyd;—and that divers of the wymen that have been servants there, have byn misgovernyd and gotten with chyld within the seyd plase halowyd, to the great displea-saunce of hurt and disclander of the abbeye aforeseyd,” etc.

The consequence was the hermitage was dissolved by letters patent, and two chaplains appointed in its place, whose business it was to say mass daily in the church for the soul of Duke Henry of Lancaster, who had endowed the establishment. The hermitage, however, had been useful in its day.

We took a chaise, determined to make the most of our time, and ordered the postillion to drive to Clithero. On leaving Whalley we passed a pleasing house on our right hand, rode through an interesting country, admired the frowning aspect of Pendle on the east, left on the same side a printing establishment with its tall chimney, and soon came in sight of Clithero Castle, which appeared directly in our front, rising at once out of the plain as if cast up by some sudden volcanic force.



We were soon at its base, as it lies on the south side of the town towards which our course lay. No site can be well conceived to exist in a plain more fitted, either for self-defence or for harbouring assailants, in the days when cannons were not, and gunpowder yet existed only in “the harmless bowels of the earth.” The keep—which is nearly all that now remains—stands on the summit of a small precipitous limestone rock, and with a few brave men must have been impregnable. The crags of the rock partly covered with small trees, partly embrowned by the atmosphere,—now covered, now boldly jutting out—here overrun with roots, the source of whose nourishment it is not easy to conjecture—there left bare and exposed to the weather, looking not

unlike the hard, worn and furrowed countenance of a sexagenarian mariner,—presented objects of pleasing meditation, and awakened more thoughts and feelings than we can stop to record. Being without a guide, we followed in vain more than one narrow gravelled walk that seemed to promise a path into the enclosure. Still we did not lose our trouble, as it gave us an opportunity of surveying the surrounding country, much to our gratification.

Arrived within the Castle, as it is termed, we found a comparatively modern building where the castle should have been, with coach-house, stables, and every other appurtenance that can betoken substance and comfort. We inquired fruitlessly for this and for that, recorded in topographical works, finding, after the most careful search, nothing but the Keep. What created most disappointment was to discover, instead of an antique chapel, an attorney's office belonging to the proprietor of the house, Mr. Dixon Robinson, and a sort of petty court-house, in which the wapentake court for the Blackburne hundred is held. The keep is a mere ruin, with grouted walls of huge thickness, which being interspersed with shrubs, and flanked by Pendle, presents some interesting views. A flight of broken stairs still remain in it, which are used occasionally for hoisting a flag; but owing to an accident which a boy suffered in climbing, they are generally kept closed by a door.

The borough of Clithero comprehends about 28,000 acres. The picturesque Ribble runs on the west from north to south, and the Lancashire Calder—"the forked Calder"—descending by Whalley, falls into the Ribble below Little Mitton; while Mearley and Herethorn brooks, uniting beneath Clithero on the south, yield their tributary streams to the Ribble at Low Moor; and in wet seasons, Chatburn brook (Chatburn lies higher up the stream on the Yorkshire border), issuing from the wild fissures of Pendle Hill, increases the Ribble below Chatburn. Thus situated, Clithero is appropriately named, the word signifying the Hill by the Waters. Limestone abounds in the neighbourhood; and there are many limekilns. There is a petrifying spring near the Ribble, and a sulphur spring at Shaw-brook. In the vicinity are large cotton-spinning, weaving, and calico-printing works. The town being built of stone, has a cold but not uninteresting aspect, and seems to be a place of considerable trade. The Lacies possessed Clithero. Of Norman origin, they came over with the Conqueror, and obtained as their share of the booty sixty knights' fees, principally in the counties of Lancaster, York, and Lincoln. For the maintenance of these possessions they built two castles; one at Pontefract, the baronial residence, the other here at Clithero. The male line of this family became extinct in 1193. The possessions passed to Richard Fitz-Eustace, lord of Halton and constable of Chester, whose son John founded the abbey of Stanlaw, the parent of Whalley. The honor of Clithero afterwards passed by marriage into the hands of Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, who rebelling against Edward II., was executed at Pontefract for high treason. The attainder having been reversed, the property fell

to Henry Duke of Lancaster, and from him went to John of Gaunt, in right of his wife. His son became Henry IV., on which the honor of Clithero vested in the crown, remaining so till Charles II. gave it as a reward to General Monk. From him it passed, by the bequest of his son's second wife, to Ralph Duke of Montague, and thence came into possession of the Buccleugh family: the Duke of Buccleugh has that portion of the honor which lies north of the Ribble, and his brother, Lord Montague, that to the south. The old domain was kept entire from the time of the donation to Monk; but the forest of Bowland has been lately sold by the Duke of Buccleugh to Mr. Towneley of Towneley. In the early period of the Commonwealth, Clithero castle was dismantled by order of parliament. The work of destruction has been going on ever since. Its stones contributed to build the mansion which stands within the precincts: not long since materials were taken from it to erect an inn. The lower part of the walls are much dilapidated, and though the place is still strong, must ere many years be undermined by the action of natural agencies, and fall to irretrievable decay.

Among the mural monuments in the church is one inscribed on a brass plate to the memory of Dr. John Webster, the astrologer, and the intrepid detector of witchcraft, who was master of the Free School in Clithero in 1643, and died 1682. The monument is embellished by a horoscope, in which it is sapiently indicated that they who understand the diagram will understand that the doctor understood it. We know not what methods Doctor Webster may have pursued in his business of witch-finding, and should hope that a man of learning was above the ordinary arts that were practised. Butler alludes to some of these, referring to one Matthew Hopkins, of great celebrity in his day:

Has not the present Parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in a shire?
Some only for not being drown'd;
And some for sitting above ground.

In 1649 the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne sent into Scotland with a view of making a bargain with a Scotchman, who professed the art of finding out witches. His plan was the simple one of pricking them with pins. The magistrates agreed to give this disgraceful practitioner twenty shillings a piece for all he could condemn; and, moreover, bear his travelling expenses. On his arrival the bellman was sent through the town to invite persons to bring the suspected forward. Thirty women were led into the town-hall, stripped, and subjected to the test; twenty-seven were found guilty. One wizard and fourteen witches were, on this evidence, tried at the assizes, convicted, and executed.*

* Bland's Popular Antiquities, vol. ii.

A more pleasing memorial is the monument by Westmacott, with an elaborate inscription, erected at the expense of his pupils, in honour of Thomas Wilson, for nearly forty years head-master of the Clithero Grammar School.

A hospital for lepers, called the Hospital of Edisforth, stood within this borough, but shared the fate of the smaller monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII.

A gallant stand was made at Clithero against the invaders under the command of William, son of the bastard brother of David king of Scotland, in 1138. The English were defeated.

In the Grammar School an annual present at Shrovetide is expected from the scholars, varying in amount according to the circumstances of the parents. With the exception of this *Cock Penny*, the school is free. The origin of this custom it is now difficult to trace. Shrove Tuesday, indeed, was a sad day for cocks. Cock-fighting, and throwing at cocks, were among its barbarous sports. School-boys used to bring game-cocks to their master, and delight themselves in cock-fighting all the forenoon. In Scotland, the masters presided at the fight, and claimed the runaway cocks, called Fugees, as their perquisites. "The cock penny" may have been the substitute devised by a less cruel age for the ordinary gratuity.

James King, captain in the Royal Navy, the friend and companion of Captain Cook in his third voyage of circumnavigation, the second son of Dr. James King, was born at Clithero during his father's curacy there in 1750.

The family of Sir William Dugdale, the celebrated antiquary, had their origin in Clithero. John, the father of Sir William, was matriculated at St. John's College Oxford, by the name of "John Dugdale, a Lancashire man borne."

Passing through Clithero, we crossed the Ribble and came to Waddow Hall, standing on the Yorkshire side of the river. This is an old building modernised. Its site is transcendently beautiful, lying at the foot of an eminence covered with trees, having in front a fine sloping lawn, at the bottom of which the Ribble dashes, while on the high ground, on the Lancashire side of the river, fine well-wooded sweeps present themselves, which are crowned by Clithero with its square keep, and in the distance by the never-failing Pendle. The country is rich, covered with fine trees, and will in itself well repay the visitor. Something besides natural beauty, however, we confess had drawn us to the spot.

The first question we put on entering the hall was, "Where is Peggy?" the answer was given by a neat, intelligent young woman, to whose obliging manners—as her master, Jeremiah Garnett, Esq., had gone to a hunt held in Craven that day, we were much indebted.

"Peg o' th' Well, you mean, sir, I suppose."

"Yes."

"O, I have lately brought her out of those gloomy rooms at the top of the house, washed her face, and she now lives in the larder." She uttered these last words with an arch expression of look and word, which told us that my informant was far beyond the weakness of ordinary superstitious fears.

"Pray let me see her," we added. We were conducted into a large bright-looking pantry, and there in truth was Peggy's head. It lay—bearing on the neck marks of violence—with the features upward, on a long table, shining with a purity and cleanness like the atmosphere of the locality.

"Does she ever plague you now?"

"No, sir; there is not a better girl in all the parish. I fear she was much slandered."

"And where is her body?"



"By yon well i' th' field. Would you like to see what we servants call Peggy's Place?"

"Certainly." We were accordingly conducted up to an attic floor consisting of several apartments, filled with fishing tackle, rubbish, etc. This was evidently a part of the house that the hand of modern improvement had spared.

"Does your master fish then?" we asked.

"O yes, he is very fond of it, and very fine salmon (and plenty too) he often gets."

"And so here Peggy lived?" we said, looking, as directed, into a small dark room.

"Yes, here I found her. They told me many strange tales about her, and warned me against having aught to do with her—but I ne'er heeded 'em, and took her down stairs."

Peggy's story is in substance as follows :

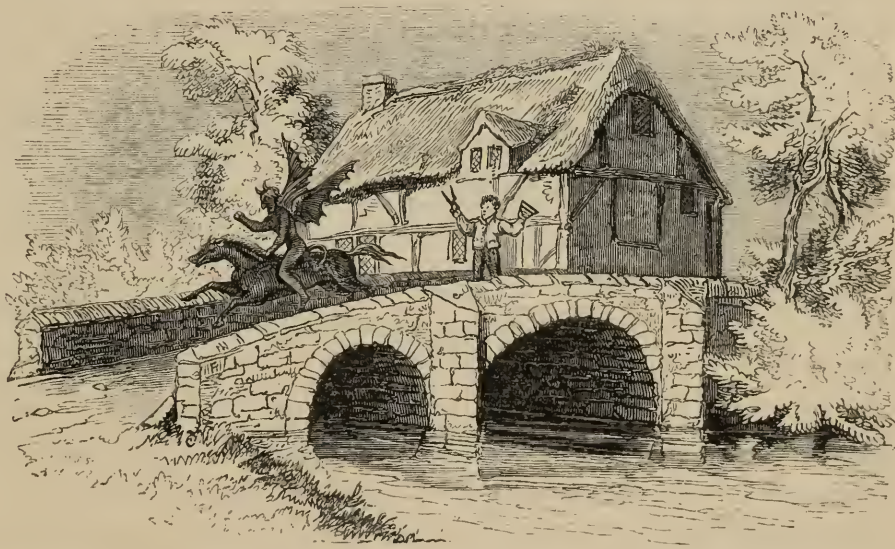
The old religion had been supplanted in most parts of the county, yet had left memorials of itself and its rites in no few places, nor least in those which were in the vicinity of an old Catholic family, or a monastic institution. Some such relic may Peggy originally have been. The scrupulous proprietors of Waddow Hall regarded the innocuous image with distrust and aversion, nor did they think themselves otherwise than justified in ascribing to Peggy all the evils and mischances that befel in the house. If a storm struck and damaged the house, Peggy was the author of the damage. If the wind whistled or moaned through the ill-fitting doors and casements, it was "Peggy at her work," requiring to be appeased, else some sad accident was sure to come. On one occasion, Master Starkie—so was the host named—returned home very late with a broken leg. He had been hunting that day, and report said made too free with the ale afterwards. But, as usual, Peggy bore the blame; from some dissatisfaction she had waylaid the master of the house, and caused his horse to fall. Even this was forgiven. A short time after, a Puritan preacher was overtaken by a fresh in the river in attempting to cross over on the "steppin' stones," which lay just above the hall—the very stones on which poor King Henry was captured. Now Mistress Starkie had a great attachment to those preachers; and had indeed sent for the one in question, for him to exorcise and dispossess her youngest son, a boy of ten years of age, who was grievously afflicted with a demon, or as was suspected, tormented by Peggy. "Why does he not come?" asked the lady, as she sat that night in her best apparel, before a blazing fire, and near a well-furnished table. "The storm seems to get worse. Hark, heard ye no cry? Yes! there again! Oh, if the dear man is in the river. Run all of ye to his rescue!" In a few minutes two lusty men-servants returned, panting under the huge weight of the dripping parson. He told his tale. "'Tis Peg," she suddenly exclaimed, "at her old tricks; this way, all!" She hurried from the apartment, rushed into the garden, where Peggy stood quiet enough, near a spring, and with one blow of an axe, which she had seized in her passage, severed Peggy's head from her body.*

* Our authority for introducing into the above sketch, a Puritan minister, may be found in some old tracts, the titles of which are given in vol. i. p. 507, of "British Topography," of which, for the sake of illustration, we transcribe as follows :

"The Surry Demoniac; or, an account of Satan's strange and dreadful actions in and about the body of Richard Dugdale, of Surrey, near Whalley in Lancashire; and how he was dispossessed by God's blessing, on the fastings and prayers of divers ministers and people. The matter of fact attested by the oath of several creditable persons, before some of his Majesty's justices of the peace in the said county. 1607, 4to." "The Puritan party," adds the learned compiler, "being the dupes, and charged with being the managers, were attacked in 'The Surry Impostor; being an answer to a late fanatical pamphlet, entitled 'The Surry Demoniac.' By Zach. Taylor, A.M., and one of the King's preachers for the county palatine of Lancaster. 1697, 4to." Other publications ensued, conceived in a very angry tone, see the work before cited; also in the same, p. 504, vol. i., for a no less gross imposture in the year 1600.

The interior of Waddow Hall presents little to the antiquarian. The rooms are good, but of modern aspect. Some superior family pictures hang in the dining-room; we may mention one of Mr. Weddel, to whom the place formerly belonged, and one of a lady, by Mercier, 1742, who died in consequence of pricking her finger while engaged in sewing, the implements for which she holds in her hands. There are also some good fancy pictures: cupids with wreaths of flowers; cupids at play, etc., in which the attitudes are admirable, and the light and shade well contrasted. Other paintings may be found in the drawing and in the green room.

On leaving the house we were consigned by Peggy's friend, Jane, to the care of "the keeper." The dignity, we found, was borne by a short spare old man, whose legs and long gaiters had not for many years come into contact. His civility, however, was better than his appointments. He took us to Peggy's Well, or rather fountain; shewed us the Weir, lying a little down the river; pointed out "Bungerley Hoppin Stones," stones for fording the river, where Henry VI. was taken; and above all excited our curiosity by remarking that "if ould James Driver were heer, he cud tell yea summut." We questioned the worthy keeper, and learned that the story was a legend of the devil upon the dun-horse. Particulars, however, our informant could not give; restrained to all appearance by a species of superstitious fear. At this moment, however, James Driver appeared in sight—a tall, bony, but emaciated person, who had seen some eighty years. After accosting him, and getting his tongue fairly in motion, we learned the substance of the following narrative. The spot where the public-house once was, bearing the sign which commemorated the event, old James pointed out to us as we stood in Waddow grounds. It lies just above the bridge we had passed in crossing the Ribble. In his early days our aged friend had often seen the sign.



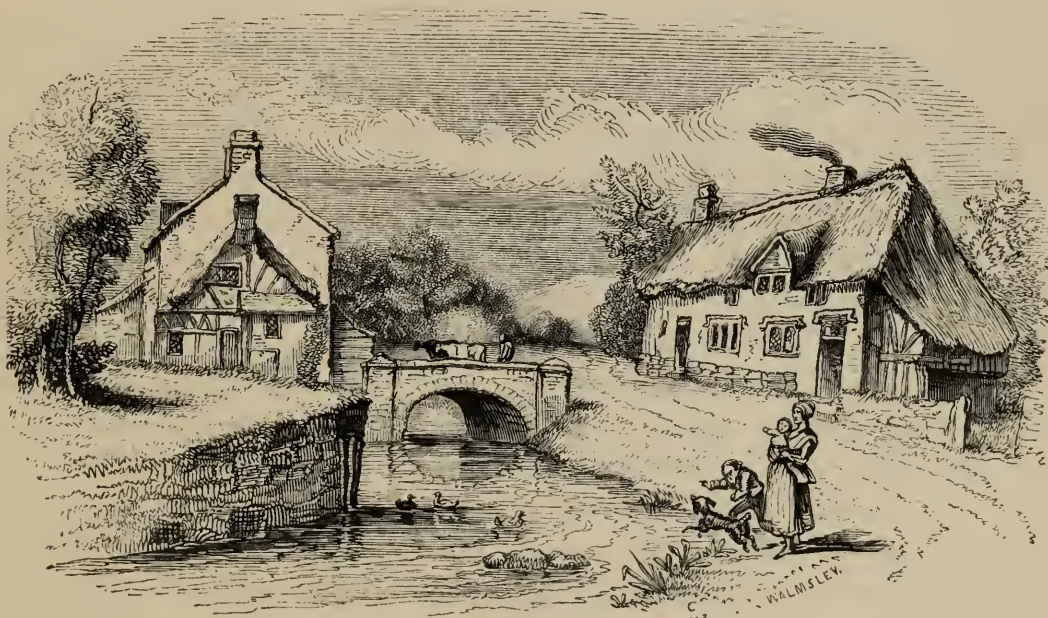
The story has a truly Lancashire flavour, savouring as it does of that rude wit and broad practical joking for which the native peasantry are still characterised. The idea of having outwitted the "ould on'," doubtless, in former days, endangered many a good stout pair of ribs.

"Nicholas Gosford was a tailor by trade, and in times gone by, occupied

part of the house whose locality we have described. Nicholas was honest, for he cabbaged only a quarter of the cloth entrusted to him, and goodnatured, but he had a great fault, that of being too fond of drink. The money which should have supplied him and his wife with the necessaries of life never could get past the door of the Spread Eagle, so that Nicholas was always miserably poor. One evening as he, with some of his drunken companions, was sitting at the kitchen fire of the Spread Eagle, a stranger was announced. He was bronzed by travel, and indeed he had seen much of the world, for many were the wonderful tales he told the astonished villagers. In course of conversation he mentioned a young man of Lower Saxony who had gained immense riches through the devil, and told them the incantations he had used. This appeared to strike Nicholas greatly, for he dropped several hints about it afterwards. The next morning, taking advantage of his wife's absence at a neighbour's, he performed the wonderful operation, and the tempter, with two attendant imps, stood before him. With a terrific voice he asked Nicholas what he wanted with him. The poor tailor in a fright declared that he wanted nothing. The demon in a rage said that he would punish him most severely if he did not tell him what he raised him for. Nicholas then exclaimed, 'Make me rich, my lord.' 'Now you speak reasonably,' said the demon : 'I will give you three wishes, which must be the first that either your wife or yourself make after you meet; but for this you must give me your soul at the end of twenty years!' Nicholas would fain have refused, but on the attendant devils beginning to torture him, he assented, and the bond was written with his blood, and regularly signed and sealed. When his wife came back, she could give him nothing but oat-cake and butter for his tea. Nicholas could not eat, and his wife observed, 'I wish we had a nice backstone of our own, for I can bake much better cakes than I can buy.' A good backstone was immediately placed on the fire by some invisible hand. Nicholas flew in a passion, and wished it was broken into a thousand pieces. It was immediately done. Nicholas now revealed the whole story to his wife, who requested him to consult the Prior of Whalley. He refused to do this, saying, 'They would burn me for having intercourse with the devil, and it is better to go to hell in twenty years than directly.' The next morning when Nicholas got up he saw that he wanted to shave very badly, and he said, 'I wish I had a can of warm water here.' A can was immediately placed on the table, and Nicholas was as far from riches as ever. In despair, he and his wife consulted what they should do, and they resolved to ask the Hermit of Pendle, whom Nicholas had once saved from drowning, to give them his advice. He did so; and the hermit told him to lead a reformed life, and be assured that God would not forsake one who had served him faithfully. Time rolled rapidly on. Nicholas reformed in character, became the father of two children, a boy and a girl. His business increased, and he was employed by the first families of the neighbourhood. But at last the time came, and the hermit of Pendle and Nicholas's wife

remained praying in an inner room, while Nicholas himself, armed with holy water and a missal, courageously waited in the shop for the arrival of the fiend. He came, and claimed Nicholas, shewing him the bond: 'I do not,' said Gosford, 'deny my signature, but you must allow that you used me very scurvily about those three wishes, which never did me any manner of good.' The demon demanded the due fulfilment of the bond. Nicholas tried to evade it, and at last succeeded, for the devil allowed him one wish more, advising him to wish something good for his family. The door was open, and Nicholas seeing a dun horse grazing in the lane, said, 'My lord, I take thee at thy word; I therefore wish that thou wert riding into hell upon yonder dun horse, and never be able to return to earth again to plague either me or any other poor mortal.' The demon uttered a yell that was heard as far as Colne; the bond dropped from his hands; an invisible power placed him on the dun horse, and he was carried away with the swiftness of the wind. Nicholas, after he had got rid of his unwelcome visitor, set up an inn, and thousands of persons came from all parts of the world to see the only man who had ever fairly outwitted the devil."

Two short miles brought us to Waddington. It is a neat, white-looking village, with a clear rivulet running through it, over which is a small picturesque bridge, with an old house or two near it, combining to make a scene we thought worth sketching.



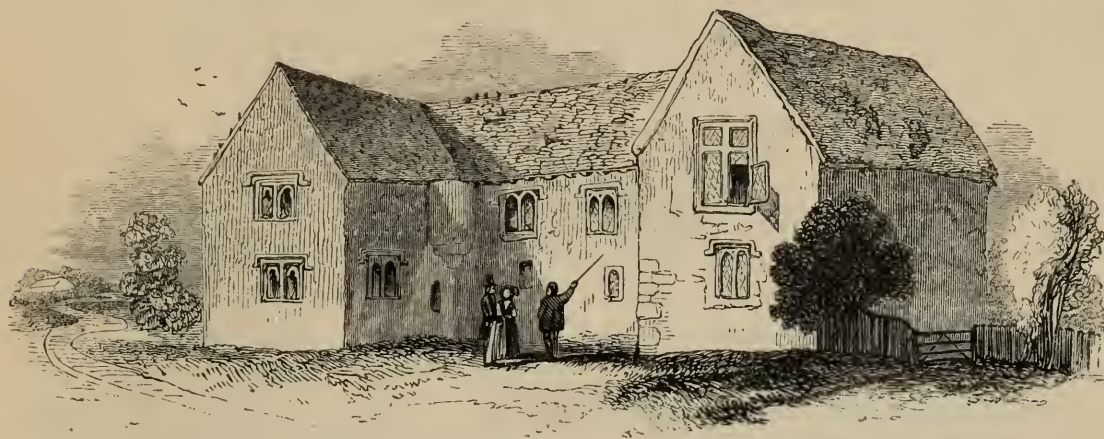
Our arrival in this place produced a suspension, not of hostilities, but of labour. The appearance of two well-dressed strangers in a chaise was evidently no every-day event. The smith ceased his heavy blows, leaned on his sledge-hammer, and surveyed us and our proceedings narrowly; a farmer's man who wished to have his horse shod, stopped in the midst while unharnessing the animal, and fairly gaped in staring; the village barber hastened to the smithy,

and began to talk most glibly; three or four clodhopper boys stood with their hands in their pockets, eagerly bending forward to catch the conversation. A chandler's shop higher up the street was the meeting-place of some half-dozen village gossips, who soon gathered together, some with children in their arms or at their side, and all without covering for the head or shoulders. And along both sides of the village, doors were opening, or eyes straining through the casement. We meanwhile quietly pursued our course; here asking a question, there contemplating an object; in a third place taking a sketch, and in the fourth consulting about future operations. But surely ours was enviable popularity, if there is any sense in the Roman's preference, that he would rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome! After all, the wisdom was perhaps not all on our side; for we know not that we could charge the simple-minded villagers with folly, if they chanced to wonder what sufficient reason there was for such a visit to their poor, humble, and secluded spot.

Just beyond the bridge is an enclosure of almshouses, entered by a good archway, bearing an inscription to the effect that the "hospital" was built and endowed in the year 1700 by Robert Parker of Mosley Hall, Yorkshire, for the reception of poor widows. They consist of twenty-seven small but comfortable dwellings, with a large garden in front, and a chapel in the centre, where "prayers are read by Mr. Pearson, who lives in the village." At present there are twenty-three widows dwelling in the place, one is absent from illness. The widows assist each other in sickness. They are divided into two classes: one class receives 10*l.* a-year, the other 18*l.* It would be difficult for any one to view the place, marking the neatness and propriety which reign there, and the kind of inmates which it has, without gratefully admitting that Mr. Parker had made a wise as well as a benevolent use of his superfluity in founding this pious retreat.

Our next object was Waddington Hall. For this indeed it was that we had paid the visit. And "to what base uses may we come!" such was our reflection as we went under a roof which had given shelter and hospitality to a king. Meanness and dirt, cows and cowhouses, dogs and stables, with shattered implements of husbandry, alone saluted our sight; and even after we were within a part where human beings we thought might dwell, we still doubted if we were where we should find any one of our own species. Turning a little to the right, however, we found that it was "feeding time" for others besides the quadrupedal live stock. There, around a clothless table, and up and down a filthy room, sat or stood grandfather and his wife, master and his wife, a serving woman and several brawny lads, with one intelligent-looking girl, literally devouring fried fat bacon and boiled potatoes, with a gusto which an epicure could not fail to envy. The condition of their persons we pass, lest we should be charged with caricature. The character of the group was as singular as their appearance. We saluted them and received no

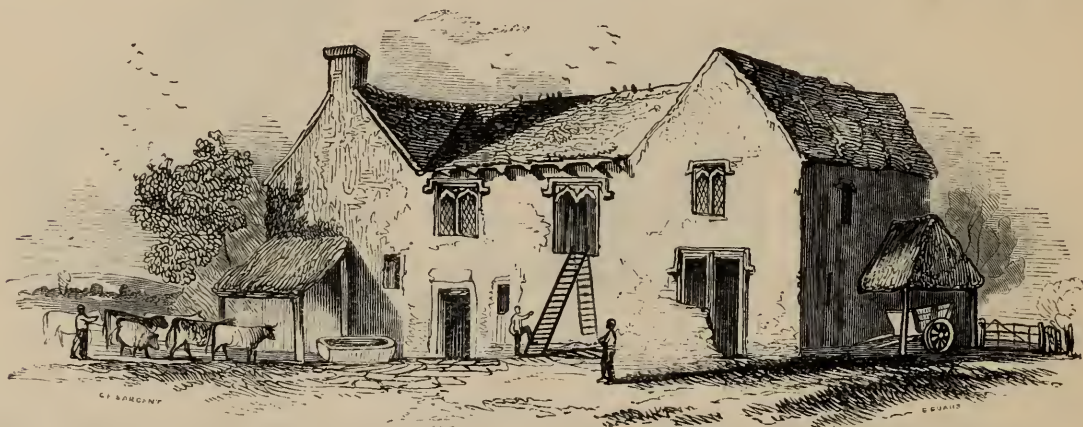
reply. We put a question, and was answered by a simple "Yes." Another interrogatory brought forth a "No." Clearly were we defeated in our purpose of getting information. "Passive resistance," we thought, is no contemptible weapon of defence. In time, however, the old man's muscles began to relax a little, the rather we suspect as he saw us give a gratuity to his granddaughter, who was shewing signs of possessing some other faculty besides that of eating. And at length, having finished his meal and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, grandfather became communicative.



The Hall—of which we here delineate the front—consists of a centre with two gables, could never have been very large, and is in a most dilapidated condition. Its sole interest is connected with one of the most pitiable of kings. Henry VI. had the misfortune to come into possession of a throne while yet a minor. He was surrounded by wily relations, and served by ambitious and disquiet nobles. A war in France kept in nearly one unbroken course of failure, under the enthusiastic pressure and fervid onslaught of Joan of Arc. A *jacquerie* broke out at home. Not least among his evils, he married a queen who had a stout mind and an iron will, while Henry was the slenderest of reeds. Worst of all, there was a rival that claimed his crown. Civil wars broke out. The roses were dyed in blood. Henry was deposed. Under the auspices of the queen, fighting was more than once resumed, carried on with various issue, but always to the injury of the imbecile Henry. At last the king was obliged to flee for his life, and conceal himself wherever he could find a lurking place. The North afforded him friends. In the mountainous and thinly populated parts of Lancashire he was harboured with something like affection; but it is not to be supposed, whatever the fidelity of tried friends may have been, that even a king, whose distempered body inflicted maladies, and at times almost idiocy on his mind, could in any case have excited any strong feelings of respect; though it is not to be denied that Whitaker has conjectured from certain expressions in the records of the house, that Henry was sainted by the authorities of Whalley Abbey. He was however betrayed, July 1464, while sitting at dinner in Waddington Hall,

by the servants of Sir James Harrington, who despatched him towards London. At Islington he was met by the Earl of Warwick, and lodged in the Tower, where either from pity or contempt he was allowed to live unmolested.

On finding himself betrayed the king made his escape, which was facilitated by the structure of the house. The present occupant shewed us what is still called "the king's room;" in our engraving it is that in the right gable, with the large window—and explained how the king got away down one staircase—the remains of it are seen pictured in the left angle—while his pursuers ascended another. We give also a back view of the hall, as it



displays the window by which he got out of the house. His pursuers, however, were too numerous and too eager for him. He reached the Ribble, hoping to put that between himself and his enemies; he attempted to ford it, and was captured midway.

The hall, as we have intimated, has lost all outward appearance of greatness. The king's room, however, has an old oak floor, the walls are very thick, "Henry's staircase" is narrow and winding, built of stone. The house, till within the last forty years, had a flat lead roof. A stone coffin stands at the back door, the rudeness of whose masonry not unaptly corresponds with the actual condition of this perishing edifice.

From Waddington we took a southerly route, and kept on our right Langridge Fell, which from our position strikingly resembled the back of a huge whale; while along our course ran the beautiful Ribble, and on our left stood Clithero, overtopped by the majestic Pendle. The country was well wooded, and we rejoiced to find signs that we had at last got into parts where corn was wont to be grown. We crossed the river over a fine bridge with five arches; passed Lowfield House, placed in a choice spot; caught a glimpse of the pinnacles of Stonyhurst, and rejoiced to behold hedges of thorn and bramble instead of stone, and, not least welcome sight, thatched cottages. Thus we reached Mitton. An old saw declares:

"The Hodder, the Calder, the Ribble and rain,
All meet in a point on Mitton's domain."

We at least were spared the last unpleasant companion. The Calder had kept us company from its fountain-head in Cliviger. The Ribble is thus described by Harrison, chaplain to Lord Cobham, with a quotation from Drayton.

“The Rybell, a river verie rich of salmon and lampreie, dooth in manner inviron Preston in Andernessee, and it riseth neere to Ribbesdale, above Gisburne (in Yorkshire):

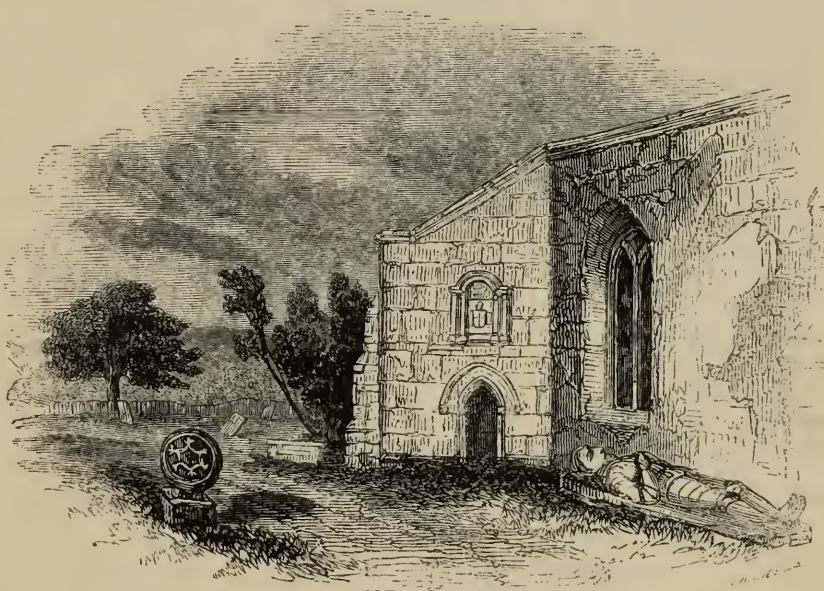
From Penigent’s proud foot, as from my source I slide,
That mountain my proud syre, in height of all his pride,
Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-borne flood;
And Ingleborow Hill of that Olympian brood,
With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
Doe wistly me behold, and are beheld by me.”

The Hodder also comes out of Yorkshire. “Going,” says Harrison, “to Shilburne, Newton, Radholme Parke, and Stonyhirst, it falleth ere long into the Ribble water.”

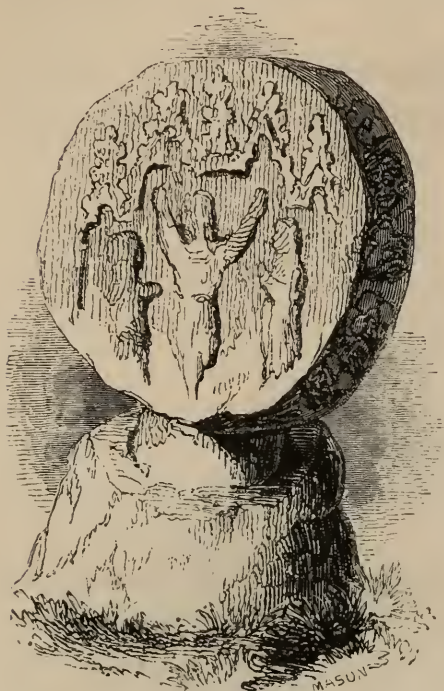
Mitton Magna, or Great Mitton, is singularly situated on a tapering tongue of land, formed by the confluence into the Ribble of the Hodder and the Calder, terminating at their point of union the boundaries of Yorkshire, which thus darts, as it were, into the body of Lancashire. The church stands on an eminence, commanding a fine view

of a fine country. It is a low building, with an embattled tower. As we entered the churchyard, we saw a recumbent figure cut in stone, and learned that it was the counterpart of the marble figure of a knight lying within the edifice. A village mason, surprised at the cost

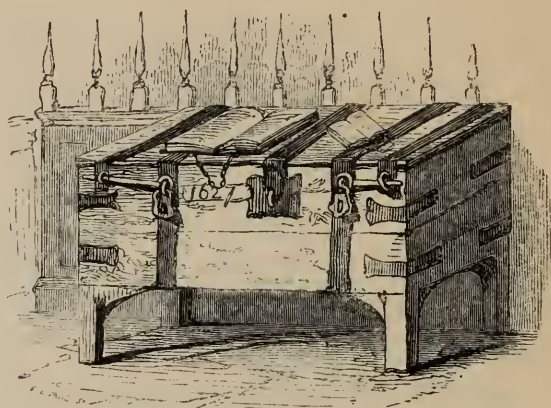
of the marble memorial, and piqued that strangers had been trusted with the execution of it, determined to shew what could be done at home, and produced this—which after all is but a copy—receiving for his pains, if we may judge from the place where lies the triumph of his skill, little more than cold thanks or absolute neglect. A cross also stands in the yard, which may once have decorated the top of the outside of the chancel. The cross was lost for many years, and was dug up by the former clerk, William



Harrison. We here present the cross, the other face of which may be seen in the view of a part of Mitton church.



The interior of the church is very plain, except the part which is termed the Sherburne Chapel. Near the screen, which separates this chapel from the chancel, is a curious old chest.



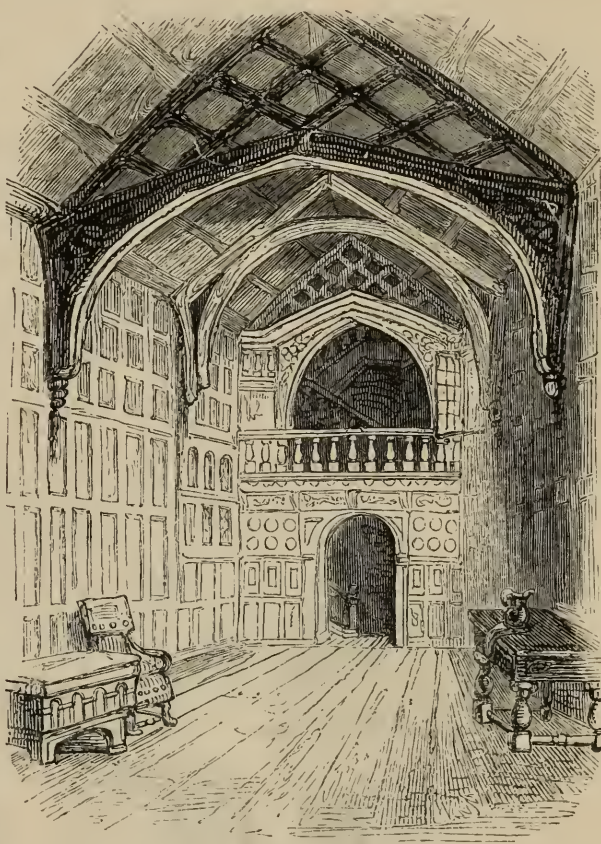
On the top of the chest, are a few old volumes fastened to it by chains. This appears to have been at one time of day the village library, and the chains afford a marked contrast with the "circulating" and "travelling" libraries of the present hour. The books are mostly works in explanation and defence of the doctrines and liturgy of the Anglican Church. In one of them, "Burkitt's Expository Notes," there is on the title page, an autograph in these words, "Bought by Wm. Johnson, Vicar of Mitton, for the use of ye parishioners." On "Bennet's Paraphrase upon the Book of Common Prayer," we read, "Ex Libris Ecclesiæ Parochialis de Mitton, 1722." It thus appears that parochial libraries are not a new thought.

The Sherburne Chapel, containing marble monuments and figures as large as life, memorials of a knightly family, is a sight the more impressive from the bare simplicity with which it stands in immediate juxtaposition in the church. Who could, however, help feeling that man here was more thought of and honoured than God? In the decoration of their chapel and display of themselves, the Sherburnes spared no expense, and have left behind them costly and magnificent memorials; but for the temple of the Creator, they let that take its chance at the hands of an uncultivated peasantry. Nor are your surprise and regrets abated when you have read, supposing you have patience to get through the task, the long and minute recital of the meritorious deeds, splendid achievements, and high honours of these same "rulers of the land." As we stood there, before this blazonry of human greatness, our thoughts were carried back many hundred years to the memorials which are left us of the first Christians and early martyrs. Let the reader

carry his mind into the catacombs in and about Rome, and he will soon learn in the inscriptions he reads, that he has to do with real and not fictitious feeling—with human nature—with genuine Christian emotion. How simple, often how inexpressibly touching the memorial! A parent briefly names the age of his beloved child, or a husband that of his wife, and the years they had lived in wedlock. Or it is a wish of peace, or a rough emblem of the believer's hope; no long drawn catalogue of virtues, no self-laudation under the thin guise of panegyrising a departed member of the family; all is as natural and as affecting as the first promulgation of that Gospel in whose faith they lived, suffered, and died. We translate an instance or two. "The resting-place of Domitian." "Severus to Jemima his wife, who lived twenty years and two months, of which she passed two years with her husband." "Her mourning parents had this made in memory of Leoparides, a virgin, who lived seventeen years and two days. In peace."*

A very short walk brought us to Little Mitton, whose Hall was a choice piece of architecture, being a specimen of the sort of houses in which the gentry lived in the days of the Seventh Harry. Whitaker declares the "hall, with its embayed window, screen, and gallery over it, one of the finest Gothic rooms" he had "seen in a private house." The screen-work, which is extremely rich, he pronounces to be of later date than the rest of the wood-work. "Upon the panels of the screen are carved, in pretty bold relief, ten heads, male and female, within medallions, which have a rude kind of character, and were evidently intended for portraits." The historian of Whalley thus concludes what he says touching this architectural gem.

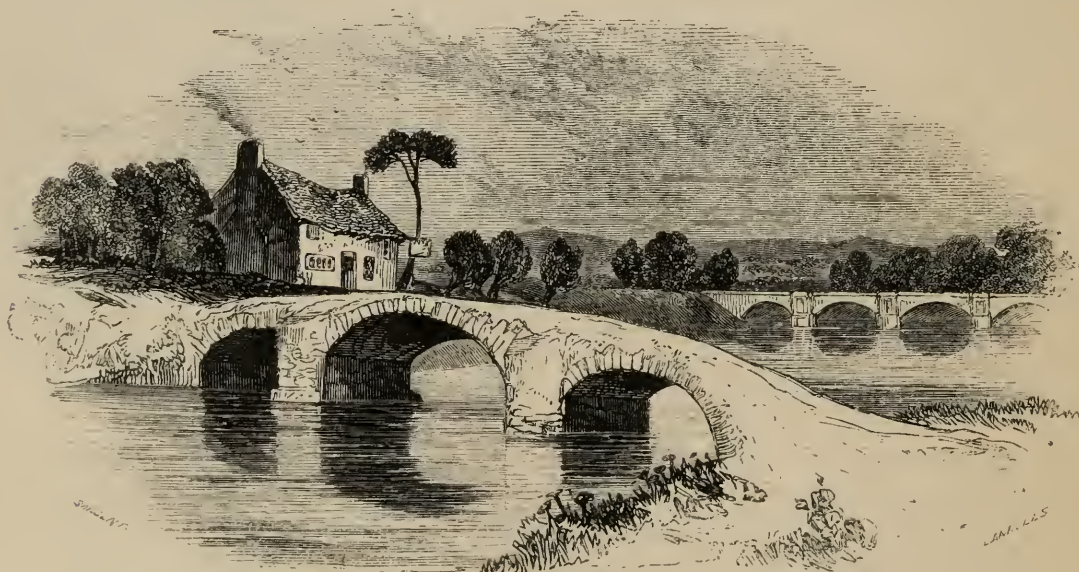
"I cannot take leave of this venerable room without a wish that it may never fall into hands who have less respect for it than its present owner; and that no painter's brush or carpenter's hammer may ever come near it, excepting to arrest the progress of otherwise inevitable decay. *If thou lift up thy tool upon it thou hast defiled it.*" This forcible passage rushed into our mind as we drew near the hall, and beheld signs of change, repair and restoration, rife on every side. It seemed as if the enemies of the place had beleaguered it on every side, and



* Italy, by Spalding, vol. ii.

that its ruin was inevitable. We entered the house; our sight, our hearing, and even our sense of smell was assailed by tokens of alteration. The very evil that the antiquarian enthusiast had deprecated had come in all its force upon the place. The hall may, for aught we know, prove a very good hall for the purposes of the present proprietor—which, however, we rather doubt; but let no lover of art approach it with the memory of what it was; let no antiquarian enter therein to behold that of which he had read—the glory has departed; and in its place, new and old, exquisite work and very bad, this colour and that, blend together in this specimen of what the moderns can do, presenting a motley and almost grotesque spectacle. What “the painter’s brush” and the burnisher’s hand (the carpenter’s hammer at the time we write has done its best and its worst, as well as the graver’s tool) may with infinite and thankless labour effect, we do not predict; and in good sooth, after the devastation committed, future changes are of small account. It should however be in justice added, that Mr. Aspinall, of Standen Hall, has rescued the place from the degradation and the damage which it previously suffered in being an ordinary farm-house.

Our road was now towards Stonyhurst—princely Stonyhurst—taking, among the creations of man in this fine district, the rank which Pendle holds among the works of the Almighty. It was a short journey, two miles, but one never to be forgotten. Yes, these narrow lanes, with tall, thick, tangled hedges, this moss, and these moss-grown trees, this deep-coloured vegetation, those luxuriant fields of corn—truly this is England, our own dear south country. As if to add singularity to loveliness, two bridges cross the river at



this point: one a modern stone erection, with parapet walls and bold piers; the other, also of stone, very old, covered with ivy, steep, no wall, and extremely narrow. We thought they were not altogether unapt symbols of the days of our forefathers, and of our own days—both very good days

in their way, yet with a difference: those having more of the poetry of life; these eminently fitted for its solid utilities. What forbids the union of two influences, which never ought to have been kept asunder? The cottages that dotted the scene, the old stumps of broken railing (no more stone walls), the rustic wain and the heavy horse, we could have called them all old friends, and for a moment believe we had seen each in our boyhood. Then the trees—truly these *are* trees; a rare sight in Lancashire, where something little better than shrubs often go by the name. And as we ascended the sort of ridge on which the edifice is placed, every now and then we caught a glimpse of its two noble turrets glancing through the woods with which the hill sides are covered; while our eyes were delighted and our ears regaled by the bright stream of the Hodder, which ran gurgling on our left. A relic of the olden time presented itself to our notice as we made our way to the mansion, in the great number of persons whom we met wearing the appearance of beggars, no few with the impress on them of genuine Irish features. We afterwards learned that hospitality is so far considered a duty by the authorities of the establishment, that they refuse relief to no applicants;—with one exception, they prohibit alms to all comers who bear on their persons the disqualifying stains of *manufacturing* manipulations.

Well, here we are, at Stonyhurst. This is the building we have seen from so many points in the surrounding country. These are the cupolas that now glistened in the sun, and now looked like watch-towers keeping an eye over what was done in the plains below, and under the shades of coming night were the last objects to fade from the eye. It was with mingled feelings we entered beneath the great archway, and stood within the quadrangle, which forms an inner court, on whose sides the main body of the edifice is built. The dwellers here, quiet as all seems, had left through the pages of history memories in our mind, in which the painful preponderated, and was blended with no small leaven of mystery and awe. True, we know they had always been the friends of education; we had just gone over in our mind what they had done for its higher branches, especially in classical literature, at a period when the merit of their doings in this was very great. But we were unable to resist the impression produced by far different engagements. Even the power—once so immense, yet so secret in its operations—of the society pressed heavily on our thoughts: a certain feeling of greatness, however, and of consequent admiration, sprang up as we dwelt on scenes in their early history. Was not Xavier (a greater man than Loyola, their founder) with seeming propriety designated “the Apostle of India and Japan?” This Xavier has thrown around the society the lustre of poetry in action, and the mists of the wonderful, if not the dignity of historic heroism. An old writer* declares that “he extended the kingdom of Jesus Christ beyond the conquests of Alexander, and surpassed in courage Alexander himself; that he

* La Vie de Saint François Xavier. Paris, 1715.

subjected numberless nations to the empire of the Cross, and brought them into obedience to the Holy See." He had moreover, it seems, the gift of miracles *par excellence*.

The recollections that we brought with us served to raise a very lively curiosity to survey the house, and to behold members of the order. Our wish was gratified, and our expectations far surpassed. The review of the impressions made on us, indeed, does not leave unqualified satisfaction. There prevails for the most part a tranquillity about the place which approaches to gloom. The porter who in part attended on us, though civil, was uncommunicative. We were honoured by the company of one of the brethren; but his looks were not prepossessing, nor his communications either free or abundant, though his manners were easy and courteous. It is possible that the hospitalities of the establishment may have been somewhat of late restricted, as we learn that the reverend brethren hold that their confidence has been abused, and the secrecy of their home in a measure profaned. On other occasions, as we have been informed, these self-made bachelors have found their hospitable inclinations bring inconvenience. It is a mistake to imagine that the domestic duties of the establishment are performed by males. Seeing a number of servant-looking girls issue from the back part of the building as the evening shades had nearly become extinct, we inquired what their office was, and learned that no fewer than nineteen female servants were employed in the house. Beyond a question, however, the strictest propriety, as well as pure and lofty morals, prevail in the establishment. Few places, we believe, could more safely endure a strict scrutiny. The adults are men of a high moral tone, who deserve the respect in which they are held among those who know them, by the holiness and benevolence of their lives. Nor can we deny that there is something which conciliates regard in the spectacle of a body of men devoted for the length of their days to the tuition of the young, the guidance of the mature, and the solace of the aged, apart from the rivalries, and unrewarded by the honours of social life. Doubtless every member of the order feels a pleasure in witnessing and promoting its advancement, and is specially gratified at every step made in a prosperous course by the institution with which he is immediately connected; but then let it be admitted that such feelings are of a high rank in the scale of virtue, and tend, when properly regulated, to refine and elevate the character. Nothing of a grossly selfish nature can effect a lodgment in the breasts of men who study and toil, not for their own individual ends, but for the furtherance of a corporation whose weal they believe to be identified with the great and enduring interests of their religion.

Morality among the pupils is maintained by ceaseless and most diligent supervision. Four Prefects are charged to keep watch night and day. The scholars are never left to themselves. Their private studies are superintended; superintended also are their sports; in the refectory and the dormitory alike,

the vigilant eye of friendly supervision is on the youths. Not less important is the constant occupation, varying as needs may be, between labour and recreation, in which the pupils are kept engaged from morn to nightfall. A busy youth has few temptations, and fewer opportunities to fall into vice. The scholars themselves recognise the importance of virtue, and evince a manly independence by keeping up among their own body a sort of moral police. A former student at Stonyhurst describes this institution, denominated the *Sodality*:—"It consisted of the majority of the boys, who voluntarily enrolled themselves in a corporation, which was instituted in honour of the 'Blessed Virgin.' They selected a certain number of individuals amongst themselves who are called admonitors, and who bound themselves to disclose to the heads of the school every mal-practice which should fall under their cognizance."*

A natural consequence of the care bestowed on the morals of the scholars is that the establishment has earned the confidence of the first Catholic families, not only of the neighbourhood but the kingdom, who are accustomed to send their boys to Stonyhurst for their education.

Equally good is the intellectual discipline through which the scholars are conducted. No labour, no care, no expense is spared. Whatever can be effected by means of competent masters, oral instruction, well composed works, a good library, an extensive apparatus, an observatory—all is done for the advancement of the mental discipline of the pupils. The course of instruction is extensive and complete. It is spread over a space of seven years. One peculiarity is remarkable—the same master conducts each set of students through all the classes, beginning with the rudiments, and ascending to the highest subjects taught. Having gone round this *curriculum*, he begins again with a new body of scholars, whom he does not quit till he has gone over the course and completed the septennial period. One advantage at least attends such an arrangement—that the instructor becomes thoroughly acquainted with the condition and wants of his pupils' minds, and can adapt his teachings to the peculiarities of each. Besides, on the supposition that the teacher is a moral and accomplished man, what can be more conducive to the virtue and the cultivation of youth, than so intimate and so lengthened an intercourse?

The number of the boys varies. At present there are in the institution 183, including sons of Lord Clifford and Lord Arundel. Our attendant stated that there were 248 when he was a scholar. Besides these, there are many students training for spiritual occupations. Of priests, professors, and teachers, there are forty resident adults.†

* Recollections of the Jesuits. *New Monthly Magazine*, 1829, p. 356.

† Rector, Rev. Francis Daniel. Minister, Rev. Joseph Johnson. *Prefects of Studies*, Rev. Charles Brooke and Rev. George Connell. *Spiritual Instructor*, Rev. William Rowe.

Professors: Rev. Robert Korsak, divinity; Rev. Richard Carroll, logic and metaphysics; Rev. Matthew McCann, mathematics; Rev. Henry McCann, natural philosophy and chemistry; Mr. Edward Bird, natural history; Rev. Thomas Tracy Clarke, history; Rev. Thomas Seed, Greek;

The French Revolution grievously afflicted, and almost destroyed the Society of Jesus; but the first free act of Pope Pius VII. was to restore it, which he effected by a Bull, dated August 7th, 1814. In 1824, the order again opened its college in Rome, and so increased that there was need to find room for them out of the city. In 1829, Father Roothan was chosen their general, who appointed Father Jansens his secretary.

The only establishment of Jesuits in England is, we believe, this at Stonyhurst. It is out of our power to imagine any possible harm that could accrue to the country from the existence within it of such institutions as this at Stonyhurst, devoted as it is in the main, to purely educational purposes. And if, as is the fact, it is regarded with trust and even affection by the first

The Abbé Gaillard, French; Rev. William Cobb, Latin (senior class); Ditto, English literature; Rev. Maurice Maun, Latin (junior class).

Masters: Mr. William Johnson, rhetoric; Mr. Thomas Cooper, poetry; Mr. Peter Galwey, syntax; Mr. William Cardwell, grammar; Mr. Thomas Ullathorne, rudiments; Mr. Walter Clifford, figures; Mr. Langmeason, elements; Rev. John Baron, elocution.

I.—Regulations concerning the Admission of Students.

The age of admission is from seven to fourteen. Children who have been at any other house of education, must have, from the Superior of that house, an attestation of their morals and docility.

There is an Establishment at HODDER, a short distance from the College and connected with it, for the Elementary education of the younger children, where they receive that indulgent and constant attention which their tender age may require. This Establishment has recently been considerably enlarged and improved.

II.—Course of Education.

The scholars are instructed with great care in the duties of religion and morality. They are always under the immediate inspection of one or more of the Superiors.

The Course of Classical Education comprises the study of the chief Greek and Latin Classic authors, of Composition in Greek and Latin prose and verse, and of the English, French, and Italian languages. Regular instruction is also given in Reading, Elocution, History, Sacred and Profane, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry.

The College is affiliated to the London University, and distinct Professors are appropriated for each of the following branches: for Greek, for Latin, for English Literature, for the Pure and Mixed Mathematics, for Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry, for Natural History, for Logic and Philosophy of the Mind, and for History.

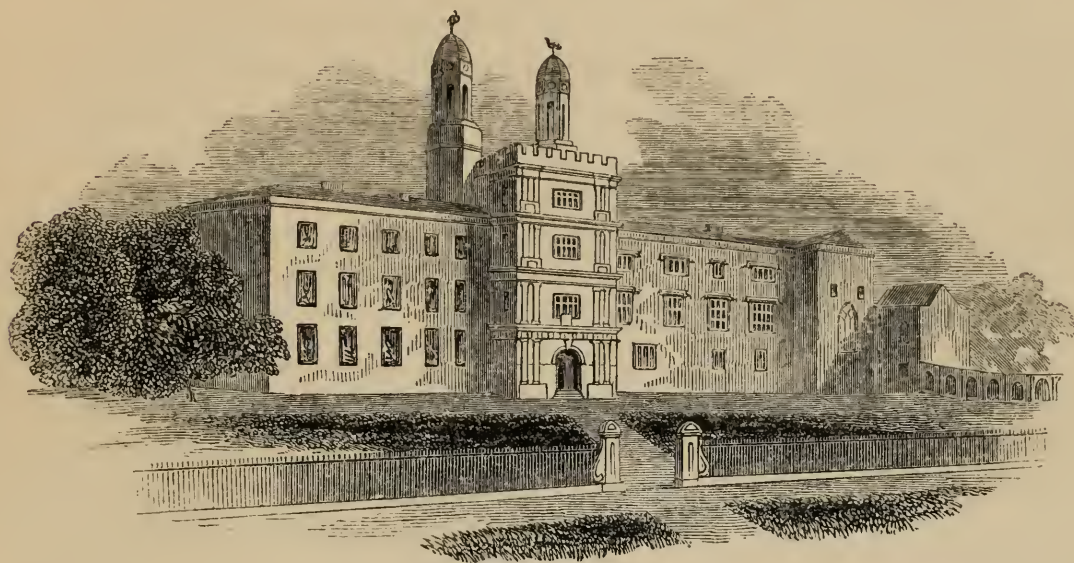
There is in the College an extensive apparatus for experimental philosophy, an astronomical observatory, a chemical laboratory, a collection of minerals, etc. There is also a considerable and increasing library of approved works of history, and of general information, of which the scholars have the use on paying a small monthly subscription. Masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, give lessons to those whose parents may desire it.

All are closely examined four times a-year, in what they have learned during the preceding quarter. At the annual exhibition, a considerable number of prizes, consisting of books and silver medals, is distributed among those who have made the most distinguished progress.

III.—Terms.

Children under twelve years of age, pay forty guineas a-year. Those above that age, fifty guineas a-year. The students in the under-graduate course, whether they have matriculated or not, pay sixty guineas a-year. Under-graduates and students regularly attending the lectures of any of the professors of the under-graduate course, may have private apartments and a separate table, but then they must pay a hundred guineas a-year. The students of the under-graduate course, and of the class of rhetoric, must provide their own clothes.

Catholic families of the realm, this of itself is a sufficient guarantee that it is actuated by no unpatriotic feelings, nor aims at any anti-national purposes. In truth no part of the community is more loyal, none takes a deeper interest



in whatever concerns the welfare or the honour of Great Britain. Even while labouring under unmerited and unjust disqualifications, they remained faithful to all that endears his country to an Englishman. An eyewitness thus describes the manner in which the news of the battle of the Nile was received within the walls of Stonyhurst. "The students were assembled in order to witness some experiments in galvanism. In the midst of profound attention, a person rushed in and exclaimed that Nelson had obtained a great victory. An immediate cheer was given by the Jesuits, and re-echoed by the boys. Presently a newspaper was received, and the whole college gathered round the reader with avidity; and when the details of the battle of Trafalgar were heard, there were repeated acclamations at almost every sentence; and the narrative being concluded, continued shouts for 'Old England,' were sent up, and every cap was thrown into the air. Several days for rejoicing were given to the students, and a poem, which I then at least considered a fine one, was composed in honour of the event by one of the Jesuits, and admirably recited in the great hall."

Yet the law of England still looks with a suspicious eye on men of this temper. The legal condition of the Jesuits in this country was determined by 10 Geo. IV. cap. 7, commonly called the Emancipation Act.

The mansion in which this college is founded, has an imposing aspect, both from the commanding position in which it is placed, and the general outline of the building. It is an edifice of the days of Elizabeth, though not pure in its style; additions have been made to the original structure; it is in contemplation to add another part or wing to the left side, which will much improve the proportions and appearance. The house is approached up a very

long avenue, leading from a village, and near a Catholic cemetery, in which we found several objects of interest. Swans were sailing along a very fine sheet of water, as we drew near the outer entrance, which lies through a handsome pair of stone pillars, and then through a massive gate. As we entered on the avenue we were much delighted at the prospect, embracing not only a full view of the mansion, but fine and diversified foliage on each side, presenting also on the right a spacious building, which we found to be the seminary, or ecclesiastical college, where the candidates for holy orders carry on their studies. Another building is found, lower down on the banks of the Hodder, which is used in part as an elementary school, in part also as a place of retreat for the young priests. Among them we believe it is that the real society of the Virgin exists.

We were received at the gateway by the porter, who introducing us to a waiting-room, asked for our letters of introduction. We had, we replied, not furnished ourselves with any, having on a prior occasion been admitted without. It was the rule, he rejoined, but would, if we pleased, take our card to the Principal of the establishment. We sent it, and added an intimation of the object of our visit, hoping that some one better informed than an ordinary servant might be permitted to accompany us through the house.

It was in 1794 that a few persons, flying from Liege in consequence of the severe proscriptions of the French Revolution, came into England, whose penal laws against religious dissidents had undergone some relaxation, and proceeded to establish themselves in this neighbourhood. Whatever opinion we may entertain of the principles and aims of the Jesuits as a body, it is impossible to deny that many of them were men of high intellectual, moral, and personal accomplishments. Those judge them by a very false standard who take their ideas from the Irish Roman Catholic priests, or even the priests of that communion who are settled with congregations in England. The Jesuits, educated abroad, were often members of distinguished families, and had generally received such a training in science and literature, and been so conversant with good society, that they were in their manners, tone of thought, and ordinary pursuits, gentlemen in the best sense of the term. And the nature of their obligatory discipline would naturally tend to beget a concentration of thought and vigour of intellect. Meditation and solitude are emphatically the parents of mental strength; whilst the severance of their energies from the ordinary pursuits and affections of the world, and the intense action of the religious sentiment on the mind, could have no other result than to augment the power, increase the efficiency, and enhance the refinement of the understanding. Even the self-denial and mortifications of the flesh which the rules of the order imposed, might tend to cleanse the breast of the idols of sense, make life to be regarded in truth as a scene of trial and a "vale of tears," and enable the sincere devotee to lose (at least by times) the idea of earth, and send, with an entire collectedness of mind, all his thoughts upward

to the great Source of Light, good, and consolation. And this position of mind it is that we find figured in what is called the symbol of the society.

The originators of the institution found the mansion—the dwelling-place for long of the Sherburnes, who are so glorified in Mitton church—in a very neglected condition. They succeeded in obtaining, on moderate terms, a long lease of the house and farm from Thomas Weld, Esq., its owner, and proceeded to take effectual steps for repairing the dilapidations, and converting the place into an educational establishment. The estate we believe is now for the most part the property of the order. Connected with the house are about 1100 acres of land, which are under the care of a steward of their own. They have extensive offices attached to the house, in which ordinary trades and pursuits are carried on; so that when their income from the parents of their pupils is taken into account, it will be seen that they have not only great resources at their command, but means also of augmenting their opulence. The expenditure of their resources is under strict control, and, as far as we know, judiciously managed. They have of late erected, at right angles with the north wing of the house, a handsome church, which cost above 10,000*l*. The first stone of the building was laid in 1832. It is dedicated to St. Peter.

While waiting for the return of our messenger, we occupied our time in surveying the ornaments of the room in which we were. It is a good-sized apartment, well lined with paintings of different kinds and various merit. We shall not attempt an enumeration of things which the eye only can form an adequate idea of—at least if we may venture to judge others by our own experience, having generally found mere verbal descriptions of pictures the most tedious of tedious things. We must however refer to a case containing some exquisite paintings in vellum, said to be by Rubens, though we cannot help suspecting that some of them at least are rather copies than originals. The subjects are for the most part of a Roman Catholic character; and there are both among these, and in other parts of the house, paintings on religious matters, which, in our opinion, neither correct religious feeling nor good taste can approve; such for instance as a representation of the Almighty in person raining brimstone and fire on the devoted “cities of the plain.”

The porter returned and took us under his guidance. We passed over the spacious quadrangle, with its handsome flight of steps, and traversed a long stone gallery or cloisters, the walls of which bore monumental tablets in memory of benefactors and eminent servants of the institution, the inscriptions on which breathe a religious character; so brief, simple, and unassuming are they. As we entered the sacred edifice we saw a venerable old man, in his sacerdotal robes, kneeling before one of the side altars, wrapped in devotion. Our steps did not rouse him; and his apparent unconsciousness of our presence, together with the devotional attitude of a few other persons scattered up and down the place, made us cautious in every step we set, and every question we asked. We have been in this church at two different times, and experienced

on both occasions the tranquilising and elevating effect it is fitted to excite. Behind the high altar is a fine window of stained glass, bearing in its several compartments figures of our Saviour, the Virgin, and the Twelve Apostles, etc.



The altar itself is beautifully decorated with a fine crucifix of silver, and bronze candlesticks. It is consecrated to St. Peter. On each side is a private altar; that on the right being surmounted by a full-length portraiture of Ignatius Loyola; that on the left, of Francis Xavier. The altar on the right is that at which prayers are offered for the dead. The elevation of the interior is in excellent style, with its elegant oak roof, and is well set off by a fine and beautifully-toned organ. The edifice will accommodate 1500 worshippers, and is generally quite full. The students constitute the choir. There is divine service twice every Sunday, and on both occasions a sermon.

Some few persons were standing at the west end, and contemplating the place with evident satisfaction; and we were led to reflect how grateful so imposing a sight must be to the mind of an English Roman Catholic, who is not only conscious of being disesteemed by his countrymen, but in general beholds his religious observances under mean and, in his estimation, unworthy accompaniments.

We passed through fine galleries and handsome apartments, which we purposely omit, as we have no idea of giving a kind of auctioneer's inventory of the place. Glad, however, were we to catch sight as we went, of a large cupboard or press, replete with musical instruments, which on inquiry we found were made use of by the students in their hours of recreation. One great recommendation of the establishment as a place of education, is found in the numerous opportunities which it affords for innocent and healthful

amusements. If walking or riding over a fine rich and picturesque country—if fishing where there are fish worth the trouble of catching; if a pure air and a spacious playground are valuable, they are all united here. With the size and convenience of the playground, with its wall for tennis, filled as it was with students enjoying their several games, and professors and proctors in their gowns, parading up and down engaged in friendly converse—all apparently happy, we were very highly gratified, and the sight went far to relieve a certain gloom which had some way taken possession of our mind. The sound of a gong, struck repeatedly, startled us in our passage from one part to another. It was the customary signal for attention to some of the duties of the students.

When we reached the refectory, the Rev. Mr. Bridge did us the honour to replace our guide, the porter, and we have pleasure in thus acknowledging the courteousness of that gentleman. The refectory, sixty feet by twenty, was the baronial hall of the Sherburnes; its ceiling, frieze, and floor are handsome. Dinner apparatus was on the several tables, made of oak, twenty-five in number, capable of accommodating 150 scholars. Some good portraits adorn this apartment.

The dressing-room for the pupils, fitted up with small compartments holding clothes, brushes, etc., was no small curiosity in its way—but the dormitories are still more worthy of notice. Each student has a separate bed, over the head of which, for the most part, we saw a small crucifix. The arrangement is such, that each may also be said to have in some sense a separate bed-room, while an outer range of curtained apartments opens into one long gallery, enabling the night-proctors to exert an effectual supervision over the boys, during their hours of retirement and rest.

One room into which we were introduced, fitted up with desks, and having a kind of pulpit placed in the middle of the side which faces you as you enter at the door, is, we were informed, appropriated exclusively for study; the pupils spend in it four hours every day, under supervision of a Prefect, whose sole business is to preserve entire silence, and to enforce order, in the preparation of their several tasks or lessons, for the recital of which they go into separate class rooms, each according to his division.

The picture gallery, or recreation room, is a spacious apartment well furnished with paintings. It contains no less than ten portraits of the Stuarts. Over the fireplace is a painting which groups together portraits of the great men of the Society of Jesus during the early period of its history. We were much struck with a fine *Ecce Homo*. An interior, presented Jesus with Mary and Martha; the effect of which is very beautiful. Another painting of merit is a St. Catherine attending the sick; indeed the collection is one of great value and much interest.

The library, consisting of 16,000 volumes, is found in a room built in the shape of a cross, with a gallery round it supported on columns. On entering,

the first object which fixed our attention was a splendid circular electrical machine. So far as a cursory inspection on two occasions would enable us to judge, we feel warranted in stating that the books have been selected with a laudable regard to impartiality; and if the young men who are educated in the institution, prove bigots at the last, it is certainly not for the want of an opportunity of reading the best works which have been written on the leading points in dispute, whether in history, theology, or science. A cabinet in the museum contains some relics of more than ordinary interest; we may mention a Prayer-book, which once belonged to the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, richly covered with crimson velvet. Here also we saw a silk cap, formerly the property of that learned man, and excellent father, Sir Thomas Moore. Near it lies his seal. A crucifix of gold has perhaps more marketable value, but was less precious in our eyes than a Latin manuscript on vellum of the Gospel of St. John, said to have been found in the seventh century in St. Cuthbert's tomb. The same glasscase contains also some beautifully carved crucifixes; a crucifix of crystal, another of rosewood, with a Christ painted on it, reported to be by the hand of Rubens; the workmanship is not unworthy his reputation. The Museum is very rich in curiosities, in consequence probably of the numerous and extensive connexions of the Order with all parts of the world. Here may you see lying or hanging near each other, a suit of armour, with other memorials of our Middle Ages; and Indian bows and arrows, Indian aprons, cradles, and shoes; canoes, Chinese slippers; a cast of Talleyrand, another of Greenacre, and another of Brougham; two casts of Indian chiefs, even more ugly than those we have just named; portraits executed on wood by a red-hot iron; a collection of coins, casts of early martyrdoms, a crystal cross set with precious stones, a grotesque group of apes, a bust of Cardinal Weld, the twelve Cæsars, an Adoration of the Wise Men; with minerals, shells, birds, feathers without number. The most valuable article is a cabinet of lapis lazuli profusely adorned, which formerly belonged to the learned Queen Christina of Sweden.

Not least curious and interesting are the gardens, though now diminished in size by encroachments for the accommodation of the pupils. They remain pretty much in the stiff and angular style in which they were originally laid out. They are well kept, and furnish the house with many luxuries. Our eyes soon fell and fixed themselves on a Roman altar, one of the finest remains of classical antiquity which have been dug from the soil of our land. Camden, in 1603, saw this altar at Ribchester, where it was found. It is dedicated to the divine matrons, by a captain of the Asturians. The inscription we copied *verbatim et literatim* from a brass plate on one of its sides:

Deis Matribus
M. Ingenui
us Asiaticus
Dec. al. Ast.
SS. I.L. M.

